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WITH INTERPRETATIONS

N EIGHTH READER

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GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION

The pupils, by constant reference to this Guide to Pronunciation, should learn the sounds of the letters here given, with their phonic symbols. The teacher in addition to this should familiarize herself with the detailed explanations of the sounds as presented in "A Guide to Pronunciation" in Webster's New International Dictionary or in Webster's Secondary-School Dictionary.

In the Guide to Pronunciation here given, pronunciations of words have been indicated, as far as possible, by respelling, thus: **zephyr** (**zĕf'ẽr**).

LETTERS WITH THEIR SYMBOLS OR MARKS AS USED IN RESPELLING WORDS TO INDICATE THEIR PRONUNCIATION

ā as in **fāte**
ȧ as in **sen'ȧte**
â as in **câre**
ă as in **făt**
ȧ as in **grȧss**
ä as in **färr**
ă unaccented, as in **fi'năl**
ȧ unaccented, as in **so'fȧ**

d͡u for **du**, as in **ver'dure**, and **dėu**, as in **gran'deur**
(The teacher should examine § 250, p. lvi, Webster's New International Dictionary.)

ē as in **ēve**
ė as in **crė-ate'**
ĕ as in **mĕt**
ẽ as in **cin'dẽr**
ĕ unaccented, as in **nov'ĕl**

g unmarked (always hard), as in **go**
gz used to indicate **x**, as in **exist** (**egz-ist'**)

hw for **wh**, as in **what**

ī as in **īce**
ı as in **ıll**

j as in **joke**; also for **g**, as in **engine** (**en'jin**)

k as in **keep**; also for **c**, as in **cat**; and **ch**, as in **cho'rus**
ks used to indicate **x**, as in **vex**
kw for **qu**, as in **queen**

ŋ like **ng**, as in **baŋk**; **single**

N (small capital) representing nasal tone (as in French) of the preceding vowel, as in **Toulon** (to͞o-lôN′)

(The teacher should examine § 60, Note 2, p. xlii, Webster's New International Dictionary.)

ō as in **nōte**
o̊ as in **o̊-bey′**
ô as in **lôrd**
ŏ as in **nŏt**
o̯ as in **dŏg**
(This sour
tween **o** in **f**
ŏ unaccented, a

o͞o as in **fo͞ol**
o͝o as in **fo͝ot**
ou as in **out**; c
oi as in **oil**; o

s used for soft **c**, as in **cell**

th as in **thin**
t͟h as in **t͟hen**
tu͟ as in **na′tu͟re**
(The teacher should examine § 250, p. lvi, Webster's New International Dictionary.)

ū as in **mūte**
u̇ as in **u̇-nite′**
û as in **fûr**

as in **cir′cŭs**
as in **azure** (**azh′ur**);
s, as in **pleasure**

a vowel omitted,
(**e′v′l**)
te the principal

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WHEELER'S GRADED LITERARY READERS

WITH INTERPRETATIONS

AN EIGHTH READER

BY

WILLIAM ILER CRANE

AND

WILLIAM HENRY WHEELER

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

CHICAGO

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INTRODUCTION

It is not possible to do anything rationally without first having in our possession a perfectly clear conception of the purpose for which the thing is done; for the purpose is the only thing that can show how the thing is to be done correctly. Therefore, in the preparation of a series of readers the first thing to be determined is — *The Purpose of Teaching Reading.*

The Purpose of Teaching Reading is unquestionably to enable the child to get from a printed page the *Images*, the *Thoughts*, and the *Emotions* of the author who wrote the page.

No good literature has been really *read* unless the reader has been able to attain from the printed page these three things, — the Images, the Thoughts, and the Emotions of the writer.

The teaching of reading consists in using all of those processes which will lead the child most directly and certainly to the ability to interpret correctly the printed page.

The following explanation will show this idea clearly.

A poet in writing a poem passes through the following steps:

THE POET'S PROCESS

1. The poet sees something and feels an emotion.
2. He feels in some vague way that this thing has a relation to his life.
3. His mental processes change this abstract relation into concrete forms.
4. The poet crystallizes these concrete forms into words.

The following illustration will make this clear. Take Longfellow's familiar poem, " The Rainy Day."

From inside the old Craigie House the poet looked out and saw a leaden sky; he saw the rain falling, and the dead leaves loosening their hold and dropping; and he heard the sighing of the wind. This created in him an emotion. This is Step 1.

Then he thought, " Somehow this is like my life." This is Step 2.

Then he said, " This is like my life, because —

a. The wind is like my sighs;

b. The rain is like my tears;

c. The vine clinging to the moldering wall is like my thoughts clinging to the past;

d. The leaves falling thick in the blast are like my hopes."

Thus he works out the concrete forms of the relation of the rainy day to his life. This is Step 3.

Then he changes the concrete forms into words arranged metrically, and thus he has what is called a poem. This is Step 4.

Thus it will be seen that he has gone through the four steps mentioned, — (1) an emotion, (2) a consciousness of an abstract relation to life, (3) a change of the abstract relation to the concrete forms of that relation, and (4) a crystallization of them into the words of the poem.

THE READER'S PROCESS

Now the person who reads the poem called "The Rainy Day" experiences these four steps, but in exactly the reverse order, as follows:

1. He comes first to — *the words.*

2. He reads through the words and sees the concrete forms of a relation to life, or that the wind is like the poet's sighs, the rain like his tears, the vine clinging to the wall like his thoughts clinging to the past, and the dead leaves falling thick in the blast like his hopes.

3. Then all these things begin to lose their individual identities and to blend or focalize into one impression, — *an abstract relation to life.*

4. If all of this has been done clearly and properly, the reader arrives at — *the emotion with which the poet started.*

The following tabulation will make clear what is meant here:

THE FOUR STEPS

The way the poet takes the steps			*The way the reader takes the steps*
	1. An emotion.	4.	
The poet begins at the top and goes down.	2. An abstract relation to life.	3.	The reader begins at the bottom and goes up.
	3. The concrete forms of the relation to life.	2.	
	4. The words of the poem.	1.	

The reader has not read the poem until he has taken all of these four steps.

We do not mean to say that all poems have a relation to life. But in all cases the reader, if he really reads, must draw from the printed

words (1) Images, (2) Thoughts, and (3) Emotions. This is true in both poetry and prose.

The poets and the story-tellers live in the imagination, which is a much larger world than that found in the geographies, and into this larger region they often take us. If we wish to follow them we must train our mental eyesight. We must see the scene, and enter into the thought and the feeling of the story or the poem which we read. The imagination is a wonderful worker if only we trust it. It is as susceptible of improvement by exercise as our judgment or our memory. If there is no imagination, there can be no sympathy. The greatest intellectual training afforded by reading is the training of the imagination. Without this power of mental vision which we call imagination, we can never read well, because we can never understand well. We may have wished for the gifts of the old fairy tale, the magic glass through which one sees distant objects and the magic rug on which one is borne to far-off scenes. But both of these gifts are ours in this wonderful power of imagination.

The Reading Process. — The problem of teaching reading consists in using that set of processes which will enable the child upon taking up a printed page to get easily and correctly the author's Images, Thoughts, and Emotions. No matter how beautifully he can vocalize the printed page, he has not *read* the page at all unless he has drawn from the printed words these three things. In reading aloud it is not possible to convey truly the author's Images, Thoughts, and Emotions to a hearer unless there be present in the reader's mind as he uses his voice, the Images, Thoughts, and Emotions of the author; for the presence of these three things in the reader's mind is the only possible cause of such vibrations of the vocal organs as will produce the tones and cadences which will make the hearer see, think, and feel.

There will be little disagreement about *The Purpose of Teaching Reading.*

The Literary Basis Necessary to Produce This Result. —

1. Suitable material.
   - *a.* The reading material chosen should be such as will afford the best training basis to lead children to develop the power and the habit of getting from a printed page the Images, the Thoughts, and the Emotions which the author put into the selection.
   - *b.* The literature used should be such as is interesting to children of the age taught.
   - *c.* There should be proper balance of prose and poetry.
   - *d.* If possible, the literature should be that which an intelligent person is expected to know.

In selecting the material for these books, no selection has been accepted merely because it is new; and no selection has been rejected merely because it is old. Very many familiar old pieces that have stood the test of time are included in the list. We must not forget that, while these selections are old and familiar to the teacher and the parents, they are just as new to the child who sees them for the first time as they were to the first child who ever read them. They are the songs that will always be sung, and the stories that will always be told. Such selections should be studied for the pleasure that comes from reading beautiful thoughts beautifully expressed. The child who appreciates the vast difference between merely saying a thing and saying it well, has the culture insight, which is one of the true ends in reading.

What the Editors and the Teacher Must Do. —

1. When a child studies a selection for the first time, he has in his possession some of the information necessary for the interpretation of the selection.

2. The editors and the teacher must, in the introduction, questions, definitions, and the assignment of the lesson, furnish the child *the remainder of the information necessary for the interpretation of the selection.*

An illustration of this may be found in the wonderful " readings " of his poems given by James Whitcomb Riley. With intuitive instinct he always prepared his audience by telling them a little story about the poem, which put into their minds the information necessary for its correct interpretation.

Similar help should be given the child.

Is it not strange that so little has been done to help the child to interpret the printed page? In the lower grades, the great stress is very naturally and properly placed on drilling for recognition of words. But in the higher grades, after the fundamental processes of learning to read have been largely mastered, interpretation has been mainly left to chance. In fact the children in these higher grades have been given less help to master the full content of the printed page than has been given to high school pupils. In the high school it is thought necessary for the pupils to have classics which are very carefully edited. Why not in the grammar grades?

The child can interpret only by his own experiences. No matter how simple or primitive such introductions may look in a series of readers, the only introductory helps that are of value are the ones that recall to the child his own personal experiences and not some far-away literary information with which the child's mind cannot possibly function.

The Grading of the Selections. — The selections should be graded or

arranged in the order of the difficulty of getting from them the series of Images, Thoughts, and Emotions. Simplicity of language does not at all imply simplicity of thought. Formerly George Macdonald's poem beginning, —

> " Where did you come from, baby dear?
> Out of the everywhere into the here,"

was supposed to be a proper selection for the first grade, because *it is about a baby*. But a moment's examination of the thought of this poem shows that it is extremely difficult and profound, and that even eighth grade children would find great difficulty in comprehending it at all, for the molecules making up the little body come, like " The Flower in the Crannied Wall," from almost every source in the universe.

Difficulty of comprehension, and not simplicity of language, is the true measuring unit for grading a set of readers.

In this series of readers, certain selections which usually have been graded lower down have been advanced to higher grades for the reason that their thought is too mature for the lower grades. This is true of such selections as " Maud Muller," " The Bugle Song," " My Heart Leaps Up," and the " Gettysburg Address."

The Definitions. — It has been customary in the school readers *to give the definitions after the child has tried to read the selection.* Now, as these definitions are part of the material which the child must have in order to understand the selection, they should come *before* he has tried to read it, and not after he has tried and failed. Otherwise, the child blunders through the selection without understanding. Then he becomes disgusted, decides that the selection has no interest for him, and finally grows to hate it. Learning the definitions afterwards will not help him, as then he has lost interest and has acquired a settled dislike for the selection. Knowledge of the meanings of the unknown words is part of the material necessary to the child *before* he attempts to read the selection, not afterwards.

Therefore in a series of readers, the " *Helps* " should give, not only an Explanatory Introduction, but the simple meanings of such words and phrases in the selection as the child is not likely to understand. And these should be given and studied *before* the selection is read as part of the material necessary for a reading of the selection with any interest. This seems so true that it is axiomatic.

The Nature of the Definitions. — Great care should be taken that the terms used in defining a word are words which the child already possesses

and knows the meanings of. A definition is useless if it be as difficult as the word defined.

The definition of a word should not be the general definition given in the dictionary, but it should be simply the meaning of the word in the sense that is used in the selection and it should be given in the child's own vocabulary. Such definitions are not intended to take the place of the dictionary. Generally far too little stress is laid upon the use of the dictionary. The child should be encouraged to use it. But the child must wait for further experience to build up the general definition of a word.

Taking Literature into Life. — The teaching of reading and of literature does not attain its purpose unless the literature becomes a part of the reader's life in such a way that, as he goes about, it constantly rises to help him interpret his life. For example, if a person has read Wordsworth's little poem called "March," and if that poem has not helped him to see more in a March day than he would have seen without the poem, the time spent in reading it has been largely lost.

A poet, or in fact any worth-while writer, is a *seer*, an interpreter. He helps us to see what we cannot see without his aid. The eyes of most persons look at their environment, but do not *see* it. The poet teaches us how and what to see. He who has been properly taught to read should become his own seer, his own interpreter of nature and of life, without the aid of poet or prose writer to see for him and to tell him what it is that he is looking at.

Moral Teaching through Reading. — The greatest moral teaching that is attainable can be arrived at through the right kind of reading. For example, in reading such a selection as "A Message to Garcia," p. 122, it is not enough that the children be led to see that Stephen Rowan carried his message to Garcia. The selection has not really been read at all until the child applies it, not to some neighbor boy or girl, but to his own daily life. The selection, if rightly taught, must of itself force the child to ask, "Am I carrying *my* message to Garcia?" The teaching of the selection has practically failed of its purpose unless it results in simple understanding which passes into self-examination and self-action.

Reading has accomplished its purpose if it has been so taught as to lead the child to self-examination, and therefore to a determination to live better and more nobly, and it has failed unless it has achieved this.

The attempt has been made in these readers to carry the example of life that is in each selection over into the actual individual life of the child.

Accuracy of Information. — There is no need whatever in a series of grade school readers for an exhibition of editorial scholarship and erudi-

tion. All far-away information, no matter how scholarly, is useless to the child. Only that is of value which is within his grasp and which, added to his own experience, will help him to comprehend the selection.

However, such information as the editors give should be of the most accurate kind. Such information as fails to help the child to interpret is bad pedagogy, and may be pure pedantry. This includes attempts to teach, in a series of grade school readers, the history of English Literature. Extended biographies are out of place here save in a very few exceptional cases where the author's life is directly concerned in the interpretation of the selection from his writings. What is a child profited, if he shall learn all the petty details of the lives of these great writers, and all the foolish gossip about them, and lose the information, the pleasure, and the inspiration, that a thorough understanding of their writings would give him? Hamlet said, "The play's the thing." In a series of school readers, the life of the selection, and not the life of the author, is the thing.

Oral and Silent Reading. — In the public schools the aim should be to produce simple, natural, expressive readers, not artistic actors and orators. A sensitive imagination is essential to good reading. Reading is not good unless the hearers can tell how the reader feels by the way he reads. Good reading is good talking. In fact the more the conversational manner is carried over into the reading, especially in reading prose, the better the reading is likely to be. It should be impressed upon the children at all times that they are studying to get the Images, Thoughts, and Emotions that others have expressed in words upon the printed page. They must discover the thoughts behind the words and then express them; that is really all there is to oral reading.

But we must not forget the silent reader. There are probably ten who will wish to increase their ability to interpret the printed page in silence to one who is especially anxious to learn to read aloud, — ten who will be more anxious to get the correct impression from the printed page than to read it aloud with the correct expression. Fortunately both the silent reader and the oral reader need the same instruction in interpretation.

The pupil may not agree with either the editors' or the teacher's interpretation, and it is not important that he should; but it is important that he have an interpretation and that he be prepared to defend it.

Our Convictions. — We believe that reading is the most important subject taught in the schools; that a teacher is to be judged chiefly by the ease and the intelligence with which his pupils can read; that the human being who is able to read absolutely easily and intelligently holds the key to a vast portion of the sum of human knowledge; that the grown

man uses but little the technical teachings of his school days, — those of algebra, geography, et cetera, — but that his intellectual growth depends very largely upon his ability to read; and that if a teacher teaches a child to read easily and intelligently, understanding what he is reading, he has conferred one of life's greatest blessings upon that child.

To find pleasure in reading good literature; to learn to love it; to gain power to choose it with discrimination; and to train the imagination, are the final results to be attained by the reading lesson. After we leave school, our information is largely gained from printed matter, and what we get from it is largely determined by our school training. More than we at first suspect we acquire from our reading the style of language we use, the forms of thought we entertain, and to a considerable degree the kind of lives we live. Reading not only informs but forms the mind.

In this age of rush and hurry, that which does not come to us easily as we read is considered hard and beyond our grasp. But if there is one lesson more than another that cannot be hurried it is the reading lesson. The principal question for each teacher to ask is — not how many pages have my pupils read in a month or a year, but how thoroughly have they understood what they have read; not how many selections have they read hurriedly, carelessly, and thoughtlessly, but how many have they read carefully, thoughtfully, and intensively?

The study helps are intended to be only suggestive. It is our earnest and sincere hope, however, that these introductions, questions, and suggestions may be helpful, and that they will lead to many interesting discussions. We hope that the children may enjoy these selections so much that they will learn to interpret others and that they may eventually learn to enjoy what is now far beyond their mental grasp.

William Iler Crane.
William Henry Wheeler.

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Meissonier

NAPOLEON

EIGHTH READER

THE EVE BEFORE WATERLOO

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

Possibly the most remarkable man that has ever lived was Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of the French, who was born August 15, 1769, and who died May 5, 1821. He was born on Corsica, a small island in the Mediterranean Sea. While still a young man, he conquered in ruthless warfare the larger part of Europe and made himself Emperor of the French.

He was not a good man, for he made war on other nations merely for the purpose of conquering and ruling them. But in natural and acquired abilities, it is probable that no other man has ever equaled him.

However, after conquering nearly all of Europe, he was at last defeated, mainly by the long-continued and stubborn resistance of England. After his defeat, a council of the nations of Europe exiled him to the little island of Elba, in the Mediterranean Sea.

But early in 1815, he escaped from the island and landed in France with one thousand men. In one hundred days he had driven the King of France from the throne, and he had also organized a new army, and was prepared to give battle to the union of nations opposing him, — the English, Hollanders, Belgians, Prussians, and other nations. The armies of these nations had gathered south of Brussels, the capital of Belgium, to give battle to Napoleon. The Duke of Wellington, commander of the English troops, was in supreme command of the allied armies.

On the evening of June 15, 1815, a great ball was given in Brussels to the English officers. The allies had not supposed that Napoleon was near, but by rapid marches unknown to them, he was approaching Waterloo, near Brussels, and while the ball was in progress, he attacked the allied armies. Although there were several battles, the contest has been named "The Battle of Waterloo."

In the great battle, Napoleon was defeated and again driven from his throne. His power was crushed, and he was soon after made a prisoner, and at last exiled as a prisoner to the lonely island of St. Helena, in the South Atlantic Ocean, where he died in 1821.

This selection is taken from the third Canto of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." The first stanzas describe the scene at the ball given to the English officers on the evening when Napoleon made his surprise attack.

Now stop reading, shut your eyes, and try to imagine the scene, — the great ballroom, the thousands of lights, the handsome officers in bright scarlet uniforms, the lovely English ladies dancing with them, the soft music of the orchestra, the talk, the laughter, the joyousness of these people who never even dreamed that Napoleon was near and ready to make a sudden attack.

Now read the first stanza.

Listen! From far away comes a faint — *Boom!* And some one calls attention to it. But the others only laugh at him. Now read stanza 2, to see how he is laughed at by the joyous dancers.

Again comes the heavy — *Boom* of cannon. Then it comes clearer and faster, — *Boom! Boom! Boom!* — and then the sounds come too rapidly to count.

Suddenly some officer realizes that Napoleon has surprised the allies and that the sounds are the "booms" of Napoleon's cannon. And right in the midst of the music, and the dancing, and the talk, and the laughter, he shouts:—

"Arm! Arm! It is — it is the cannon's opening roar!"

Can you imagine the scene of fearful confusion now, — the hurrying officers, the frightened women, the orderlies bringing the officers' horses, the rattle of the drums to alarm the sleeping soldiers, the clattering of hoofs and the rattle of wheels, — and the awful partings! Yonder a sweet woman, with agonized face, clings to an officer whom she is never to see again. And all this time was heard the deep — *Boom! Boom! Boom!* of Napoleon's cannon. You must hear this sound throughout the story.

The allies won the battle, and the world was free from a ruthless conqueror. But of the officers who attended the ball, many never came back to their loved ones. They were lying in their blood on the trampled grass of the plains of "Ardennes."

Now read the remaining stanzas of the poem, seeing the pictures and hearing the sounds.

Learn the meanings of the following words before reading the selection.

revelry (rĕv'ĕl-rĭ): joyousness, laughter, merrymaking.

chivalry (shĭv'ăl-rĭ): the best and bravest soldiers.

voluptuous swell (vŏ-lŭp'tū-ŭs): the feeling of delight or pleasure caused by sweet music.

flying feet: dancing feet.

mutual eyes: the eyes of a man and a woman that looked love at each other.

mustering squadron: a body of cavalrymen, or mounted soldiers, assembling in ranks for battle.

impetuous speed: furious and violent speed.

thunder: here the roar of many cannon.

Ardennes (here är'dĕn): the forest-covered district in which lie many thousands of the dead who fell in the battle.

aught inanimate: anything that cannot think and feel.

lusty: brave, active, strong.

battle's magnificently stern array: a great army drawn up in order of battle.

rent: torn open.

pent: shut in, that is, in soldiers' graves.

blent: mixed, intermingled.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell briefly the story of Napoleon.
2. Tell the story of the ball at Brussels, describing it as fully as you can. Tell how Napoleon's attack surprised the revelers.
3. Describe the confusion when the revelers heard the cannon.
4. Stanza 3. — Can you see "the hurrying to and fro"? the "tremblings of distress"? the "sudden partings"?
5. Stanza 4. — Can you see the "mounting in hot haste"? the "mustering squadron"? Why were the citizens so terrified?
6. Stanza 5. — Can you imagine the army marching through a forest at dawn, the dewdrops hanging to the leaves as described in the first four lines? To what does the poet liken the dewdrops?
7. Stanza 6. — Note that five different scenes, at five successive times of day, are described in the first five lines. Tell, in your own words, what each of these lines means.
8. What are the thunder-clouds? Are they rain clouds or smoke clouds? What made these clouds?
9. What was the "other clay"? Why does he call the dead bodies "clay"?
10. What is a "red burial"? How are soldiers buried when a great number have fallen?

George Gordon, Lord Byron, was born in London, England, in 1788. He came of a very old and noble family. He was not born a lord, but the death of a great-uncle made him a lord at the age of ten.

While still a young man, he became famous as a poet. His fame grew so great that many persons imitated his peculiar manners of dress and speech.

His fame grew greater and greater, but his habits of living were such that his friends deserted him, and he left England, a sad and lonely man, never to return. He spent some time in Italy, and then went to Greece, where the Greeks were engaged in a revolution to free themselves from the Turks. The Greeks made him commander in chief of their armies. But before he had time to lead them to battle, Byron died at Missolonghi (mĭs-ō-lŏŋ′-gē) in 1824, at the age of thirty-six.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

HOW JEAN VALJEAN FOUND A BROTHER

VICTOR HUGO

Being distrusted brings out the worst that is in us. Being trusted brings out the best that is in us.

This noble truth is beautifully exemplified in the following story by Victor Hugo, the great French novelist, who was born February 26, 1802, and who died May 22, 1885. The story is taken from his great novel, "Les Miserables" (lā mē-zā-rā'b'l), which means "The Wretched." It is the story of the awful poverty and wretchedness in France about the year 1815.

The hero of the story is Jean Valjean (zhäN vål-zhäN'), a poor French peasant. Jean lived with his widowed sister and worked hard to support her and her seven little children. But with all his hard work, he could not earn enough to keep them from starvation. One day, he could not resist their cries of hunger, so he stole a loaf of bread for them. For this act he was arrested, tried, and condemned to the galleys for five years.

The galleys were horrible prisons where the poor convict toiled long hours chained to his fellow convicts.

The thought of the poor children left to starve without his labor induced poor Jean Valjean to attempt to escape. But he was captured, and several years added to his term. Four times he tried to escape, until fourteen years had been added to his sentence.

At the beginning of this story, he had been released after having served nineteen years in the horrible galleys, and he was a man who had lost all hope.

This story will tell you how the Bishop of D., whose people

called him "Bishop Welcome," turned Jean Valjean, the kindly peasant whom the cruel prison life had changed into a brute, back to noble manhood. We shall not take from you the pleasure of finding out for yourselves how the good Bishop did this.

It would be well to run over the pronunciations and meanings of the following new words; else you will not understand all of the story.

Monsieur Myriel (mẽ-syû′ mĭr-ĭ-el′): Monsieur in French means the same as mister in English. M. stands for Monsieur as Mr. for Mister.

Monseigneur (mŏn-sĕn′yĕr): my lord; a title in France of a person of high rank.

coronation: the ceremony of crowning a king or emperor.

Curé (kü-rā′): a parish priest of the Roman Catholic church.

curacy: the office or place held by a curé.

parishioners (pȧ-rĭsh′ŭn-ẽrz): the persons under the charge of a parish priest or curé.

His Majesty: the title given to an emperor or a king.

spinster: an elderly unmarried woman.

Mademoiselle Baptistine (mȧd-mwȧ-zĕl′ bȧ-tĭs-tēēn′): the sister of the Bishop in this story. Mademoiselle in French means the same as Miss in English.

domestic: a house servant.

Madame Magloire (mȧ dȧm′ mȧ-glwär′): the Bishop's house servant. Madame in French means the same as Mistress or Mrs. in English.

drawing-rooms: rooms which are commonly called parlors.

arcades: a series of arches supported by columns.

director: the superintendent of the hospital.

festival: here a season or time of joy.

accosted: spoke to.

frugal: not wasteful or expensive.

repast: a meal, as a dinner.

tithes: (tīthz) a certain part of one's income set aside for the church.

How Jean Valjean Found a Brother

Part I

In 1804, Monsieur Myriel was a Curé. He was already advanced in years, and lived in a very retired manner.

About the time of the coronation of Napoleon as Emperor of France, some petty affair connected with his curacy took him to Paris. Among other powerful persons to whom he went to solicit aid for his parishioners was Cardinal Fesch. One day, when the Emperor had come to visit his uncle, the worthy Curé, who was waiting in the anteroom, found himself present when His Majesty passed. Napoleon, on finding himself observed with a certain curiosity by this old man, turned round and said abruptly:

"Who is this good man who is staring at me?"

"Sire," said M. Myriel, "you are looking at a good man, and I at a great man. Each of us can profit by it."

That very evening, the Emperor asked the Cardinal the name of the Curé, and some time afterwards M. Myriel was utterly astonished to learn that he had been appointed Bishop of D.

M. Myriel arrived at D. to take up his work as bishop, accompanied by an elderly spinster, Mademoiselle Baptistine, who was his sister, and ten years younger than the Bishop.

Their only domestic was a female servant of the

same age as Mademoiselle Baptistine, and named Madame Magloire, who, after having been the servant of the Curé, now assumed the double title of maid to Mademoiselle and housekeeper to Monseigneur.

The bishop's palace at D. adjoined the hospital.

The palace was a huge and beautiful house, built of stone. Everything about it had a grand air, — the apartments of the Bishop, the drawing-rooms, the chambers, the principal courtyard, which was very large, with walks encircling it under arcades, and gardens planted with magnificent trees. In the dining room, a long and superb gallery, which was situated on the ground floor, opened on the gardens.

The hospital was a low and narrow building of a single story, with a small garden.

Three days after his arrival, the Bishop visited the hospital. The visit ended, he requested the director to be so good as to come to his palace.

When the director came, the Bishop said: "Monsieur the director of the hospital, I will tell you something. There is evidently a mistake here. There are thirty-six of you, in five or six small rooms. There are three of us here, and we have room for sixty. There is some mistake, I tell you; you have my house, and I have yours. Give me back my house; you are at home here."

On the following day the thirty-six patients were installed in the Bishop's palace, and the Bishop was settled in the hospital.

The poor people of the countryside, with a sort of affectionate instinct, never called him anything except Monseigneur Welcome. We will follow their example, and will also call him thus when we have occasion to name him. Moreover, this name pleased him.

"I like that name," said he.

He was perfectly at home in the thatched cottage of the poor and in the mountains. As he spoke all tongues, he entered into all hearts.

Bishop Welcome could be summoned at any hour to the bedside of the sick and dying. He was a very busy man. He had to attend to a thousand details connected with his office as Bishop. What time was left to him, after these thousand details of business, he bestowed first on the needy, the sick, and the afflicted; the time that was left, he devoted to work. Sometimes he dug in his garden; again, he read or wrote.

Towards midday, when the weather was fine, he went forth and took a stroll in the country or in town, often entering lowly dwellings.

It was a perfect festival wherever he appeared. One would have said that his presence had something warming and light-giving about it. The children and the old people came out to the doorsteps for the Bishop as for the sun. He bestowed his blessing, and they blessed him. They pointed out his house to any one who was in need of anything.

Here and there he halted, accosted the little boys and girls, and smiled upon the mothers. He visited the poor so long as he had any money; when he no longer had any, he visited the rich.

On his return, he dined. The dinner resembled his breakfast.

At half past eight in the evening he supped with his sister, Madame Magloire standing behind them and serving them at table. Nothing could be more frugal than this repast. His diet consisted only of vegetables boiled in water, and oil soup.

The Bishop kept two cows. No matter what the quantity of milk they gave, he invariably sent half of it every morning to the sick people in the hospital. "I am paying my tithes," he said.

The Bishop possessed two large candlesticks of massive silver, which he had inherited from a great-aunt. These candlesticks held two wax candles, and usually were kept on the Bishop's chimney piece. When he had any one to dinner, Madame Magloire lighted the two candles and set the candlesticks on the table.

In the Bishop's own chamber, at the head of his bed, there was a small cupboard, in which Madame Magloire locked up the six silver knives and forks, and the big spoon every night. But it is necessary to add that the key was never removed.

The house had not a single door which could be locked. The door of the dining room had formerly

been ornamented with locks and bolts like the door of a prison. The Bishop had had all this ironwork removed, and this door was never fastened, either by night or by day, with anything except the latch. All that the first passer-by had to do at any hour, was to give it a push. At first, the two women had been very much annoyed by this door which was never fastened, but Bishop Welcome had said to them, "Have bolts put on *your* rooms, if that will please you." They had ended by sharing his confidence, or by at least acting as though they had shared it. Madame Magloire alone had frights from time to time. As for the Bishop, his thought can be found explained, or at least indicated, in the three lines which he wrote on the margin of a Bible, "This is the shade of difference: the door of the physician should never be shut, the door of the priest should always be open."

He said, "Am not I a physician like them? I also have my patients, and then, too, I have some whom I call my unfortunates."

Again he said, "Do not inquire the name of him who asks a shelter of you. The very man who is embarrassed by his name is the one who needs shelter."

In 1815, he reached his seventy-fifth birthday, but he did not appear to be more than sixty. He was not tall; he was rather plump; and, in order to combat this tendency, he was fond of taking long strolls on foot: his step was firm, and his form was but slightly *bent.*

When he conversed with that childlike gayety which was one of his charms, people felt at their ease with him, and joy seemed to radiate from his whole person. His fresh and ruddy complexion, his very white teeth, all of which he had preserved, and which were displayed by his smile, gave him that open and easy air which causes the remark to be made of a young man, "He's a good fellow"; and of an old man, "He is a fine man." That, it will be recalled, was the effect which he produced upon Napoleon.

Part II

asthma (ăz′mȧ): a disease which makes breathing difficult.

vagabond: a wandering, idle person, a tramp.

cordial face: a face showing a kind heart.

gallows bird (găl′ōz): a person who deserves to be hanged.

robust: having a full, strong body.

visor (vĭz′ĕr): the front piece of a cap.

cravat (krȧ-văt′): a necktie.

Jean Valjean (zhăn vål-zhăn′): the chief character in the novel, "Les Miserables," and the tramp in this story.

Pontarlier (pôn-tȧr-lyā′): a town in France.

Toulon (tōō-lŏn′): a city on the Mediterranean Sea in France.

league: about two and one half miles.

yellow passport: a paper, or document, given to a discharged prisoner in France. The color is intended to show that the holder has been a convict.

franc (frăŋk): a French coin worth 19.3 cents.

sous (sōō): a small bronze French coin worth about a cent.

stupefaction: astonishment that reduces one to stupid silence.

One evening, the Bishop of D., after his walk through the town, remained shut up rather late in his room.

At eight o'clock he was still at work, when Madame Magloire entered, according to her wont, to get the silverware from the cupboard near his bed. A moment later, the Bishop, knowing that the table was set, and that his sister was probably waiting for him, shut his book, rose from his table, and entered the dining room.

The dining room was an oblong apartment, with a fireplace, which had a door opening on the street, and a window opening on the garden.

Madame Magloire was, in fact, just putting the last touches to the table.

As she performed this service, she was conversing with Mademoiselle Baptistine.

A lamp stood on the table; the table was near the fireplace. A wood fire was burning there.

One can easily picture these two women, both of whom were past sixty years of age. Madame Magloire was a little, fat, white old woman, always out of breath, — in the first place, because of her activity, and in the next, because of her asthma. Mademoiselle Baptistine was a long, thin, gentle creature. She had never been pretty; her whole life, which had been nothing but a succession of holy deeds, had finally conferred upon her what may be called the beauty of goodness. She was gentle, slender, frail, *and* somewhat taller than her brother. Madame

Magloire had the air of a *peasant*, and Mademoiselle Baptistine that of a *lady*.

At the moment when the Bishop entered, Madame Magloire was talking with considerable earnestness to Mademoiselle Baptistine on a subject which was familiar to her and to which the Bishop was also accustomed. The question concerned the lock upon the entrance door.

It appears that while procuring some provisions for supper, Madame Magloire had heard things in a good many places. People had spoken of a prowler of evil appearance; a suspicious vagabond had arrived who must be somewhere about the town, and those who should take it into their heads to return home later that night might be subjected to unpleasant encounters. The police was very badly organized. It would be wise for people to act as their own police, and to guard themselves well, and care must be taken to duly close and bar their houses, and to *fasten the doors well.*

Madame Magloire emphasized these last words. The Bishop had just come from his room, where it was rather cold. He seated himself in front of the fire, and warmed himself, and then fell to thinking of other things. He did not take up the remark dropped with design by Madame Magloire. She repeated it. Then Mademoiselle Baptistine, desirous of satisfying Madame Magloire without displeasing her brother, ventured to say timidly:

"Did you hear what Madame Magloire was saying, Brother?"

"I have heard something of it in a vague way," replied the Bishop. Then half-turning in his chair, placing his hands on his knees, and raising towards the old servant woman his cordial face, which so easily grew joyous, and which was illuminated from below by the firelight, — "Come, what is the matter? What is the matter? Are we in any great danger?"

Then Madame Magloire began the whole story afresh, exaggerating it a little without being aware of the fact. It appeared that a barefooted vagabond, a sort of dangerous tramp, was at that moment in the town. He had presented himself at the principal inn of the town to obtain lodgings, but the landlord had not been willing to take him in. He had been seen roaming the streets in the early evening. He was said to be a gallows bird with a terrible face.

"Really!" said the Bishop.

His willingness to question her encouraged Madame Magloire. It seemed to her to indicate that the Bishop was on the point of becoming alarmed. She went on triumphantly:

"Yes, Monseigneur. That is how it is. There will something terrible happen in this town to-night. Every one says so. And besides all that, the police is so badly regulated. The idea of living in a mountainous country, and not even having lights in the streets at night! One goes out and finds the streets

black as ovens! And I say, Monseigneur, and Mademoiselle there says with me —"

"I," interrupted his sister, "say nothing. What my brother does is well done."

Madame Magloire continued as though there had been no protest:

"We say that this house is not safe at all; that if Monseigneur will permit, I will go and tell the locksmith to come and replace the ancient locks on the doors. We have them, and it is only the work of a moment; for I say that nothing is more terrible than a door which can be opened from the outside with a latch by the first passer-by; and I say that we need bolts, Monseigneur, if only for this night. Moreover, Monseigneur has the habit of always saying, 'Come in'; and besides, even in the middle of the night, there is no need to ask permission."

At that moment there came a violent knock on the door.

"Come in," said the Bishop.

The door opened.

It opened wide with a rapid movement, as though some one had given it an energetic and resolute push.

A man entered.

It was the tramp who had been wandering about in search of shelter.

He advanced a step, and halted, leaving the door open behind him. He was a man of medium height, thickset and robust, in the prime of life. He might

have been forty-six or forty-eight years old. A cap with a drooping leather visor partly concealed his face, burned and tanned by sun and wind, and dripping with perspiration. His shirt of coarse yellow linen was fastened at the neck by a small silver anchor. He had a cravat twisted into a string; trousers of blue drilling, worn and threadbare, white on one knee and torn on the other; an old gray, tattered blouse, patched on one of the elbows with a bit of green cloth sewed on with twine; a tightly packed soldier's knapsack, well buckled and perfectly new, on his back; an enormous knotty stick in his hand; iron-shod shoes on his stockingless feet; a shaved head and a long beard. The fire on the hearth lighted him up. He was hideous.

Madame Magloire had not even the strength to utter a cry. She trembled, and stood with her mouth wide open.

Mademoiselle Baptistine turned around, beheld the man entering, and half started up in terror; then, turning her head by degrees towards the fireplace again, she began to observe her brother, and her face became once more deeply calm and serene.

The Bishop fixed his tranquil eyes on the man.

As he opened his mouth, doubtless to ask the newcomer what he desired, the man rested both hands on his staff, directed his gaze in turn at the old man and the two women, and without waiting for the Bishop to speak, he said, in a loud voice:

"See here. My name is Jean Valjean. I am a convict from the galleys. I have passed nineteen years in the galleys. I was liberated four days ago, and am on my way to Pontarlier, which is my destination. I have been walking for four days since I left Toulon. I have traveled a dozen leagues to-day on foot. This evening, when I arrived in these parts, I went to an inn, and they turned me out, because of my yellow passport, which I had shown at the town hall. I had to do it. I went to another inn. They said to me, 'Be off,' at both places. No one would take me. I went to the prison; the jailer would not admit me. I went into a dog's kennel; the dog bit me and chased me off, as though he had been a man. One would have said that he knew who I was. I went into the fields, intending to sleep in the open air, beneath the stars. There were no stars. I thought that it was going to rain, and I reëntered the town, to seek the recess of a doorway. Yonder, in the square, I meant to sleep on a stone bench. A good woman pointed out your house to me, and said to me, 'Knock there!' I have knocked. What is this place? Do you keep an inn? I have money — savings. One hundred and nine francs fifteen sous, which I earned in the galleys by my labor, in the course of nineteen years. I will pay. What is that to me? I have money. I am very weary; twelve leagues on foot; I am very hungry. Are you willing that I should remain?"

"Madame Magloire," said the Bishop, "you will set another place."

The man advanced three paces, and approached the lamp which was on the table. "Stop," he resumed, as though he had not quite understood; "that's not it. Did you hear? I am a galley slave; a convict. I come from the galleys." He drew from his pocket a large sheet of yellow paper, which he unfolded. "Here's my passport. Yellow, as you see. This serves to expel me from every place where I go. Will you read it? I know how to read. I learned in the galleys. There is a school there for those who choose to learn. Hold, this is what they put on this passport: 'Jean Valjean, discharged convict, native of' — that is nothing to you — 'has been nineteen years in the galleys: five years for housebreaking and burglary; fourteen years for having attempted to escape on four occasions. He is a very dangerous man.' There! Everyone has cast me out. Are you willing to receive me? Is this an inn? Will you give me something to eat and a bed? Have you a stable?"

"Madame Magloire," said the Bishop, "you will put white sheets on the bed in the alcove."

Madame Magloire retired to execute these orders.

The Bishop turned to the man.

"Sit down, sir, and warm yourself. We are going to sup in a few moments, and your bed will be prepared while you are supping."

At this point the man suddenly understood. The

expression of his face, up to that time somber and harsh, bore the imprint of stupefaction, of doubt, of joy, and became extraordinary. He began stammering like a crazy man:

"Really? What! You will keep me? You do not drive me forth? A convict! You call me *sir!* You do not address me as *thou?* 'Get out of here, you dog!' is what people always say to me. I felt sure that you would expel me, so I told you at once who I am. Oh, what a good woman that was who directed me hither! I am going to sup! A bed with a mattress and sheets like the rest of the world! a bed! It is nineteen years since I have slept in a bed. You actually do not want me to go! You are good people. Besides, I have money. I will pay well. Pardon me, monsieur the innkeeper, but what is your name? I will pay anything you ask. You are a fine man. You are an innkeeper, are you not?

"I am," replied the Bishop, "a priest who lives here."

"A priest!" said the man. "Oh, what a fine priest! Then you are not going to demand any money of me? You are the Curé, are you not? the Curé of this big church! Well! I am a fool, truly! I had not perceived your skullcap."

As he spoke, he deposited his knapsack and his cudgel in a corner, replaced his passport in his pocket, and seated himself.

PART III

Monsieur le Curé (mĕ-syû lĕ kü-rā′): a polite expression meaning Mister Curé.
emerge: to come out.
voracity (vō-răs′ĭ-tĭ): fierce or ravenous hunger.
exhortation (ĕk-sŏr-tā′shŭn): a strong urging of a person to be good.
divert: here to change one's thoughts from one thing to another.

After the man had seated himself at the table, he said, — "You are humane, Monsieur le Curé; you have not scorned me. A good priest is a very good thing. Then you do not require me to pay?"

"No," said the Bishop; "keep your money. How much have you? Did you not tell me one hundred and nine francs?"

"And fifteen sous," added the man.

"One hundred and nine francs fifteen sous. And how long did it take you to earn that?"

"Nineteen years."

"Nineteen years!"

The Bishop sighed deeply.

The man continued: "I have still the whole of my money. In four days I have spent only twenty-five sous, which I earned by helping unload some wagons. Since you are an abbé, I will tell you that we had a chaplain in the galleys. And one day I saw a bishop there. Monseigneur is what they call him. He was the Bishop at Marseilles. He is the curé who rules over the other curés, you understand. Pardon me,

I say that very badly; but it is such a far-off thing to me! You understand what we are! He said mass in the middle of the galleys, on an altar. He had a pointed thing, made of gold, on his head; it glittered in the bright light of midday. We were all ranged in lines on the three sides. We could not see very well. He spoke; but he was too far off, and we did not hear. That is what a bishop is like."

While he was speaking, the Bishop had gone and shut the door, which had remained wide open.

Madame Magloire returned. She brought a silver fork and spoon, which she placed on the table.

"Madame Magloire," said the Bishop, "place those things as near the fire as possible." And turning to his guest: "The night wind is harsh on the Alps. You must be cold, sir."

Each time that he uttered the word *sir*, in his voice which was so gently grave and polished, the man's face lighted up.

"This lamp gives a very bad light," said the Bishop.

Madame Magloire understood him, and went to get the two silver candlesticks from the chimney piece in Monseigneur's bedchamber, and placed them, lighted, on the table.

"Monsieur le Curé," said the man, "you are good; you do not despise me. You receive me into your house. You light your candles for me. Yet I have not concealed from you whence I come and that I am an unfortunate man."

The Bishop, who was sitting close to him, gently touched his hand. "You could not help telling me who you were. This is not my house; it is the house of Jesus Christ. This door does not demand of him who enters whether he has a name, but whether he has a grief. You suffer, you are hungry and thirsty; you are welcome. And do not thank me; do not say that I receive you in my house. No one is at home here, except the man who needs a refuge. I say to you, who are passing by, that you are much more at home here than I am myself. Everything here is yours. What need have I to know your name? Besides, before you told me, you had one which I knew."

The man opened his eyes in astonishment.

"Really? You knew what I was called?"

"Yes," replied the Bishop, "you are called *my brother.*"

"Stop, Monsieur le Curé!" exclaimed the man. "I was very hungry when I entered here; but you are so good, that I no longer know what has happened to me."

The Bishop looked at him, and said, —

"You have suffered much?"

"Oh, the red coat, the ball on the ankle, a plank to sleep on, heat, cold, toil, the convicts, the thrashings, the double chain for nothing, the cell for one word; even sick and in bed, still the chain! Dogs, dogs are happier! Nineteen years! I am forty-six. Now, there is the yellow passport. That is what it is like."

"Yes," resumed the Bishop, "you have come from a very sad place. Listen. There will be more joy in heaven over the tear-bathed face of a repentant sinner than over the white robes of a hundred just men. If you emerge from that sad place with thoughts of hatred and of wrath against mankind, you are deserving of pity; if you emerge with thoughts of good will and of peace, you are more worthy than any one of us."

In the meantime, Madame Magloire had served supper: soup, made with water, oil, bread, and salt; a little bacon, a bit of mutton, figs, a fresh cheese, and a large loaf of rye bread.

The Bishop's face at once assumed that expression of gayety which is peculiar to hospitable natures. "To table!" he cried gayly. As was his custom when a stranger supped with him, he made the man sit on his right. Mademoiselle Baptistine, perfectly peaceable and natural, took her seat at his left.

The Bishop asked a blessing; then helped the soup himself, according to his custom. The man began to eat hungrily. He paid no attention to any one. He ate with the voracity of a starving man. However, after supper he said:

"Monsieur le Curé, all this is far too good for me; but I must say that the carters who would not allow me to eat with them keep a better table than you do."

"They are more fatigued than I," gently replied the Bishop.

"No," returned the man, "they have more money.

You are poor; I see that plainly. You cannot be even a curate. Are you really a curé? Ah, if the good God were but just, you certainly ought to be a curé!"

"The good God is more than just," said the Bishop.

A moment later he added:

"Monsieur Jean Valjean, is it to Pontarlier that you are going?"

"With my road marked out for me. I must be on my way by daybreak to-morrow. Traveling is hard. If the nights are cold, the days are hot."

"You are going to a good country," said the Bishop. "I lived there for some time by the toil of my hands. My will was good. I found plenty to occupy me. One has only to choose. There are paper mills, tanneries, distilleries, oil factories, watch factories on a large scale, steel mills, copper works, twenty iron foundries at least, four of which are tolerably large. They have in the country of Pontarlier, whither you are going, Monsieur Valjean, a truly charming industry. It is their cheese-dairies."

He recurred frequently to that comfortable trade of cheese-making, as though he wished the man to understand, without advising him directly and harshly, that this would afford him a refuge. Neither during supper, nor during the entire evening did the Bishop utter a single word which could remind the man of what he was, nor of what the Bishop himself was. This might have appeared to any one else who had this

unfortunate man in his hands to afford a chance to bestow upon him some reproach, seasoned with advice, or a little pity, or with an exhortation to conduct himself better in the future. The Bishop did not even ask him from what country he came, nor what was his history. He was thinking, no doubt, that this man, whose name is Jean Valjean, had his misfortune only too vividly present in his mind; that the best thing was to divert him from it, and to make him believe, if only momentarily, that he was a person like any other, by treating him just in his ordinary way. Is not this, indeed, to understand charity well?

The man, by this time, was not paying much heed to anything. He was no longer talking, and he seemed very much fatigued. The Bishop said grace, then turned to the man and said to him, "You must be in great need of your bed."

Then after bidding his sister good night, Bishop Welcome took one of the two silver candlesticks from the table, handed the other to his guest, and said to him, —

"Monsieur, I will conduct you to your room."

The man followed him.

The Bishop installed his guest in the alcove. A fresh white bed had been prepared there. The man set the candle down on a table.

"Well," said the Bishop, "may you pass a good night. To-morrow morning, before you set out, you shall drink a cup of warm milk from our cows."

"Thanks, Monsieur l'Abbé," said the man.

Then, turning abruptly to the old man, he folded his arms, and bending upon his host a savage gaze, he exclaimed in a hoarse voice:

"Ah! really! You lodge me in your house, close to yourself, like this? Have you really reflected well? How do you know that I have not been an assassin?"

The Bishop replied:

"That is the concern of the good God."

Then gravely, and moving his lips like one who is praying or talking to himself, he raised two fingers of his right hand and bestowed his benediction on the man, who did not bow, and without turning his head or looking behind him, he returned to his bedroom, where he knelt and said a brief prayer. A moment later he was in his garden, walking, meditating, his heart and soul wholly absorbed in those grand and mysterious things which God shows at night to the eyes which remain open.

As for the man, he was actually so fatigued that he did not even profit by the nice white sheets. Snuffing out his candle, he dropped, all dressed as he was, upon the bed, where he immediately fell into a profound sleep.

Midnight struck as the Bishop returned from his garden to his apartment.

A few minutes later all were asleep in the little house.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. From what famous novel is this story taken? Who wrote it?
2. Tell the story of Jean Valjean up to the time when he came to the Bishop's house.
3. Describe the Bishop. Describe his daily life. What did Napoleon say to him? What did he say to Napoleon?
4. Describe the Bishop's home and household. How did he happen to have so poor a place in which to live?
5. Give the conversation in the Bishop's home about "the vagabond in town." How did his presence in town affect the two women? How did it affect the Bishop? Why?
6. Describe the entrance of Jean Valjean into the Bishop's home. How did it affect the women? What did the Bishop do?
7. What did Valjean say on coming in? Why did he say this? What did the Bishop reply?
8. Why did Jean Valjean insist that he was a galley slave and even show his yellow passport to prove it? Why did he even call the Bishop's attention to the words, "He is a very dangerous man"? What did the Bishop say to this? Why did he say it?
9. "The dog bit me and chased me off as if he had been a man." Explain in your own words just what this means.
10. What do you think the Bishop had made up his mind to do? What thoughts were in his mind?
11. "Sir" is a term used to express respect. Why did the Bishop call Valjean "Sir"? What effect did it have on Jean Valjean? Why?
12. Why did the Bishop have the two silver candlesticks brought in?
13. What beautiful name did the Bishop call the convict? What did the Bishop mean by this?

14. Did the Bishop make a show of his kindness, or did he do it in such a way as not to have it noticed? Read passages to prove what you think.
15. Why did the Bishop avoid reminding Jean Valjean of what he had been?
16. What idea as to human kindness had Jean Valjean's life and experience beaten into his soul? What new idea did the Bishop's kindness give him?
17. What do you think of the Bishop? Why?
18. "This door does not demand of him who enters, whether he has a name, but whether he has a grief." Explain what this means.
19. Do you think that the Bishop should have reproached him and advised him to do better in the future? Notice how gently and tactfully the Bishop suggests that this unfortunate man will be likely to find employment in the cheese-dairies.
20. Do you think that Victor Hugo simply wanted to write a story in telling about the Bishop and the Convict? Or was he trying, by the story of the good Bishop, to induce others to do as this good Bishop did?
21. Have you ever looked about you to try to find a "Jean Valjean" to whom *you* might be the "Bishop"?
22. What has this story to do with *you?*

Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach!
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

HORATIUS BONAR

TULOOM

ERASTUS WALCOTT ELLSWORTH

Look in your geography for the map of Central America, and find Yucatan. On its eastern side you will find the island of Cozumel. Just across the channel on the mainland stand the ruins of the ancient temple of Tuloom, the subject of this fine poem.

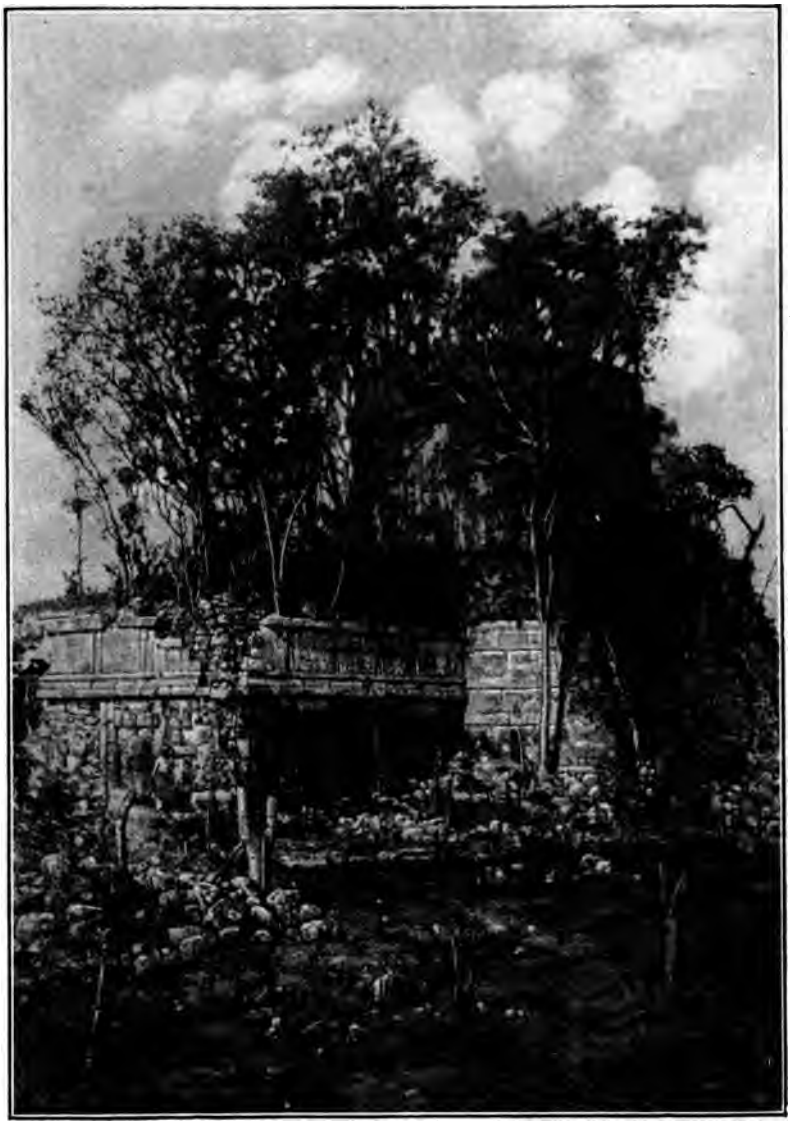
In Central America, hundreds of years ago, lived a strange and, for that time, a highly civilized people. They were called Mayas (mä'yäz). You have read in your histories about the Aztecs of Mexico who were conquered by the great Spaniard, Cortez. In Prescott's " Conquest of Mexico," you would enjoy reading about the astonishing adventures of Cortez. The Aztecs, too, had a wonderful civilization in the old city of Mexico.

The Mayas of Central America probably lived in Mexico before the Aztecs, who may have driven them southward into Central America.

Among the ruins left by the Mayas are found great temples, upon the altars of which they sacrificed human beings to please the strange gods they worshiped. One of these ancient stone buildings is 240 feet long, 180 feet wide, and 80 feet high.

In making their temples, the Mayas used gigantic blocks of hewn stone, fitted so closely that a thin knife can hardly be inserted into the joints.

The Mayas, as a civilized people, are no more. Only their mighty ruins are left to tell their story. Their massive temples are now ruins, surrounded by great tropical forests, overgrown with tall trees and vines, and inhabited by bats. But hundreds of years ago these temples must have been wonderful. On the



AN OLD MAYAN RUIN

tower of the great teocalli (tē-ō-kăl'ĭ), or temple, was a large copper gong, which, when beaten rapidly by the priests, called the Mayas for many miles by its deep, drum-like boom, to worship, or notified them of danger. The law required that every one who was physically able to stand on his feet must come to the temple when the gong boomed.

The priests, or flamens, were dressed in wonderful robes woven of the bright feathers of tropical birds.

Now let us imagine that we are Mayas of eight hundred years ago in Yucatan. We hear the rapid *Boom! Boom! Boom!* of the gong on the temple tower. With thousands of others we hurry to the temple, for human sacrifices are to be made, and we wish to see.

The poor victims, sometimes a bride and groom, are laid on great flat stone altars. A priest in gorgeous feathered robe takes out their hearts with a knife of flint, and rubs the hearts on the stone lips of the hideous idols. What a sight!

But the Mayas and their priests and their sacrifices are no more. And this wonderful poem, with its strange, ghostly sounds and its marvelous descriptions, tells what we should see now, were we to visit the temple which it describes.

Try to see every picture in the poem. And do not fail to read the poem aloud to hear the ghostly music of the lines which are so well suited to the theme.

In the last two stanzas, the poet wonders whether, centuries from now, strangers will come to the United States as he came to Tuloom, and find our country, also, a ruin, and wonder about our civilization as he wondered about that of the Mayas.

You should learn these words:

stucco: a dark gray plaster usually put on outside walls.

façade (fȧ-sād'): the front of a building.

soffit: the archways, staircases, cornices, and other similar parts of a building.

canoas (cȧ-nō'ȧz): the long

canoe-like boats of the Central American Indians. They are fashioned in one piece out of the trunk of a tree.

Isle of Cozumel (kō-sōō-měl′): an island near the eastern coast of Yucatan.

spume: sea foam on the tops of waves.

flamens (flā′měnz): priests.

TULOOM

1

On the coast of Yucatan,
As untenanted of man
As a castle under ban
By a doom
For the deeds of bloody hours,
Overgrown with tropic bowers,
Stand the teocalli towers
Of Tuloom.

2

One of these is fair to sight,
Where it pinnacles a height;
And the breakers blossom white,
As they boom
And split beneath the walls,
And an ocean murmur falls
Through the melancholy halls
Of Tuloom.

3

On the summit, as you stand,
All the ocean and the land

Stretch away on either hand,
But the plume
Of the palm is overhead,
And the grass, beneath your tread,
Is the monumental bed
Of Tuloom.

4

All the grandeur of the woods,
And the greatness of the floods,
And the sky that overbroods,
Dress a tomb,
Where the stucco drops away,
And the bat avoids the day,
In the chambers of decay
In Tuloom.

5

They are battlements of death.
When the breezes hold their breath,
Down a hundred feet beneath,
In the flume
Of the sea, as still as glass,
You can see the fishes pass
By the promontory mass
Of Tuloom.

6

Toward the forest is displayed,
On the terrace, a façade

With devices overlaid;
And the bloom
Of the vine of sculpture, led
O'er the soffit overhead,
Was a fancy of the dead
Of Tuloom.

7

Here are corridors, and there,
From the terrace, goes a stair;
And the way is broad and fair
To the room
Where the inner altar stands;
And the mortar's tempered sands
Bear the print of human hands
In Tuloom.

8

O'er the sunny ocean swell,
The canoas running well
Toward the Isle of Cozumel
Cleave the spume;
On they run, and never halt
Where the shimmer, from the salt,
Makes a twinkle in the vault
Of Tuloom.

9

When the night is wild and dark,
And a roar is in the park,

AN IDOL OF THE MAYAS

And the lightning, to its mark,
Cuts the gloom,
All the region, on the sight,
Rushes upward from the night,
In a thunder-crash of light
O'er Tuloom.

10

Oh! could such a flash recall
All the flamens to their hall,
All the idols on the wall,
In the fume
Of the Indian sacrifice —
All the lifted hands and eyes,
All the laughters and the cries
Of Tuloom —

11

All the kings in feathered pride,
All the people, like a tide,
And the voices of the bride
And the groom! —
But, alas! the prickly pear,
And the owlets of the air,
And the lizards, make a lair
Of Tuloom.

12

We are tenants on the strand
Of the same mysterious land.

Must the shores that we command
Reassume
Their primeval forest hum,
And the future pilgrim come
Unto monuments as dumb
As Tuloom?

13

'Tis a secret of the clime,
And a mystery sublime,
Too obscure, in coming time,
To presume;
But the snake amid the grass
Hisses at us as we pass,
And we sigh, Alas! alas!
In Tuloom.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell who the Mayas were.
2. Tell of their civilization, their temples and customs.
3. Describe the scene of the ruins of Tuloom by reading aloud the poem.
4. Read aloud especially stanzas 9, 10, and 11 to get the old picture of a Mayan sacrifice.
5. What lines, in stanza 11, describe the scene now?
6. How would you answer the questions in stanzas 12?

History fades into fable; fact becomes clouded with doubt and controversy; the inscription molders from the tablet; the statue falls from the pedestal. Columns, arches, pyramids, what are they but heaps of sand; and their epitaphs, but characters written in the dust?

WASHINGTON IRVING

DAYBREAK

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Not many of us see "daybreak," as we should see it. Shelley had certainly seen it, and in this short poem, he describes it wonderfully. Let us have him help us to see it.

Read the 13 lines over silently and slowly. Try to see each picture and think each thought.

Then let us try to read it in this way, stopping some time on each line to see it:

"Day had awakened all things that be,
The lark, — (Shut your eyes, and see and hear him.)
And the thrush, — (Take time to hear him.)
And the swallow free, — (See him.)
And the milkmaid's song, — (See and hear her.)
And the mower's scythe, — (Hear it *swish*.)
And the matin bell, — (Hear the morning church bell.)
And the mountain bee:" — (See and hear him.)

Read the remainder of the poem in the same way, stopping on each thought long enough to get it.

Note the "things of night," — as the fireflies, the glowworms, the beetle, and the cricket, — in contrast to the things that awake at dawn.

Now night, or darkness, brings fears to imaginative persons. But daybreak drives them away, —

"Like a flock of rooks at a farmer's gun."

Now tell the poem to your classmates in its own words, giving them time to see each picture.

DAYBREAK

Day had awakened all things that be,
The lark, and the thrush, and the swallow free,
And the milkmaid's song, and the mower's scythe,
And the matin bell and the mountain bee:
Fireflies were quenched on the dewy corn,
Glowworms went out, on the river's brim,
Like lamps which a student forgets to trim:
The beetle forgot to wind his horn,
The crickets were still in the meadow and hill:
Like a flock of rooks at a farmer's gun,
Night's dreams and terrors, every one,
Fled from the brains which are its prey,
From the lamp's death to the morning ray.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Have you ever tried to see the world at "daybreak"? Would it not be good fun to study this poem, then get up at daybreak and try to see what Shelley saw? Maybe you could see some things that he does not mention.
2. Have you learned that, if you are to see the pictures in such a poem as this, you must read slowly, stopping after each separate thing, closing your eyes and trying hard to see or hear it? Read lines 5–9 in this way.
3. What things in the poem awake at daybreak?
4. What things go to sleep then?
5. What is meant by lines 10–13? Must not Shelley have been troubled with "dreams and terrors" that come in darkness to have written these lines so well?

MORNING

JOHN KEATS

In the preceding lesson, you read Shelley's description of "Daybreak." Now let us try to see the picture that John Keats gives us of "Morning," the time that follows daybreak.

First, turn back to Shelley's "Daybreak," and read it over. Then turn to this poem, and read it slowly and silently, trying to see the picture of the coming of morning.

"Orient chamber" means the imaginary palace in the East (the "orient") from which the beautiful goddess of morning is supposed to come.

"Verdant" means green.

"Untainted gushes" are gushes of pure, clear water.

Now when "morning" first steps from her "orient chamber," where would you expect first to see her "footsteps?" On the highest spot, would you not? Now read line 2.

Now read line 3, and see how she crowns the "lawny crest," or the soft grassy hilltop, with flame of "amber" color.

Now go to line 4, and try to see a clear rill, or little stream, with silver light upon it.

Line 5. — Where did the rill come from? This one line takes some time to read. Don't hurry over it. In reading it, follow up the little brook to its beginning, and *see* it start from "mossy beds," and then flow through "beds of simple flowers." That is what Keats saw, and if you read what he wrote, you, too, must see it.

Line 6. — Now can you see the rill, fed by other rills, flowing into "a little lake"? Can you see the lake?

Line 7. — Now see the "marge" or shore of the lake. What are the "woven bowers"? Can you see them? Now shut your eyes, and see the reflection of the "woven bowers" in the water.

Line 8. — Now let us look at the middle of the lake. What do we see there? Is it a cloudy, *lowering* sky that we see? The word is not lō′ẽr, but *lou′ẽr*, which means a frowning sky.

Now read over silently the eight lines of the poem, seeing them as one connected moving picture.

MORNING

Now Morning from her orient chamber came,
And her first footsteps touch'd a verdant hill;
Crowning its lawny crest with amber flame,
Silv'ring the untainted gushes of its rill;
Which, pure from mossy beds, did down distill,
And after parting beds of simple flowers,
By many streams a little lake did fill,
Which round its marge reflected woven bowers,
And, in its middle space, a sky that never lowers.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. By what does Keats represent morning?
2. From where does the beautiful goddess come? What is her "orient chamber"? Where is it?
3. Why do we see her first footstep on a hill?
4. Describe the place where the rill starts.
5. Tell how it fills the lake. Do the "many streams" flow into the "rill" or directly into the lake?
6. Describe the "woven bowers" on the "marge" of the lake. Describe the reflection.
7. Describe the reflection of the sky in the lake. What is "a sky that never *lowers*"?

John Keats, a famous English poet, was born in London on the 29th of October, 1795. He died at Rome, February 23, 1821, in his twenty-sixth year. In this short life he earned never-dying fame as a poet. His body lies in the Protestant cemetery in Rome. His tomb is visited every year by many who love his poems.

Out of the shadow of the night,
The world rolls into light.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

JOHN MILTON

But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world.

ROBERT BROWNING

NIGHT

ROBERT SOUTHEY

Here is a beautiful description of a clear night. Such nights have been over and around many millions of persons who, however, have never actually *seen* the night as the poet sees it. That is, they *look* at it, but do not *see* it. He *sees* it, and by his poem, he helps us to see it. Thus a poet is a very real and a very true teacher.

Now read this short poem over in silence and very slowly, trying to see what he describes. Then return to this place and read on from here.

First, can you shut your eyes and *be in the night?* Can you feel a cool "dewy freshness"? If not, the next fine night, go out into the night, and try to feel it.

Now try to see the sky, without mist, or cloud, or speck, or stain, — absolutely clear. Shut your eyes and try to see such a sky.

Now read lines 5 and 6. Again shut your eyes, and add the moon to your picture, a *round* moon, "full-orb'd."

Lines 7, 8, and 9 mean that the sky beneath and around the moon, being clear of all marks, — of mist, or cloud, or speck, or stain — is a "desert-circle," like the round or convex ocean, "girdled" or surrounded with the sky.

Now, having seen *all* this, tell it to your classmates in the words of the poem. You have "read well" if they have seen all this. It is a good thing to stop and ask your classmates, "Do you

see this? " If they do not, try again to make them see it as you read it over.

If you will do this, you will at once see that, ordinarily, you read much too fast for the minds of your classmates to see the pictures at all. For example, take line 3 of the poem. It has four pictures, and at each one your hearers must have time — a moment for each picture — or else they will not see any of them. Read it thus:

" No mist obscures, — (Wait here a moment.)
Nor cloud, — (Give time to see this.)
Nor speck, — (Let your hearers have time to look the sky over for a speck.)
Nor stain, — (Give time.)
Breaks the serene (the even calm) of Heaven."

You will never really read — that is, make others see and understand — unless you are seeing and understanding as you read.

Night

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of Heaven;
In full-orb'd glory yonder Moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Have you ever really gone out into the night and *tried to see what it is made up of?*
2. How do poets teach us? What does Robert Southey teach in this poem?
3. Have you ever felt the "dewy freshness" the poet mentions?
4. What is the "full-orb'd glory" of the moon referred to in the fifth line?
5. What is the "desert-circle"?
6. Now *tell* this poem to the class in its own words, endeavoring to make them see it. Stop occasionally and ask them whether they are seeing what you are trying to show to them.

Robert Southey (south'ĭ), the author of the poem "Night," was born at Bristol, England, August 12, 1774. He wrote many volumes of poems, but only a small portion of his poetry was of high order. His prose is much better than his poetry. He wrote a large number of books, his prose works alone filling almost forty volumes. He was a close friend of Wordsworth and Coleridge. Southey died March 21, 1843.

The night is calm and cloudless,
  And still as still can be,
And the stars come forth to listen
  To the music of the sea.
They gather, and gather, and gather,
  Until they crowd the sky,
And listen, in breathless silence,
  To the solemn litany.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS

CHARLES SPRAGUE

This beautiful description of the passing out of the North American Indians from the eastern part of the United States is part of an oration by Charles Sprague, a famous orator of Boston.

To read it understandingly, you will have to picture the following: —

1. A country, thickly settled by white people, with farms and cities, and all other evidences of civilization.
2. A great meeting of white people, with an orator delivering this oration.
3. Then the scene that he describes or tells about, — the same country occupied only by Indians, — no farms, no cities, only roving red men, wigwams, hunting, and Indian life as it was three hundred years ago.

As you read each sentence, you will see that the orator draws wonderful pictures with his words, — scenes that would make wonderful moving pictures on a screen, — the deer hunt, the Indian lovers, the scene in a wigwam, the canoe on a lake, the battle, the death-song scene of a captive brave, and so on.

Then the coming of the white men and their conquest of the Indians, till the Indians disappeared into the Far West.

Then in ages to come, the inquisitive white man wondering about these early inhabitants of New England.

Take time as you read, trying to see every picture and to understand every thought.

That you may feel the spell of the beautiful language, do not fail, after you have fully understood the lesson, to read it aloud as you imagine the orator spoke it.

Before reading the selection learn the meanings of the following words:

generation: the average lifetime of a certain set of persons, about a third of a century.

exalts (ĕg-zôltz′): uplifts or makes better, higher, or finer.

embellishes: makes beautiful.

wigwam: an Indian tent or lodge.

sedgy lakes: lakes in which are water plants resembling long, coarse grass.

echoing whoop: the war cry of the Indians.

death-song: the song of triumph chanted by an Indian warrior while dying.

tiger-strife: fierce combat.

Great Spirit: Manitou (măn′ĭ-to͞o), the god of the Indians.

tables of stone: referring to the "tables of stone" on which were written the ten commandments that Moses gave to the Jews.

God of Revelation: God, as told of, or "revealed," in the Bible.

God of the universe: the deity, or the power, that rules over everything.

sacred orb: the sun.

timid warbler: the singing bird.

a spark of that light to whose mysterious source: the *spirit* of man, or the soul, given the Indian by his Manitou.

blind adoration: worship for which the worshiper knows no particular reason.

a pilgrim bark: the *Mayflower*, which brought the "Pilgrim Fathers." The coming of the *Mayflower* was the beginning of the end of the Indian as an heroic character.

seeds of life and death: life for the white man, death for the Indian.

anointed children of education: civilized men.

progenitors: parents, ancestors, or those of the same race who lived at an earlier time.

falcon glance: the quick, bold glance of the falcon or hawk.

ACROSS THE OCEAN CAME A PILGRIM BARK

Edward Moran

theme of the touching ballad: the Indian as the subject of sad poems.
council fire: the fire around which Indians held their councils at which they decided for war or peace.
mighty tide: the westward progress of the white man.
last wave: the flood of white men moving westward.
inquisitive white man: the knowledge-seeking white man.
ponder: think seriously about.
disturbed remains: burial places of Indians broken into.
chronicles: records, stories.
exterminators: those who destroyed, or exterminated the Indians.
rude virtues: good qualities of the Indians.

North American Indians

Not many generations ago, where you now sit, circled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your head, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer. Gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate. Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless; the council fire glared on the wise and daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and, when the tiger-strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

Here, too, they worshiped; and from many a dark

bosom went up a prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of Nature knew not the God of Revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in every thing around. He beheld him in the star that sank in beauty behind his lowly dwelling, in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his midday throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze, in the lofty pine that had defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler that never left its native grove, in the fearless eagle, whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his foot, and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious source he bent, in humble though blind adoration.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you, the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face a whole, peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant. Here and there, a stricken few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamable progenitors! The Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone!

As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war cry is fast fading to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever. Ages hence, the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structure of their disturbed remains, and wonder to what manner of persons they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be faithful to their rude virtues as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who made this speech? What is it about?
2. How many pictures are there in the first paragraph? Name them and tell what you see in each of them.
3. Whom did the Indians worship? What is he called in "Hiawatha"? Who wrote laws on "tables of stone"? Where did the Indians see their God?
4. What became of the Indians of New England? Name some of their famous chiefs.
5. Read aloud the description of the splendid Indian chiefs of long ago. How does the race differ now?
6. As this is an "oration," it should be read aloud in the best possible manner.

THANATOPSIS

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

" Thanatopsis " means *a view of death*, or better, *thoughts about death.*

This famous and remarkable poem was written by William Cullen Bryant when he was a boy not yet eighteen years of age. He earnestly wished for a college education; but his money giving out before he had finished the course, he returned home very sad and deeply discouraged. At this time and while in this mood, he wrote the first draft of this great poem — *A View of Death* — showing that the gifted boy was so deeply discouraged that his thoughts were of death and not of life. Yet, in the last stanza, he shows that he had a brave and noble heart, and that, despite all grief and discouragement, he wished so to live that when his time should come, he could lie down calmly to die, thinking only pleasant dreams.

Now let us see what the poem means, for the meaning is of much more importance to you than any story about the poem.

Division 1. — In these lines the poet tells us that Nature "speaks a various language " to him who understands her voice. With this thought, you can easily master the meaning of these lines. Here are the opening thoughts in order:

" To him who
In the love of Nature,
Holds communion
With her visible forms,
She speaks

A various language;
For his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness,
And a smile
And eloquence of beauty,
And she glides
Into his darker musings,
With a mild and healing sympathy,
That steals away their sharpness,
Ere he is aware."

Study these lines, then read them aloud as if you were telling how Nature speaks to us and helps us.

Read it over slowly, trying to think the thoughts. You see that the young poet in his discouragement was thinking of death, and had gone to Nature for relief from his sufferings.

In reading the stanza, be sure to stop on each separate thought and *think* it. You cannot read it otherwise. Remember that "reading" a poem is getting the images, the thoughts, and the feelings that the poet had when he wrote the poem.

Read over the lines, then tell the thoughts in your own words. When you can do this, you have really *read* it.

Division 2. — In these lines the boy finds comfort in the thought that, in his last sleep, he will have billions for company. He will lie down with old men of ages long gone, with the wise, the good, the beautiful, with ancient wise men, — with countless millions, for the earth is only a vast tomb, "the great tomb of man."

As you read these lines, stop a moment and think about each thing, thus, —

"Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world —
(What does this mean?)
With kings.
The powerful of the earth —

The wise,
The good,
Fair forms,
And hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher (grave)."

Ask about each short line, " What does this mean?"

Note carefully how the tomb of man is decorated, lines 12–23, p. 74.

Note carefully what " the still voice " says.

After you have mastered the thought, read it aloud as if you were telling it.

Division 3. — These lines tell where the countless millions of dead are to be found.

" The Barcan wilderness " is a desert in northern Africa.

" The Oregon " is the Columbia River. Look it up in your geography. In Bryant's boyhood, Oregon and Washington were unsettled wildernesses.

Division 4. — This tells of those who will follow us down to death.

Read and study these lines silently and thoughtfully, stopping for the meaning of each separate thought. Take time to do this. Read slowly.

Division 5. — This is the conclusion of the poem, in which the poet tells us to live nobly so that we may die unafraid, " sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust " in a life beyond death.

" The innumerable caravan " is the countless multitude which, day by day, and hour by hour, is traveling onward toward the grave.

A " quarry-slave " probably means a chained slave who, in olden times, worked in a stone quarry. In Roman times the lot of the quarry-slave was a terrible one.

Study the lines carefully and slowly.

Now tell the story of the poem as you understand it.

Then tell it by reading it aloud, just as if you were the boy Bryant telling some one your thoughts of death.

THANATOPSIS

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart; —
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around —
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air —
Comes a still voice,—
Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,

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To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.
Yet not to thine eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world — with kings.
The powerful of the earth — the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher.

The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, — the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods — rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. — Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings — yet the dead are there:

And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep — the dead reign there alone.

So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's fresh spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man —
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell how this poem came to be written.
2. What does "Thanatopsis" mean?
3. In what way does Nature speak to him who holds communion with her? What are her "visible forms"?
4. What does the poet advise us to do when we feel compelled to think of death?
5. What does Nature answer in her still voice? (Remember that all the poem from line 18 on is what she says to us.) What will become of our bodies?
6. With whom shall we lie down in death?
7. What will decorate our tomb?
8. Where may the dead be found?
9. What will become of those who live after us?
10. What is the meaning of the last stanza?
11. The following outline will help you:

A. Nature has various ways of speaking to those who love her.

B. When thoughts of death occur to you, go and listen to what Nature tells you about death.

C. She will tell you that, —

1. In a few days you shall die.
2. Your image will exist no more.
3. You will return to dust.
4. But you will have millions to lie down with.
5. You will have a most magnificently decorated tomb.
6. The living are but a handful compared with the dead.
7. All the living and all who are to come will sometime join you in death.

D. So live that you are not afraid to die.

12. Read the entire poem aloud as if you were explaining this outline.

MY HEART LEAPS UP

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

We feel as if our hearts were sinking whenever we see a sad sight or hear bad news. But good news and beautiful sights have just the opposite effect upon us, and we feel as if our hearts were "leaping up."

Most of us have felt a thrill of delight at the sight of a rainbow. This poet tells us that his " heart leaps up " when he sees a rainbow in the sky; that it was so when he was a little child, or when his life began; that it is so now that he is a man; that he wishes it to be so when he grows old; and that if it is not so when he has grown old, he wishes to die. He would not care to live after he had ceased to be thrilled at the sight of a rainbow, because he would then have lost all his love for the beautiful in nature.

Great changes come between childhood and old age. Many things which interested a boy fail to interest him when he becomes a man; and many things which are of great interest to him in the prime of manhood fail to interest him in his old age.

But great as these changes are, the child does not change entirely. If a boy is fond of animals and is kind to them, he will be likely to love them and be kind to them as long as he lives. Very many of his childish likes and dislikes and childhood traits will go with him all through his life. Those who knew George Washington as a boy were able to detect in him many of his childhood traits even after he had grown to manhood and had become General Washington or President Washington.

This is what the poet means when he says that —

"The child is father of the man."

The child inherits many traits from his father; and the grown man inherits many traits from the little boy that he used to be.

"As the twig is bent the tree is inclined."

The poet also tells us that in spite of time and change this love of nature and of natural beauty, which was so strong and keen in his childhood, has clung to him all through the busy days of his manhood, and that he hopes it will cling to him until the very end of his life.

Piety means veneration for the Supreme Being and gratitude for His loving kindness to us. A good way to show our piety is to show daily our appreciation of the wonderfully beautiful things He has created in this wide and wonderful world, and our reverence for them.

The poet calls this love of flowers, rainbows, and all other beautiful things in nature, "natural piety," and he tells us that he wishes it to run through all the days of his life just as a ribbon or a string is run through beads to hold them together. Until we know exactly what the poet wishes to express, we cannot appreciate how beautifully he has said it.

The poet, James Russell Lowell, has expressed this idea of natural piety very beautifully in the following lines: —

"And I feel as weak as a violet
Alone 'neath the awful sky.
As weak, yet as trustful also:
For the whole year long I see
All the wonders of faithful Nature
Still worked for the love of me;
Winds wander, and dews drip earthward,
Rain falls, suns rise and set,
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper
A poor little violet."

Now read the poem carefully.

My Heart Leaps Up

My heart leaps up when I behold
  A rainbow in the sky.
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
  Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What kind of sights or news makes us feel as if our hearts were sinking?
2. What kind of news or sights makes us feel as if our hearts were "leaping up"?
3. What does "when my life began" mean?
4. Why should the poet wish to die if his heart did not "leap up" at sight of a rainbow?
5. If he ceased to love the rainbow, would he lose the love for other beautiful things?
6. What does "The child is father of the man" mean?
7. What does "piety" mean?
8. What does the poet mean by "*natural* piety"?

William Wordsworth, one of the Lake Poets, was born in England, in 1770. His father and mother died when he was a mere boy.

"Of my earliest days at school," said he, "I have little to say, but that they were very happy ones, chiefly because I was left at liberty then and in vacations, to read whatever books I liked. For example, I read all of Fielding's works, 'Don Quixote,' 'Gil Blas,' and any part of Swift that I liked, 'Gulliver's Travels' and 'The Tale of a Tub' being both much to my taste."

A stranger who once visited Wordsworth's home asked to see where he worked. The servant took him first into a room filled with books. "This," said she, "is my master's library, but his study is out of doors." He was made poet laureate when he was seventy-three years old. His life closed gently in 1850, and he was laid in the quiet churchyard at Grasmere.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

THE DAFFODILS

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

In April, 1802, William Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy, who was his constant companion, looked with loving eyes upon the golden daffodils that are described in this beautiful poem. In Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal we find the following charming description of them:

"I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about and above them; some rested their heads upon these stones as on a pillow for weariness; and the rest tossed and reeled and danced and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew directly over the lake to them; they looked so gay, ever glancing, ever changing."

Here we have two descriptions of the same scene, one in prose and the other in poetry. It takes imagination to write such prose, and it takes imagination to write such poetry. This is why the poet says:—

"A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company."

A person without imagination would not appreciate such a scene and he would not be gay even in such gay company.

"A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him
And it was nothing more."

A person who has little or no imagination would not be likely to describe such a scene, but if he did try to describe it he would

hardly say that some of the daffodils used the mossy stones for a pillow, and that the rest tossed and reeled and danced and laughed with the wind, and —

"Outdid the sparkling waves in glee."

It also takes imagination to read and understand and appreciate poetry. The poet tells us that he —

"wandered lonely as a cloud."

This means that he merely wandered along aimlessly, — going he knew not where and seeking he knew not what.

In the prose description there is nothing that even suggests the number of these dancing daffodils, but the poet tells us that he saw a *crowd* of them, a *host* of them; that they were —

"Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,"

that

"They stretched in never-ending line"

and that he saw ten thousand of them at a glance. He wishes us to know, however, that he was not satisfied by merely glancing at such a scene, and this is why he adds, —

"I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought."

And just what was this unsuspected wealth which this scene had brought him? The last stanza of the poem tells us. This beautiful picture lived in his memory, which he calls the inward eye; and often when he was lying on his couch free from all care or in a vacant mood, or in a sadly thoughtful and pensive mood, the picture of these dancing daffodils would flash upon his inward eye and so fill his heart with pleasure that it would dance with them.

Have you the power to recall scenes that you saw long ago? Do these beautiful views flash upon your inward eye when you are far away from the real scene? In solitude there is so little to see

or hear that it is a great comfort to have the memory well stored with beautiful thoughts and pictures. This is why the poet calls the inward eye, or memory, the bliss of solitude. In one of her poems, Alice Cary says, —

"Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest
That seemeth best of all."

We shall, however, miss much of the beauty of this poem if we do not know about the Milky Way. You may have noticed a broad path of misty light stretching across the sky at night. This path is composed of thousands and thousands of stars, which look as if they had been sown as thick as the farmers sow their grain. Most of these stars are larger than our sun, but they are so much farther away from us than the sun is that we can barely see them. This path is called the Milky Way.

In the different stories which come from many ages and from many parts of the world, we find that people have always thought of the Milky Way as the path from earth to heaven. The poet compares thousands of golden daffodils that stretch in never-ending line along the margin of the bay to thousands of golden stars that twinkle in this pathway of the sky. This is a very beautiful and appropriate comparison.

The poet probably little thought what wealth this poem would bring to you, and to me, and to all the countless thousands who have read it. This little poem has made it possible for us all to see this charming scene through the poet's eyes and to hang this beautiful picture of the dancing daffodils on the walls of memory.

Study Helps

In all good literature each word, phrase, and clause is used for some special service. See if you can arrange the parts of the other stanzas as they are arranged below for the first stanza:

I wandered.
How did I wander?
Lonely.
How lonely?
Lonely as a cloud.
What kind of cloud?
A cloud that floats.
Floats where?
On high o'er vale and hills.
I saw a crowd, — a host.
A host of what?
Daffodils.
What kind?
Golden.
How did you see them?
All at once.
Where were they?
Beside the lake, beneath the trees.
What were they doing?
Fluttering and dancing.
Where?
In the breeze.

The Daffodils

I wandered lonely as a cloud
  That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
  A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze,

Continuous as the stars that shine
  And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
  Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
  Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;

A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company;
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought;

For oft when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who wrote this poem? When and where did he live? About what kinds of subjects did he write poetry? Why can we say that he was "a great teacher"?
2. Describe how he found the daffodils? Tell, by reading aloud the first three stanzas, how the daffodils looked and what they did.
3. Tell how they affected him.
4. When he went away from them, what did he fail to realize?
5. What is a "vacant or pensive mood"?
6. What "wealth" did the daffodils afterward bring to him? What does he name this power to recall beautiful scenes? What is the "inward eye"? Have *you* that "inward eye"?
7. What pleasure did the power of the "inward eye" bring him afterward? (Answer by reading the last two lines.)
8. What advantage over others has the person who has seen much? But what power must he have in order to enjoy what he has seen at earlier times?

EULOGY ON JAMES A. GARFIELD

JAMES G. BLAINE

When a president, a senator, a congressman, or other man of importance in the government of the United States dies, it is the custom to deliver speeches about him and his life work. These speeches are called " eulogies " (ū'lō-gĭz). This selection is taken from the speech of James G. Blaine, delivered before both houses of Congress following the death of President Garfield. James G. Blaine was secretary of state in President Garfield's cabinet, and afterwards a candidate for the presidency.

President James Abram Garfield was born in a log cabin in Ohio, in 1831, in great poverty. He labored at any kind of honest work to get an education. He worked as a farm-boy, canal boatman, carpenter, and also at many other things, thus earning his own way through college. As a boy, his greatest desire was to go to sea, and he was prevented from doing so only by the fact that the captain of a Lake Erie vessel drove him from the deck when he applied for a place as a sailor.

While a very young man, he became president of Hiram College, at Hiram, Ohio. When the Civil War broke out, he quickly became a colonel, and later, by his bravery and ability, he became a major general.

He was elected a member of Congress while on the battle-field.

He served his country in Congress ably for many years, and was elected United States Senator from Ohio in 1880. But before he had taken his seat in the Senate, he was elected President of the United States.

A short time after he became president, while he was waiting for

a train in the station at Washington, he was shot by a miscreant named Guiteau (gī tō′).

The nation was heartbroken, and waited anxiously from day to day, hoping that he would recover.

From boyhood, Garfield had loved the sea. So he was taken to Elberon on the Atlantic coast in New Jersey with the hope that there he would have the best chance of recovery. But he died there on September 19, 1881.

This selection from Blaine's very beautiful and eloquent speech tells of his last days. If you will study it till you understand it, you will love to remember this selection.

Learn the meanings of these words before reading the eulogy:

foreboding: a feeling that something unhappy is about to occur.

premonition: a warning that some serious thing is about to happen.

frenzy: a wild burst of anger, rage, or other feeling.

wantonness: the state of doing evil things without any cause for so doing, as Guiteau's murder of Garfield against whom he had no possible cause for hatred.

aspirations: one's hopes and plans for doing great things.

quail: to tremble or shrink with fear.

relinquishment: a giving up.

languor (lăŋ′gēr): a great weariness, that makes one want to lie still.

sundering: breaking apart.

desolation: dreariness, sadness, and affliction.

great darkness: death.

demoniac: demon-like.

assassin: one who kills or tries to kill another without the other's having any opportunity for self-defense.

resignation: giving up.

craving: a hungry desire or wish for something.

manifold voices: the many voices of the waves.

mystic meaning: a hidden meaning.

farther shore: Heaven.

eternal morning: the beginning of life in Heaven.

Eulogy on James A. Garfield

Surely, if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs of this world, on that quiet July morning, James A. Garfield may well have been a happy man. No foreboding of evil haunted him; not the slightest premonition of danger clouded his sky; his terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully out before him. The next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence, and the grave.

Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death, — and he did not quail, — not alone for one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony, which was not less agony because silently borne, — with clear sight and calm courage, he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes! Whose lips may tell? What brilliant, broken plans; what baffled, high ambitions; what sundering of strong, warm manhood's friendships; what bitter rending of sweet household ties!

Behind him a proud, expectant nation; a great host

of sustaining friends; a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full, rich honors of her early toil and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys, not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic; the fair young daughter; the sturdy sons, just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day, and every day rewarding, a father's love and care; and in his heart the eager, rejoicing power to meet all demands. Before him, desolation and great darkness! And his soul was not shaken.

His countrymen were thrilled with an instant, profound, and universal sympathy. Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the center of a nation's love, enshrined in the prayers of a world. But all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the wine-press alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet, he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the divine decree.

As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices.

With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its far sails whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars.

Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning, which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a farther shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell of the life of James A. Garfield.
2. Tell how such speeches as this happen to be made.
3. Who made this speech?
4. Tell of Garfield's assassination.
5. What great and sudden change does Blaine say came to him?
6. How did President Garfield face the awful change?
7. How did he bear his suffering?
8. What reasons had he for wanting to live?
9. As he drew near to death, what wish of boyhood came back to him? Where was he taken?
10. When did he die?
11. What does Mr. Blaine think the President saw and felt as death approached?
12. Read aloud the speech, imagining you are the speaker, addressing the Congress.
13. It would be of great value to you to read a good life of Garfield. He is one of the best examples of what an American boy can do when he sets out bravely to achieve.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

CARDINAL JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

This great poem is possibly the favorite hymn of the Christian Church. It is not only a great hymn, but a great poem.

Its author, John Henry Newman, was first a clergyman of the English Episcopal Church, but in middle life he left that church to become a Roman Catholic. He became later a Cardinal in the Roman Catholic Church, and through his religious writings earned lasting fame. He was born in London in 1801, and died in 1890.

He wrote this famous hymn at the age of thirty-two while crossing the Mediterranean Sea in an orange boat from Palermo in Sicily to Marseilles in France. The hymn was written while the boat was becalmed on the passage.

What does the hymn mean? Read it over silently, trying to get the meaning. Then read what follows in this explanation.

Newman had been troubled by great doubts in his religious beliefs. He did not know what to believe. His feeling that he was in doubt and darkness, he calls "encircling gloom." And he asks God, the "Kindly Light," to lead him on, for —

"The night is dark, and I am far from home."

That is, he felt lost in doubt and disbelief, and he asks God, the "Kindly Light," to lead him home to a true belief. He wants to cease to question about it. He does "not ask to see" or know, but is willing just to trust God to lead him on.

In stanza 2, he tells of his disbelief, and of his willfulness and pride. By "the garish (gâr'ĭsh) day," Cardinal Newman means the gay and showy life which he formerly loved. He asks God not to remember these things.

In the last stanza, he says that he has always been so blessed that he is sure that God will lead him on in safety —

"O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

You should know that "moor and fen," which ordinarily mean cold, damp plains and swamps, and "crag and torrent," which mean rocky heights and rushing streams, here mean the sorrows and troubles of life, and not real moors and fens, and crags and torrents. He is sure that "with the morn," or his waking after death, he will meet his friends.

In the twenty-third Psalm, King David says almost the same thing, when in gratitude for blessings he declares, —

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

Now study the poem till you appreciate its meaning.

Then let the class sing it from the music that follows the poem.

In singing the hymn, try to *think* the thoughts as you sing.

Lead, Kindly Light

Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;

I loved to choose and see my path: but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years!

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And, with the morn, those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

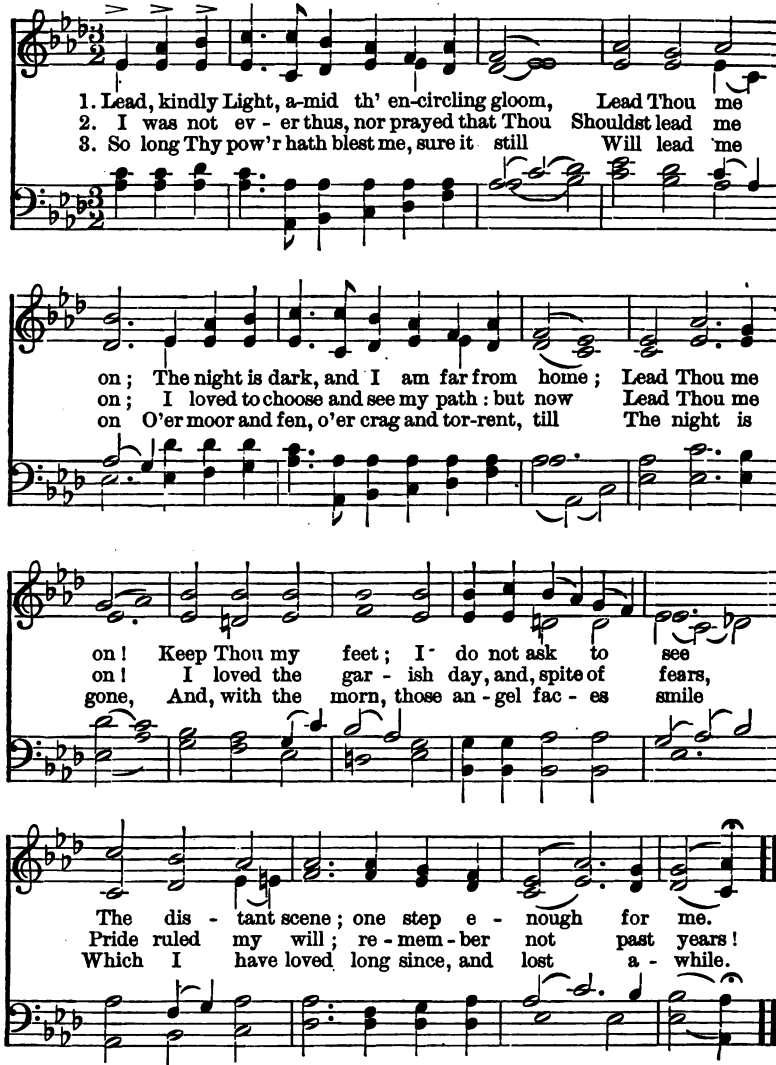
1. Tell the story of the life of Cardinal Newman.
2. What was in his mind in writing this hymn?
3. What is the "Kindly Light"?
4. What does he mean by "the encircling gloom"?
5. By "the night is dark"? By "I am far from home"?
6. What does he mean by the last two lines of stanza 1?
7. What confession does he make in stanza 2?
8. What is "the garish day"? What does he ask of God in the last line of stanza 2?
9. What is meant by line 3 in stanza 3?
10. What do the last two lines of the poem mean?
11. Ask your teacher to read to you the twenty-third Psalm and also that part of "Snow-bound," by Whittier, which tells of his little sister.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Lead, Kindly Light

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN — JOHN B. DYKES



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SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS

ELIJAH KELLOGG

You should know something of the brutal Roman sports of ancient times in order to read and enjoy this splendid speech, supposed by Mr. Kellogg to have been delivered by Spartacus, a gladiator, in the year 73 B.C.

At the time mentioned, Rome was mistress of the then known world. She was a splendid and a mighty city. The ruling class was composed of the nobles, although the common people had votes at the elections. But the wealth and the power of the great city, with so much money coming in from conquered provinces, made the people idle and sport-loving. So, to keep the people satisfied and out of trouble, the rulers, or consuls, as they were called, entertained them with sports such as the world has never seen elsewhere.

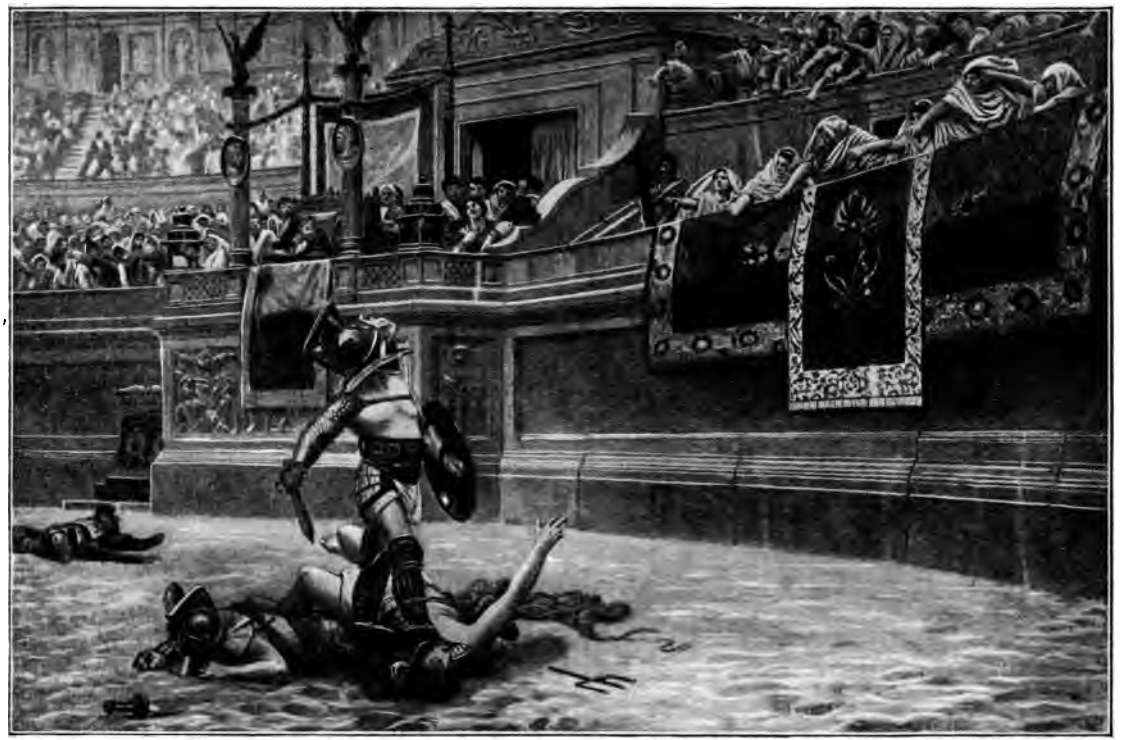
The consuls built great meeting places called amphitheaters. The seats usually surrounded a great oval arena with a floor of sand.

In this arena, before the large and bloodthirsty crowds, men fought to the death with each other and also with hungry wild beasts.

Picture a crowd of a hundred thousand persons in the great theater on a Roman holiday. Try to imagine the buzz of conversation as they waited for the sports to begin.

Finally, two gladiators, superb specimens of manhood, come out into the arena. They bow low before the consuls, and say, "We, who are about to die, salute you!"

Now let us watch them. One has a short sword and a small shield. The other has a short, three-pronged spear called a trident,



GLADIATORS

J. L. Gérôme

and also a net, like a small fish seine, in his left hand. The swordsman is to try to stab his adversary with his sword, while the other tries to entangle his opponent in the net, and then stab him to death with his three-pronged spear.

At a signal they begin to fight. The swordsman makes a swift thrust and misses. Then the man with the net casts his net to entangle the other. He, too, fails. But before he can recover his net for another throw, the swordsman stabs him through the body, and he sinks down in his blood on the sand.

Sometimes hundreds fought to the death at one time. For one contest, the great arena was flooded and a sea battle between real battle-galleys was fought before the people.

Agents of the Roman government searched the known world for strong men to become gladiators and for fierce wild beasts to fight with them.

The gladiators were trained just as carefully as football men are trained to-day.

The different combats to occur at the arena were advertised throughout the city, and each champion was as well known as are the great football or baseball players of to-day. Every citizen, rich or poor, had a wager on his favorite gladiator.

Other great Roman cities vied with Rome in their sports. Capua, south of Rome, was a city of great luxury, containing an amphitheater nearly as large as the Coliseum at Rome. And it was at Capua that Spartacus was a gladiator. His history is told in his speech.

Spartacus saw that the gladiators should fight for themselves, rather than fight and kill each other to amuse the Capuans. So, in 73 B.C., he organized a revolt, and gathered the gladiators from far and near, and with them and other followers, he fled to the mountains, where for several years he defied the Roman armies. But at last he was defeated, captured, and put to death with all of his remaining followers. Their bodies were hung on crosses from one end to the other of the great Roman road extend-

ing through Italy, as a warning to every one that Rome was all-powerful.

Try to picture the gladiators, fierce, superbly muscled men, in the amphitheater as Spartacus speaks to them. This speech is supposed to express the real sentiment in the heart of Spartacus who, after twelve years of bloody combats on the sands of the arena, determined to stir up his fellow captives to strike for liberty.

You will find more interest in the speech if you will read carefully the meanings of the following words:

Capua (kăp'ū-*à*): a Roman city south of Rome.

Lentulus (lĕn'tū-lŭs): a Roman conqueror who gave the people sports on his return from a successful expedition.

Praetor (prē'tŏr): the Roman officer in charge of the sports.

victorious eagle: the Roman standard was an eagle of gold carried at the head of the legion.

amphitheater (ăm-fĭ-thē'*à*-tēr): the place where the sports were held.

corselet: a breastplate.

Volturnus: a river that flows through the ancient city of Capua.

zephyr (zĕf'ēr): a soft breeze.

Sparta: a famous city of ancient Greece, noted for the bravery of its people.

Syrasella: a place in ancient Greece noted for its fruit trees.

Marathon and Leuctra: battles in ancient Greece.

vestals: priestesses who kept ever burning the sacred fire in the temple of Vesta, the Goddess of the hearth or home.

Numidian lion: a fierce black-maned kind of lion from Numidia, a country in northern Africa.

Roman Adonis (*à*-dō'nĭs): a handsome Roman young man of fashion.

Thermopylæ (thēr-mŏp'ĭ-lē): a famous old Greek battle in which 300 Spartans held a pass against a great Persian army until all but a messenger were killed.

sesterces (sĕs'tĕr-sēz): pieces of Roman money.

Thracians: the people of a country called Thrace.

As you read the speech aloud, try to think that you are Spartacus, and the class, the gladiators. Do not be afraid to let your voice ring out.

Spartacus to the Gladiators

It had been a day of triumph at Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheater to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious city. The shouts of revelry had died away; the roar of the lion had ceased; the last loiterer had retired from the banquet; and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished. The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered the dewdrop on the corselet of the Roman sentinel, and tipped the dark waters of Volturnus with wavy, tremulous light. It was a night of holy calm, when the zephyr sways the young spring leaves, and whispers among the hollow reeds its dreamy music. No sound was heard save the last sob of some retiring wave, telling its story to the smooth pebbles of the beach; and then all was still as the breast when the spirit has departed.

In the deep recesses of the amphitheater, a band of gladiators were assembled, their muscles still knotted with the agony of conflict, the foam upon their lips, and the scowl of battle yet lingering upon their brows, when Spartacus, rising in the midst of that grim assemblage, thus addressed them:

"Ye call me chief; and ye do well to call him chief who for twelve long years has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast that the broad Empire of Rome could furnish, and who has never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus, — a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men! My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Syrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal. One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle that shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra; and how in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I know not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage

wars. And, even now, sometimes methinks, if I could look on something other than warrior's harness and the blinding glare of burnished steel, and hear some other sound than death groans and armor clangs, could I but lay these throbbing temples upon the soft green turf beside the brook, and let my hand hang over the bank into its blessed current, and feel the broad sweep of its waters, while the leaves danced over me, methinks that I could heave this cursed crust from off my heart and be again a child. Yes, a child, a child! But what have I to do with thoughts like these? I do forget my story.

"That very night, the Romans landed on our coast, and the clash of steel was heard within our quiet vale. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war horse; the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling! To-day I killed a man in the arena; and when I broke his helmet-clasps, behold! he was my friend. He knew me, — smiled faintly, — gasped and died; — the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled some lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph! I told the prætor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body to burn it on a funeral pile and mourn over its ashes. Ay! upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and

matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at sight of that piece of bleeding clay! But the prætor drew back as if I were pollution, and sternly said, 'Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans!' And so, fellow gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs. O Rome, Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay, thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe; to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl! And he shall pay thee back, until thy yellow Tiber is red as flowing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy lifeblood lies curdled!

"Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your brawny shoulders, and bet his sesterces upon your blood. Hark, hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted flesh; but to-morrow he will break his fast upon yours, and a dainty meal for him ye will be. If ye are *beasts*, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are *men* — follow me! Strike down yon guard,

gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that ye do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? O comrades, warriors, Thracians! if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves. If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors! If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!"

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Describe the sports among the ancient Romans.
2. Who was Spartacus? Tell of his revolt.
3. Where was Capua?
4. For what did Spartacus claim the right of leadership among the gladiators?
5. What had been his early life?
6. What causes had he to hate the Romans?
7. It was the belief in ancient times that if the body of a dead person were not burned his soul would wander forever, unable to enter the Realm of Pluto, the final home of souls. Why was Spartacus so angry with the prætor?
8. What acts of the people made him want revenge?
9. How had Rome unconsciously prepared him for vengeance upon her?
10. What appeal or argument does he use to cause the gladiators to revolt?
11. Tell how the revolt ended.
12. What became of Rome's grandeur? Did she pay at last for her cruelty?

True power was never born of brutish strength.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

ANTONY'S ORATION OVER CÆSAR

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

The following oration, known as "Antony's Oration over Cæsar," is from the play "Julius Cæsar," Act II, Scene 2, by William Shakespeare, the greatest of all writers in the English tongue. We know that Antony delivered, over Cæsar's body, the oration which it was customary for some friend to give over a Roman's dead body, but his oration was not written down at the time. This oration is what Shakespeare supposes Antony said in his speech.

To understand and enjoy the speech, you must know something of the incidents that led up to it.

Julius Cæsar (sē'zär) was undoubtedly one of the three most remarkable men who ever lived, the other two being Alexander the Great and Napoleon Bonaparte.

Julius Cæsar was born in Rome in the year 100 B.C., of a famous family. Until the age of forty-two he did little of note, except to hold the offices that were usually given to sons of families like his own. But in his forty-second year he went with an army to Spain as proconsul, or governor.

On the journey he was very sad, and complained to a friend that Alexander had conquered the world by the time he was twenty-seven years of age, while he, at forty-two, had done nothing. But in the next few years he made up for it. In rapid succession he conquered Spain and what are now France, Belgium, and England.

His fame at Rome was then supreme, but it aroused the jealousy of other Romans, especially of Pompey (pŏm'pĭ), a famous

THE ASSASSINATION OF CÆSAR

Roman general. So Cæsar was recalled, because the followers of Pompey feared Cæsar's growing power.

During his campaigns Cæsar had captured hundreds of thousands of enemies in battles and sieges, and had sent their ransom money home to Rome instead of keeping it for himself. All of this money was put into the public treasury, and so the public taxes were reduced. This was one of Cæsar's most popular acts. He had been a true Roman and he felt that, because of jealousy, his enemies were calling him home to kill him.

He returned with his army. A great civil war followed between Pompey and Cæsar. Pompey was defeated at the great battle of Pharsalia and fled to Egypt, where Cæsar followed him. The Egyptians murdered Pompey, and thinking to please Cæsar, brought to him Pompey's head, which they had cut off. Cæsar took the head in his hands and wept, for he was generous and of a very noble nature.

Then he went on and conquered Egypt, Asia Minor, northern Africa, and again subdued Spain, which in the meantime had revolted.

After he had thus set the Roman world to rights, he returned to Rome at the very summit of human greatness, and began to put into operation many new and good reforms, which his fertile brain had planned. He was offered a crown as king or emperor three different times, but each time refused to accept it.

However, his enemies, spurred on by one Cassius, a crafty man, began to plot against him. They accused him of being selfish and ambitious for himself alone. Cassius at last persuaded Cæsar's best friend, Brutus, who had been Cæsar's carriage-companion on most of his campaigns, to join the conspiracy. Cæsar loved Brutus as if he were a son, and trusted him absolutely.

The best evidence shows that Cæsar was not selfish, nor, in the sense in which his enemies accused him, *ambitious*. As an example of his generosity of mind, after his final return to Rome, he had a large statue of his old enemy, Pompey, placed behind his

official chair in which he sat as president of the Roman Senate. By this generous act he meant to show that Pompey was greater than he, a very rare and very generous thing for a victor to do.

But all this did not touch the minds of his enemies. So they planned to murder him. Twenty-three of them, including Cassius, Cæsar's beloved friend Brutus, Casca, and others, took an oath to kill Cæsar in the Senate chamber, each one swearing to stab him with a dagger, so that all would be equally involved in the murder.

On the day set, the conspirators gathered around Cæsar and began to stab him. He wore a robe called a toga. It was snowy white.

Cæsar fought them till he saw his beloved friend Brutus trying to stab him. This broke his heart. He looked at Brutus in overwhelming grief, and said, "And thou, too, Brutus!" Then he fell, covered with wounds, his blood streaming over the white toga. He fell against the base of the statue of Pompey, which was stained with his blood. Remember this, because Antony, in his speech, mentions it to show that Cæsar was not ambitious, for he had generously honored his great enemy, Pompey, by placing his statue right over his chair in the Senate. He says that Cæsar fell "even at the base of Pompey's statua." To Antony's audience this meant that the conspirators, having Pompey's statue right before them, had the best possible proof that Cæsar was not ambitious but very generous.

After the assassination, Rome became turbulent with the conspirators in control.

Antony, Cæsar's friend, asked leave to pronounce the oration over Cæsar's dead body according to Roman custom.

He was given permission to do so, with the provision that Brutus, for the conspirators, should speak first. Antony accepted this provision, and so Brutus made his speech first, explaining why they had killed Cæsar.

Now try to imagine the scene. Antony, in a white robe and

bareheaded, stood in the pulpit in the Forum. Before him, covered with its bloody toga, lay the still body of Cæsar. The entire space of the Forum was filled with the suspicious and angry Roman mob, most of whom were opposed to Antony. The fickle crowd had entirely forgotten the glorious days when news of Cæsar's great victories had come home to Rome. They did not remember how they had gloried in his deeds for Rome. They remembered only that Brutus had said that Cæsar was ambitious.

It was Antony's task to change the feelings of this crowd. But he had to be very careful in doing it, or he would have been torn to pieces. One word against the murderers would have caused the crowd to rush upon him.

If the speaker had been a man less wise than Antony, he would have bluntly told them how much Rome owed to Cæsar. But Antony, being shrewd, praised the conspirators, and thus pleased the mob.

In the play he begins gradually to make the mob remember the glorious days when news of Cæsar's victories came home. He tells how kind he was to the poor, and how he refused the crown. Then he begins to weep, while the mob begins to remember.

Then he shows the crowd Cæsar's will, but tells them he does not mean to read it. He knows they will *make* him read it. Next he subtly tells the mob that Cæsar had left them his wealth. The mob has now forgotten the conspirators, and is easily influenced by Antony.

So he plans to rouse them to an attack upon the murderers by a clever appeal. He will show them Cæsar's body, all marred by the daggers of his murderers.

First, he shows them Cæsar's mantle, or toga. He tells them that he remembers the first time Cæsar ever wore it, the evening after the battle with the Nervii (nûr'vĭ-ī), a fierce tribe in Gaul (now France). This tribe had surprised Cæsar's army. Cæsar seized a sword and, fighting fiercely himself, made an opening for his soldiers among the enemy. His men, thus encouraged,

won a tremendous victory, and Rome had been almost beside itself with joy. Picture Antony as, looking far away over the heads of the mob, he recalls that triumph to them.

Then he shows to the excited mob the rents made by the daggers and the dried black blood — Cæsar's blood — on the snowy white of the robe.

Now read on as he stirs them to wrath, especially with the treachery of Brutus.

Then he tells the mob that the murderers had killed Cæsar at the very base of Pompey's statue, which, right before their eyes, gave the lie to their charge that he was selfish.

Thus he sweeps them on to a frenzy. They remember at length. And wild for revenge, they start out to kill the murderers.

And so Antony succeeds in what he had planned to do.

You should know that Antony's speech and the murder of Cæsar caused another great civil war between the conspirators and Antony's followers. The conspirators were defeated by Antony at the great battle of Philippi (fĭl-ĭp′pī), in Greece, in 42 B.C. After the battle, Brutus killed himself by falling upon his sword. Antony, for a time, became master of the Roman world.

Learn the meanings of the following words before reading the selection.

interrĕd (here pronounced, ĭn-tûr′rĕd): buried.

ambitious: serving his own interests rather than those of Rome.

grievous (grēv′ŭs, *not* grēv′ĭ-ŭs): causing pain or suffering.

ransom: money paid for the release of prisoners or captives.

general coffers: the chests where money belonging to the state was kept.

Lupercal (lū′pĕr-kăl): a festival held in Rome each year on February 15th.

mutiny: forcible resistance to rightful authority; rebellion.

parchment: the skin of a lamb, goat, calf, or other animal,

prepared and polished for writing on.

commons: the common people.

legacy: a gift of property or money, given by a will.

issue (ĭsh'ū): children.

inflame: to provoke to great anger or rage.

testament: a will; a document left by a person disposing of property or money after death.

a ring: a circle of persons formed around Cæsar's body.

vanquished: made Cæsar cease to defend himself; broke his heart.

gracious drops: tears that did credit to those who shed them.

poor dumb mouths: the dagger wounds on Cæsar's body. Think of these red-lipped wounds as speaking and condemning the assassins.

drachma (drăk'mȧ): a coin of Greece and Rome worth about twenty-four cents.

Antony's Oration

Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ęars:
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interréd with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest, —
For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men, —
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
Bŭt Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransom did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am, to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him? —
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! — Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1st Citizen. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2d Citizen. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3d Citizen. Has he not, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4th Citizen. Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1st Citizen. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2d Citizen. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3d Citizen. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4th Citizen. Now mark him: he begins again to speak.

Antony. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar, —
I found it in his closet, — 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament, —
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read, —
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

4th Citizen. We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

Citizens. The will, the will! We will hear Cæsar's will.

Antony. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, Oh, what would come of it!

4th Citizen. Read the will! we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, — Cæsar's will!

Antony. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar; I do fear it.

4th Citizen. They were traitors! *honorable* men!

Citizens. The will! the testament!

2d Citizen. They were villains, murderers! The will! Read the will!

Antony. You will compel me, then, to read the will:
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Citizens. Come down.

2d Citizen. Descend.

(*Antony comes down.*)

3d Citizen. You shall have leave.

4th Citizen. A ring; stand round!

1st Citizen. Stand from the hearse; stand from the body!

2d Citizen. Room for Antony — most noble Antony!

Antony. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Citizens. Stand back! room! bear back!

Antony. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this the well-belovéd Brutus stabbed;
And, as he plucked his curséd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O ye gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.

O, now you weep! and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here;
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.
1st Citizen. O piteous spectacle!
2d Citizen. O noble Cæsar!
3d Citizen. O woeful day!
4th Citizen. O traitors, villains!
1st Citizen. O most bloody sight!
2d Citizen. We will be revenged!
Citizens. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live!
Antony. Stay, countrymen.
1st Citizen. Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.
2d Citizen. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.
Antony. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable.
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him;

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me; but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Citizens. We'll mutiny.

1st Citizen. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3d Citizen. Away then! come, seek the conspirators.

Antony. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Citizens. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Antony. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not; I must tell you, then:
You have forgot the will I told you of.

Citizens. Most true; — the will! — let's stay, and hear the will.

Antony. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives, —
To every several man, — seventy-five drachmas.

2d Citizen. Most noble Cæsar! — We'll revenge his death.

3d Citizen. O, royal Cæsar!
Antony. Hear me with patience.
Citizens. Peace, ho!
Antony. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber: he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! When comes such another?
1st Citizen. Never, never! — Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.
2d Citizen. Go, fetch fire!
3d Citizen. Pluck down benches!
4th Citizen. Pluck down forms, windows, anything!
(*The citizens go out with the body.*)
Antony. Now let it work. — Mischief, thou art afoot.
Take thou what course thou wilt!

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION AND SUGGESTIONS

1. In what play of Shakespeare's does this oration occur?
2. Tell the story that led up to the assassination of Julius Cæsar. Who was the leader of the conspirators? What dear friend of Cæsar was one of them?
3. Describe the scene when the speech was made. Who spoke before Antony? Read Brutus's speech aloud in class. You will find it in the play "Julius Cæsar."
4. Was the crowd for or against Antony when he began to speak? What was the task before him?

5. Of what was Cæsar accused by his assassins?
6. Complete the outline of the speech of which the following is a beginning:
   A. Antony says he does not come to praise Cæsar.
   B. Antony praises Brutus.
      1. Brutus says Cæsar was ambitious.
      2. Brutus is an honorable man, and so are the other assassins.
   C. Some good things about Cæsar. (Complete this.)
   D. Antony laments Cæsar's downfall.
   E. Antony mentions Caesar's will. (Complete this.)
   F. Antony shows the mantle and the body. (Complete this.)
   G. Antony again praises the assassins. (Complete this.)
   H. Antony cleverly suggests an uprising.
   I. Antony promotes the uprising by reading Cæsar's will.
   J. The uprising.
7. The mob, incited by Antony's clever speech, burned the Forum.
8. After studying the speech and having the story clearly in mind, it would be interesting for the class to act it in reply to the speech of Brutus in "Julius Cæsar" given by some good reader.
9. Explain the meaning of the following:
   A. "He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
   Whose ransom did the general coffers fill." Lines 2–3, page 111.
   B. "Ambition should be made of sterner stuff." Line 6, page 111.
   C. "I thrice presented him a kingly crown." Line 10, page 111.
   D. "O judgment, thou hast fled to brutish beasts, and men have lost their reason." Lines 18–19, page 111.
   E. "But yesterday the word of Cæsar might have stood against the

world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence."
Lines 6–8, page 112.

F. "You all do know this mantle," and the three following lines. Lines 6–9, page 114.

G. "For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel." Line 17, page 114.

H. "Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him." Lines 21–22, page 114.

I. "Even at the base of Pompey's statua." Line 24, page 114.

J. "Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths." Line 5, page 116.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

What point of morals, of manners, of economy, of philosophy, of religion, of taste, of the conduct of life, has he not settled? What mystery has he not signified his knowledge of? What office, or function, or district of man's work, has he not remembered? What king has he not taught state, as Talma taught Napoleon? What maiden has not found him finer than her delicacy? What lover has he not outloved? What sage has he not outseen? What gentleman has he not instructed in the rudeness of his behavior?

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Shakespeare, — dear son of memory, great heir of fame.

JOHN MILTON

William Shakespeare was born in the little village of Stratford-on-Avon, in England, in 1564. As a boy, he went to the village school, learning "little Latin and less Greek," and helped in his father's shop. When he was in his nineteenth year, he married Anne Hathaway, who was several years his senior, and a few years later he set out to seek his fortune in London.

This is all we know of his early days, and of his life in the great city we know as little. It is strange that no one thought, in the time that he lived, of writing his biography, so that we might know as much about him as we do of most other great men.

Shakespeare is really the only biographer of Shakespeare; and even he can tell us nothing until we have learned to read and understand his writings. In his plays we have really the information, which, if we were about to meet the man and talk with him, would be most important for us to know. "In his works we have his recorded convictions on those questions which knock for answer at every heart, — on life and death, on love, on wealth and poverty, on the prizes of life and the ways whereby we come at them; on the characters of men, and the influences which affect their fortunes; and on those mysterious powers which defy our science and which yet interweave their malice and their gift in our brightest hours." He climbed the heights and sounded the depths of human knowledge and experience.

The name of Shakespeare is the greatest in our literature; it is the greatest in all literature. "Shakespeare is of no age. He speaks a language which thrills in our blood in spite of the separation of more than three hundred years. His thoughts, passions, feelings, strains of fancy, all are of this day as they were of his own; and his genius may be contemporary with the mind of every generation for a thousand years to come."

The last few years of his life were spent at Stratford-on-Avon, the home of his childhood. He died in the year 1616, at the age of fifty-two years.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

ELBERT HUBBARD

The most effective prose writing is that which needs no explanation, — that which explains itself.

"A Message to Garcia" (gär-sē'à) is an example of that kind of prose. It tells its own story. You can read and understand it without help, except for the meanings of a few words.

This article, as it may be called, was written by Elbert Hubbard, then editor of the magazine known as "The Philistine," and published in that magazine in March, 1899, while the Spanish War was in progress. It attracted wide attention because it tells forcibly some great truths.

As Mr. Hubbard says in his article, the story of Rowan's life does not matter much. That he was told to do a certain thing, left promptly, found out his own way to do it, and *did* it, is the important thing. We do not tell you more of Rowan's story than Mr. Hubbard tells because that is not the important point in the lesson. The most important thing in the article is not even what Rowan did. It is what *you* are going to do after you have read the story. The important point is this: — that the reading of the lesson will inspire *you*, when told to do a thing, not to ask foolish questions, or hang back and make excuses, but to go promptly, find out for yourself how to do the thing, and *then do it*. No day passes in which you are not asked to "carry a message to Garcia." It may be your chores at home; it may be your lessons at school. Do *you* hang back, and grumble, or ask foolish questions, or do you, with pride in your own ability to do the thing, carry *your* message to Garcia? To inspire *you* — you, *your own self*, — to do

this, was Mr. Hubbard's purpose in writing "A Message to Garcia."

As you read the article, think over each statement, and ask yourself, "Is this true about *me?*"

The following explanations and meanings of words will help you:

this Cuban business: our war with Spain, which was largely fought in Cuba.

insurgents: the Cuban revolutionists, whom America helped to become free.

Garcia: the insurgent Cuban general who was fighting the Spaniards.

Rowan: Stephen Rowan, a lieutenant in the United States army, who performed the feat told in the story.

traversed: passed through; crossed.

memorandum: a series of notes concerning one particular thing.

Correggio: (kŏr-rĕd'jō) a famous Italian painter (1494–1534).

moral stupidity: a stupid inability to do or an objection to doing or trying to do, what one is told to do.

socialism: here meaning the state of equality and brotherhood between human beings.

survival of the fittest: this means that he who is best qualified or fitted for a certain thing will outlast the unfit who usually drops out or perishes.

a-slumming: the act of seeking the so-called unfortunate, sympathizing with them, and trying to help them. Here it means "a mistaken sympathy for him who is not willing to make an effort to succeed."

A Message to Garcia

In all this Cuban business, there is one man who stands foremost in my memory. When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very

necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in Cuba; no one knew where. No mail nor telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his help, and quickly.

What to do!

Some one said to the President, "There is a fellow by the name of Rowan who will find Garcia for you if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia.

How "the fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, landed in four days, by night, off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the island, having traversed a hostile country on foot and delivered his letter to Garcia, are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail. The point that I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he at?"

There is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land! It is not book learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the backbone which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, to concentrate their energies, to do the thing — "Carry a message to Garcia."

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias. No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed but has been well-nigh appalled, at times, by the stupidity of the average man, — the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it.

Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work, seem the rule; and no man succeeds unless he gets other men to assist him.

You, reader, put this matter to a test. You are sitting now in your office; six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go do the task? On your life he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions: —

"Who was he?"

"Which encyclopedia?"

"Where is the encyclopedia?"

"Was I hired for that?"

"Don't you mean Bismarck?"

"What's the matter with Charlie's doing it?"

"Is he dead?"

"Is there any hurry?"

"Shan't I bring you the book and let you look it up yourself?"

"What do you want to know for?"

Now if you are wise, you will not bother to explain to your "assistant" that Correggio is indexed under the C's, not in the K's; but you will smile sweetly and say, "Never mind"; and go look it up yourself. And this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to catch hold cheerfully and lift, — these are the things that put pure socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for themselves, what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all?

We have recently been hearing much sympathy expressed for the "downtrodden worker of the sweat-shop" and the "homeless wanderer searching for honest employment," and with it all, often go many hard words for the men in power. Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsy ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work; and his long, patient striving with "help" that do nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory, there is a constant weeding-out process going on. No matter how good times are, this sorting continues; only if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done more finely; but out and forever out the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best, — those who can carry a message to Garcia. Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but

when all the world has gone a-slumming, I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds, — the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and who, having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it, — nothing but bare board and clothes. I have carried a dinner pail and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence in poverty; rags are no recommendation; and all employers are not grasping and high-handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous. My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home; and to the man, who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it; who never gets "laid off" nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long, anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted. He is wanted in every city, town, and village, — in every office, shop, store, and factory. The world cries out for such; he is needed, and needed badly, — the man who can carry a message to Garcia.

He who is good at making excuses is seldom good for anything else. — FRANKLIN

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. For what *purpose* did President McKinley need a messenger in the Spanish War? To whom was the messenger to go? How did Rowan perform his duty? What is remarkable about Rowan's way of doing it?
2. What great life lesson did Mr. Hubbard see in Rowan's able performance of his duty?
3. What kind of answers are often given by a certain class of persons when told to do a thing? Do you ever give such replies?
4. What kind of persons get undeserved sympathy? Why do they not deserve sympathy? Why is the word "help" quoted in the story? Does this class of person "help"?
5. Why does Mr. Hubbard sympathize with certain employers?
6. Why are so many employees dismissed?
7. What kind of man never gets "laid off"?
8. What is meant by "carrying a message to Garcia"?
9. Pick out and explain a number of short sentences that you think are full of meaning.
10. Think about yourself honestly and fairly, and find out whether you do or do not "carry a message to Garcia."

No; the two kinds of people on earth I mean
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.

Wherever you go you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes.

And oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

THE MAKING OF A MAN

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK

This superb little poem contains the same idea as the poems on opportunity by Walter Malone and Edward Rowland Sill. (See pages 228–230.) It is a well-known poem and deserves its fame.

It tells us that hardship alone, and not ease, can make a man. It is only by practice and hard knocks at football that one can ever become a good player. It is only by practicing any activity under the most difficult conditions that a man can fit himself to meet and overcome great difficulties. Nothing was ever truer than this. There is no other way to make a man. Even the Indians knew this, and they made every boy undergo hardship and pain and hunger to make a warrior out of him.

In this poem, Mr. Chadwick tells us that, —

The insect becomes like that which surrounds it;
The great rock, resisting for ages the assault of ocean waves, becomes more perfect and more calm of front;
The shell gets its lovely colors from its fight with wind and wave;
The poets learn deep feeling from pain and suffering.

And then he shows that only " things that *hurt* and things that *mar*" can " shape a man for perfect praise."

Whoever thinks that he can succeed in any other way, in school, at play, or in life, is surely foredoomed to fail.

The Making of a Man

As the insect from the rock
Takes the color of its wing;

As the bowlder from the shock
  Of the ocean's rhythmic swing
Makes itself a perfect form,
  Learns a calmer front to raise;
As the shell, enameled warm
  With the prism's mystic rays,
Praises wind and wave that make
  All its chambers fair and strong;
As the mighty poets take
  Grief and pain to build their song:
Even so for every soul,
  Whatsoe'er its lot may be, —
Building, as the heavens roll,
  Something large and strong and free, —
Things that hurt and things that mar
  Shape a man for perfect praise;
Shock and strain and ruin are
  Friendlier than the smiling days.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. The insect that does not *take the color of the rock* is seen and caught by its enemies.
2. How does the battle with the ocean perfect the form of a rock? What other quality does the battle give it?
3. How does the shell acquire its color?
4. What must a poet pass through in order to write poems that touch our hearts?
5. What alone can make a real man?
6. What kind of action on *your* part in school, on the playground, and at home can make you strong? What can make you weak? Which do you prefer?

A BOTTLE OF INK

SAM WALTER FOSS

In Edward Rowland Sill's poem called "Opportunity" (p. 230) the " coward " says that if he only had the keen-edged sword belonging to the " king's son," he could fight. But as he had only a cheap sword, he broke it, threw the pieces down, and slunk away. The " king's son," " wounded and weaponless," found the broken sword, snatched it up, returned to the fight, and won a great victory.

In the following poem, Sam Walter Foss, who was born in Candia, New Hampshire, 1858, and who died in Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1911, tells of a man who could not accomplish anything unless he was surrounded by every possible convenience with which to work. And even then he could not do the things he planned to do. The author means to tell us that, if it is in us to do things, we will do them anyway, and that, if we really wish to do things, we will find the way.

The story of this man is *funny*, but it makes us somewhat ashamed to make excuses. There is no poorer thing on earth than an excuser. Tommy Sipes excused himself for not having his lesson by saying, "I didn't have my book at home." He knew that it would have taken him only ten minutes to get his book. He was an excuser.

Now read the story of a man who was an excuser.

Homer was a great Greek poet and the author of " The Iliad," or the story of the siege of Troy. It is supposed that he did not have a written language, but composed and kept his great poem only in memory. About three thousand years have passed since he died, but his poem is still read by all intelligent persons.

A Bottle of Ink

I

A man once bought a bottle of ink
To write the thoughts that he might think.

A marble table then he bought
Whereon to write the thoughts he thought.

He bought a farm, fringed round with wood,
And compassed round with solitude,

That he, where none molest, might sink
And write the thoughts he thought he'd think.

And then around his bottle of ink
He built a house wherein to think;

And in the house he built a room
Retired in dim scholastic gloom;

A room made up of alcoved nooks
And furnished with ten thousand books!

For from such lakes of lore to drink,
He thought would aid his brain to think.

II

His hair was thick and richly brown
When at his desk he sat him down,

And long he gazed within the brink
Of that potential bottle of ink;

Ah, long before it did he stay,
Until his hair was thin and gray!

And dreamed, before that bottle of ink,
Of thoughts he thought he ought to think.

Ah, long he tried to be a bard —
But found his rooster crowed too hard,

And with loud cock-a-doodle-doos
It frightened off the bashful Muse.

He meditated sounding lines —
But the loud wind among the pines

Disturbed him blowing from the west,
And kept his fine lines unexpressed.

And so he died, old, lame, and blind,
And left his bottle of ink behind;

And some one wrote with it a very
Pathetic, sweet obituary.

III

A man who suffers from the strain
Of unwrit epics in his brain

Can ease the pressure of his grief
With a stub of pencil and a leaf.

Old Homer owned no inch of ground,
But sung — and passed his hat around;

No farm, no house, no books, no ink,
But still had divers thoughts to think.

If nothing in the skull abide,
Then nothing helps a man outside;

And what avails a sea of ink
To him who has no thoughts to think?

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What did this man plan to do?
2. How did he prepare to do it?
3. What does "that potential bottle of ink" mean? (Potential means *having power of doing or producing.*) A bottle of ink is before you. Might there be a poem or a story in it? How?
4. What excuses did the man offer for failing to write his great poem?
5. What became of him? Did he ever write his poem?
6. What was at last written with "the bottle of ink"? (An obituary is a funeral notice.)
7. An "epic" is a long poem which tells of heroic deeds, as "The Iliad." What does a poet need in order to write a great epic? How did Homer produce "The Iliad"?
8. What is an excuser? Are you acquainted with any excuser?

FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

This short poem about a little flower that the great English poet, Alfred Tennyson, plucked out of a cranny, or crevice in a wall, contains a very great thought. Let us try to find the thought.

To find the thought, let us suppose that you live near a river, in which you have been swimming many times.

If some one should ask you, "Do you *know* this river?" you would quickly and with much certainty answer, "Yes."

But have you ever thought that, to *know* the river, you would have to know all the streams that go to make the river? You would also have to know the slope of all the land in the river's basin. You would have to know all about how the sun takes the water from oceans and lakes to make the river; about the laws of rainfall, and winds, and heat and cold; indeed, you would need to know *everything* in the universe, if you really *knew* your river.

That is, everything in the whole universe of earth and sun and stars is connected and related, and everything works together.

"Winds wander, and dews drip earthward,
Rains fall, suns rise and set,
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper
A poor little violet."

So, if you really *knew* a "little flower in the crannied wall," you would "*know what God and man is.*"

That is what the poem means.

Flower in the Crannied Wall

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower — but *if* I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Think of a tree, and try to imagine how it is related to all other things. How do water, and heat, and cold, and winds, and the sun, and the soil, and many other things go to make it up?
2. Now explain the thought in the poem.

Alfred Tennyson, one of the great poets of the nineteenth century, was born in 1809, at Somersby, England. He was one of twelve children, and so he had no lack of playmates. He and his brothers liked to read tales of adventure and then act the parts of their favorite heroes. The boy grew up in a fairyland of his own making, happy in the companionship of his brothers and sisters, playing games, or wandering through the country lanes of Lincolnshire.

His poetry is noted for its perfect form and for its melody and sweetness. When he was forty years old, he was made poet laureate, and three years later he bought a beautiful home on the Isle of Wight. There in the country, near the sea which he loved, most of his remaining days were spent. In 1884, he was given a seat in the House of Lords.

At the close of a calm, moonlight night, in 1892, just as dawn was breaking, this great poet passed away. Full of years and honors, he was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey among England's greatest — kings, queens, authors, scientists, and statesmen. To him may well be applied his description of another great poet, "him who uttered nothing base."

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

THE BUGLE SONG

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

In Ireland, in the County of Kerry, there are three lakes called the Lakes of Killarney (kĭ-lär'nĭ), which are famous for their beauty. They lie deep in a group of mountains whose lofty crags rise from the edges of the lakes.

In one of the lakes is an island on which stands the ruins of a very old castle, called Ross Castle. On the shores of the lake are also the ruins of old abbeys or buildings where, long ago, monks lived and worshiped. Many tourists come every year to see the beautiful lakes and the ruins of the old castles and abbeys.

In 1842, the poet Tennyson visited the Lakes of Killarney.

He saw the sunlight "shaking" across the little waves of the lake, and falling on the splendid old ruins of Ross Castle. A waterfall, or cataract, leaped wildly over a precipice. And then he heard the clear notes of a boatman's bugle from far across the lake. Have you ever heard a bugle far across the water? It is a marvelously beautiful sound. It sounds like "the horns of Elfland," or fairyland, "faintly blowing."

As Tennyson stood listening to the bugle, its notes grew fainter and fainter, the echoes coming back from "cliff and scar" (a steep, rocky height), and repeating themselves from other cliffs until they died away.

As he heard the bugle notes echoing back to the player, the thought came to him that every act of ours, good or bad, goes out to others and, as it influences them, echoes back to us, just as did the notes of the bugle.

As the notes of the bugle echoed and then died away, so all

the echoes in nature become fainter and fainter until they finally die away. But our acts and their echoes *never* die. They influence not only ourselves, but many others, including our children and our children's children forever.

Now it is good to know how Tennyson came to write this poem. But it is not the bugle which he heard at Killarney that will help you to read the poem. You must shut your eyes, after you have read the first stanza, and try to see a beautiful lake, with an old castle on a rocky island. See the light "shaking" across the little waves. See a waterfall "leaping in glory." And then try to recall the notes, not of the boatman's bugle, but of a bugle that *you* have heard, coming across a lake and echoing from the cliffs.

Now read the first stanza silently, seeing and hearing all this.

Now read the second stanza, doing the same thing.

Now think of the bugle notes and echoes as growing fainter and fainter, and fading away and dying.

Then think the great thought of the poem, — that "our echoes" — our acts, our words — do not die, but "roll from soul to soul, and grow forever and forever," for good or for bad.

The Bugle Song

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!

O, sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who wrote this poem? Tell briefly the story of his life.
2. Tell how the poem came to be written.
3. Describe the scene of the poem. Tell of the boatman's bugle. Try to see the scene and hear the bugle.
4. Read the first stanza aloud to your classmates just as if you were seeing and hearing it and picturing it to them in the words of the poem.
5. Now read aloud stanza 2 in the same way. Remember that you cannot convey the pictures and bugle notes from your lips to the minds of those who are listening unless you first have the pictures and the bugle notes in your own mind.
6. What became of the echoes of the bugle notes? What is meant by "*our* echoes"? What becomes of them? How do they differ from the bugle echoes?
7. Tell the last stanza to your classmates in its own words.

TO A SKYLARK

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

You are now about to read and to study what is generally considered to be the most perfect poem in the English language. This fact should arouse your curiosity and your desire to study it in order that you may know why this claim is made.

But first, we must know something about the wonderful song bird known as the skylark. Because of their marvelous songs, the skylark and the nightingale are the "birds of the poets." Poets have written about them in all ages.

The skylark is a small bird, not quite as large as a robin and more slender. It is found in most parts of Europe. It is found even in Southern Egypt, in China, and India, and in the islands around Europe and Asia. In English literature, it occupies the foremost place among birds.

The skylark is not a particularly pretty bird, but its song is beyond the power of language to describe. Yet despite this fact, the bird is not a rare bird; it is found in large numbers in the regions mentioned. It is a favorite cage-bird, and even when confined in a cage, it will sing its wonderful song for hours at a time.

The skylark is not a "woods bird," but lives and rears its young in the open fields, making its nest usually in growing grainfields and rearing two or three broods each year.

But the wonderful thing about the skylark is its song. At the very first lightening of dawn, the bird starts up from the meadow where it has slept, and in ever widening circles, flies skyward, meanwhile pouring down a "flood of melody" that is too beautiful

Jules Breton

THE SONG OF THE LARK

to be described. Up and up, in larger circles, the bird flies, till it disappears entirely from sight. But all the while, although the bird cannot be seen, the flood of melodious song comes pouring down.

Now imagine the poet Shelley in Italy, at early dawn, listening to this marvelous song pouring down from the sky when the best eyes cannot see the bird as it sings. That is why he calls the bird "blithe spirit," for it is as if a spirit, and not a thing of flesh, is singing in the sky. A "*blithe* spirit" is a *joyous* spirit.

Stanza 1. — Read it in silence. Read very slowly, or you will miss the wonderful meaning. Heaven in line 3 means the sky, and it also means the place of eternal joy, for the poet thinks the bird could not sing thus unless he were near heaven.

Note also the word "pourest" and its meaning.

Then the poet speaks of "profuse strains," or more than plentiful strains of music.

Now human singers have to think very hard in order to write their music. They have to *meditate* over it beforehand, or *premeditate*. The bird does not have to think at all, or to premeditate his art. It just comes to him. Now read again stanza 1 with the help of this explanation.

Stanza 2. — The poet keeps looking up and listening. The bird flies higher and higher in widening circles, just as the smoke from a small fire on the ground rises in ever widening circles until it looks like an inverted cone.

The last two lines are easy to understand.

Different poets have called the skylark — "sky-climbing bird"; "wakener of morn"; "a *sightless song*"; and Shakespeare says, —

"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings."

Stanza 3. — The "sunken sun" is the sun before it rises in the morning, not the setting sun of evening. But what is an "*un-*

bodied joy"? Think of a *"joy"* as a person, yet a *joy*. While in the body, it could suffer from hunger and cold and fear. Now think of it as just having been released from its "body," or "*un*-bodied," and just starting out on its free flight in air, unhampered by its body, and you have what the poet means.

Stanza 4. — The pale purple before full dawn, as the sun comes higher, now melts around the bird's flight.

The last three lines explain themselves.

Stanza 5. — The sun now comes up over the rim of the horizon. Its "intense lamp" grows smaller as it rises, and now we cannot see it, because it is so bright, but "we feel that it is there." The same with the skylark. Study this stanza.

Stanza 6. — This stanza is easy to understand, but you must try to hear and to see what it describes.

Now the poet, after describing the flight and song of the bird, is puzzled to know what the bird's flight and song are *like*. The following outline will show what he thinks the bird is like.

Stanza 8. — The bird is like an unseen poet.

Stanza 9. — The bird is like a highborn maiden high up in a palace tower, singing a love song, which overflows her bower and pours down over the walls of her tower as the bird's song pours down from the sky.

Stanza 10. — The bird is like a hidden glowworm whose light only is seen.

Stanza 11. — The bird is like a rose hidden in its own green leaves, yet sending out its fragrance, till it makes the bees faint with too much sweet, just as this bird pours out the wonderful melody of its song, until the poet is overcome.

Stanza 12. — Now the comparisons came to the poet too rapidly to give a stanza to each, and so in this stanza they come thick and fast, ending in this: —

"All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass."

Read stanzas 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12 for these comparisons.

Stanza 13. — Now the poet, as he hears the marvelous song, sung without effort, feels how poor and weak poets are in comparison, and he begs the bird to teach them its thoughts, for he has never heard such music from poets.

Nor (stanza 14) can a wedding march, or "chorus Hymeneal," equal it. Nor a chant of triumph for a conqueror. Either of these when compared with the bird's song would be —

". . . an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want."

Stanza 15. — The poet wants to know what has inspired the bird to sing thus. Read this stanza.

Stanza 16. — Shelley had had great griefs, and was tired of life. He had been unhappy in love. Read this stanza for the comparison between the bird and himself. "Satiety" (sa-tī'ê-tĭ) means a state of having grown tired of something.

Stanza 17. — He thinks the bird must know more of death and the after-life than men, or "mortals," know. He tells why in the last line.

Stanzas 18 and 19. — These explain themselves. Keep in mind that in this poem the poet is talking to the skylark. In these two stanzas he tells the bird that we have memory which enables us to see through closed eyes and review the past; that we have imagination which helps us to peer into the future; that we long for what has been and fear what may come, for, he says, —

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not."

He tells the bird that there is pain even in our most hearty laughter and that —

"Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."

He then goes on to tell the bird that even if we were born without pride or fears or tears, and were as free from care as a

bird, he does not know how we ever should come near to such joy as this little bird seems to feel. In reading these stanzas, it will help you to get the meaning if you emphasize the words "we" and "thy."

Stanza 20. — He tells what the value of the bird's skill in song would be to the poet. The bird scorns the ground and earthly things and rises to happiness.

Stanza 21. — In conclusion, he tells the bird that if it will just teach him half its gladness, he will write such songs that the world shall listen to him with the joy with which he listens to the bird.

In studying this great poem, you should study each stanza immediately after reading its explanation, till you have studied in turn all the stanzas. Then read the poem through as a whole.

The hardest words have been explained.

To a Skylark

1

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
  Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
  Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

2

Higher still and higher
  From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
  The blue deep thou wingest
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

3

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

4

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, — but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

5

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear
Until we hardly see — we feel that it is there.

6

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and Heaven is overflowed.

7

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

8

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

9

Like a highborn maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

10

Like a glowworm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view:

11

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy-winged thieves:

12

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

13

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

14

Chorus Hymeneal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

15

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

16

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be;
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee;
Thou lovest — but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

17

Waking or asleep
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

18

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

19

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

20

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

21

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who wrote "To a Skylark"? Tell what you know of the author.
2. Describe a skylark. Where may the skylark be found? Tell of its habits. Describe its flight at dawn. Why "like a cloud of fire"? Tell of the bird's singing.
3. Why does the poet call the bird a "spirit"? Why a

"*blithe* spirit"? Why does he say "from heaven, or near it"? Why "pourest"? What are "profuse strains"? Why is the bird's art "unpremeditated"?

4. Describe the bird's flight by reading stanza 2.
5. What time of day is meant in stanza 3? What is an "unbodied joy"? Why should an "unbodied joy" be so happy?
6. Stanzas 4 and 5. — Why is the bird like a star in daylight? To what is the bird's "shrill delight" likened in stanza 5?
7. Stanza 6. — To what is the song likened in this stanza?
8. To what is the bird's song likened in stanza 7?
9. Name the four things that the bird's song is like in stanzas 8, 9, 10, and 11. Then explain each of the four stanzas in turn.
10. To what is the song compared in stanza 12? ("Vernal showers" are spring showers.)
11. What does the poet ask of the bird in stanza 13? (A "sprite" is a spirit, an elf, or a fairy.)
12. What things in stanza 14 are not equal to the bird's song? Have you ever heard the music of a splendid wedding march? That is what the poet means by a "chorus Hymeneal" (hī-mē-nē'ăl). Why are these things not equal to the bird's song?
13. What does the poet ask the bird in stanza 15?
14. Stanza 16. — What things must the bird never have known to sing so joyously?
15. Stanza 17. — The thought of death makes us sad; but the poet seems to think that the bird must know of happiness after death, or he could not sing so joyously.
16. Is stanza 18 true? Read it aloud and discuss it.
17. Stanza 19. — Why is the bird superior to us as told in this stanza?

18. Stanza 20. — Explain this stanza. Why is the bird a "scorner of the ground"?
19. Stanza 21. — If Shelley could have half the gladness of the bird, half the joy the little bird seems to feel, what does he say would happen? "Harmonious madness" means joy so great, — joy so like delirium, — that it would cause him to sing such sweet songs (write such poems) that the entire world should listen to them as he listens to the bird.
20. Now read the poem aloud.
21. The following poems may well be read after you have studied Shelley's "To a Skylark":
    Wordsworth's
    "To a Skylark."
    Wordsworth's
    "To a Cuckoo."
    Keats's
    "Ode to a Nightingale."

Percy Bysshe Shelley was born at Field Place, England, in 1792. In 1818, after an alarming illness, he went to Italy, where the brief remainder of his life was spent. Here in the companionship of a few choice friends and in reposeful enjoyment of the lofty skies and purple fields, the broad visions of beauty, the romantic witchery of this land of poetry, his genius found its best and truest inspiration.

On the afternoon of July 8, 1822, while returning from a visit of welcome to Leigh Hunt at Leghorn, his frail yacht was capsized in a gale and all on board perished. His life was short and full of storm and stress, but in view of the achievement of the life thus brought to an untimely end, it may well be called "a miracle of thirty years."

The merry lark he soars on high,
No worldly thought o'ertakes him.
He sings aloud to the clear blue sky,
And the daylight that awakes him.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

CHARLES DICKENS

A class of boys and girls were once asked to name what they considered the very noblest quality that any person can possess. They were given a day and a night in which to think it over.

The next day their teacher asked them to name the qualities they had decided upon. As they gave them one by one, the teacher wrote them on the blackboard.

The children named forty-two qualities in all, and each explained why he thought the quality that he named is the noblest.

Among the qualities or characteristics given were — courage, honesty, honor, truthfulness, sincerity, modesty, sympathy, innocence, charity, pity, frankness, mercifulness and kindness.

Finally, a girl said that she thought *well-wishing* to be the noblest of all characteristics. She explained that the person really possessing it cannot wrong another, for he cannot wrong any one to whom he wishes good. She said that if *everybody* wished well to all others, there could be no evil in the world.

A vote was taken, and the boys and girls decided that *well-wishing* is the best and noblest of all qualities that a person can possess.

In the story of " A Christmas Carol," you will see that Charles Dickens thought so, too. What poor old Scrooge lacked was the desire to "wish well" to any one on earth. He wished *ill*, and by doing so, he was prevented from possessing almost

every noble characteristic that makes any one good and lovable.

The great heart of Charles Dickens " wished well " to everybody on earth, especially the poor. He saw that *not* wishing well left thousands in hunger and misery at Christmas time, — the dear time when the Christ-spirit of wishing well should be in every heart, — when wishing well, in the hearts of those with money, could make everybody happy. So he wrote this beautiful story of poor old Scrooge, the evil-wisher, and of Tiny Tim who wished, " God bless us, *every one*," in the hope that it might be read before Christmas and transform all poor old Scrooges into well-wishers. In his great love for his fellow men, Dickens hoped that thus he might induce those who, before, had been Scrooges, to go out and make the unfortunate happy at Christmas time.

Few stories have ever been written that have made more people really happy than has this. Probably it has turned millions of sour-tempered Scrooges into well-wishers and transformed many a bleak Christmas into a joyous time of feasting and loving.

In his troubled dreams, Scrooge is visited by his old partner's ghost and also by three different spirits, all of whom come to show him the error of his way of living and to warn him of his future. In his dreams, he wanders far with the Spirit of Christmas Past and visits some of the scenes of his boyhood, and sees much of the Christmas cheer and happiness that his old employer Fezziwig used to provide for his family and friends. In his dreams, he also walks forth with the Ghost of Christmas Present, and sees Bob Cratchit's happy family at their wonderful Christmas dinner; and he sees also the dark shadow that the mere mention of the name, Scrooge, casts on the party. In his dreams and with this Spirit, he also visits the bright, gleaming home of his nephew, where laughter and good humor are especially contagious and where he hears the assembled friends laugh lustily because Scrooge has said that Christmas is a humbug and believes it, too. Poor old Scrooge has a chance to see himself as others see him.

While Scrooge is still dreaming, the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come, — Ghost of the Future, — slowly, gravely, silently approaches. It is shrouded in a deep black garment which conceals its head, its face, its form. This spirit does not even speak, but wanders with Scrooge through the heart of the city, and they hear a little group of men discussing Scrooge's death. They then visit his deathbed, which is unwatched, unwept, and uncared for. Poor old Scrooge then reads upon the stone of a neglected grave his own name, —

EBENEZER SCROOGE

Holding up his hands in one last prayer to have his fate reversed, he sees that the Phantom's head and dress are changing. It shrinks, collapses, and dwindles down into a bedpost. Yes, and the bedpost is his own. The bed is his own and the room is his own. Best and happiest of all, the time before him is his own, to make amends in. He has not been wandering for days, as it seems to him. It is Christmas Day and he has not missed it.

Now let us read "A Christmas Carol" and find out how old Scrooge, the "ill-wisher," became a joyous "well-wisher."

But for fear we may miss some of the best parts of the story, let us read over carefully the meanings of the following words that may be new or strange to us:

executor, administrator: a person who is appointed to dispose of the property of a dead person.

"**came down**": the words here have a double meaning, — (1) the falling of rain, snow, or hail, and (2) the slang meaning which is "gave freely."

"**nuts**": meaning that being hateful to others made Scrooge happy.

countinghouse: meaning in England the same as a business office in America.

parliament: meaning about the same in England as Congress does in America.

anonymous: to have one's name unknown in connection with an act.

lowering pile (lou'ẽr ing): a gloomy, frowning building.

inexplicable: that could not be explained or accounted for.

opaque walls (ō-pāk'): walls that do not let the light through.

bob: English word for a shilling, or about 24½ cents in United States money.

copper: here the copper boiler in which the plum pudding was cooked.

bedight: ornamented.

odious: deserving to be hated.

baleful: full of power to harm.

imperceptible: not to be seen.

inaudible: not to be heard.

precepts: big truths, wisely worded.

poulterer (pōl'tẽr-ẽr): one who keeps a shop where dressed poultry is sold.

A Christmas Carol

Part I

MARLEY'S GHOST

Marley was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it. And Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change for anything he chose to put his hand to.

Old Marley was as dead as a doornail.

Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for — I don't know how many years. Scrooge

was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole friend, his sole mourner.

Scrooge never painted out old Marley's name, however. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door, — Scrooge and Marley. The firm was known as Scrooge and Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley. He answered to both names, — it was all the same to him.

Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, was Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! External heat and cold had little influence on him. No warmth could warm, no cold could chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. The heaviest rain and snow and hail and sleet could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect, — they often "came down" handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks: "My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blind men's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and

then would wag their tails as though they said, "No eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!"

But what did Scrooge care! It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones called "nuts" to Scrooge.

Once upon a time, — of all the good days in the year upon a Christmas eve, — old Scrooge sat busy in his countinghouse. It was cold, bleak, biting, foggy weather; the city clocks had only just gone three, but it was quite dark already.

The door of Scrooge's countinghouse was open, that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who, in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coalbox in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore, the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of a strong imagination, he failed.

"A merry Christmas, Uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation Scrooge had of his approach.

"Bah!" said Scrooge; "humbug!"

"Christmas a humbug, Uncle! You don't mean that, I am sure?"

"I do. Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I had my will, every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding! He should!"

"Uncle!"

"Nephew, keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it! But you don't keep it."

"Let me leave it alone, then. Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

"There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say, Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round, — apart from the veneration due to its sacred origin, if anything belonging to it *can* be apart from that, — as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-travelers to the grave, and not another race of creatures

bound on other journeys. And, therefore, Uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!"

The clerk in the Tank involuntarily applauded.

"Let me hear another sound from *you*," said Scrooge, "and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation! You're quite a powerful speaker, sir," he added, turning to his nephew. "I wonder you don't go into Parliament."

"Don't be angry, Uncle. Come! Dine with us to-morrow."

Scrooge said that he would see him — yes, indeed he did. He went the whole length of the expression, and said that he would see him in that extremity first.

"But why?" cried Scrooge's nephew. "Why?"

"Why did you get married?"

"Because I fell in love."

"Because you fell in love!" growled Scrooge, as if that were the only one thing in the world more ridiculous than a merry Christmas. "Good afternoon!"

"Nay, Uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?"

"Good afternoon!"

"I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why cannot we be friends?"

"Good afternoon!"

"I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so reso-

lute. We have never had any quarrel, to which I have been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humor to the last. So, a Merry Christmas, Uncle!"

"Good afternoon!"

"And a Happy New Year!"

"Good afternoon!"

His nephew left the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. The clerk, in letting Scrooge's nephew out, had let two other persons in. They were portly gentlemen, pleasant to behold, and now stood, with their hats off, in Scrooge's office. They had books and papers in their hands, and bowed to him.

"Scrooge and Marley's, I believe," said one of the gentlemen, referring to his list. "Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge or Mr. Marley?"

"Mr. Marley has been dead these seven years. He died seven years ago this very night."

"At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge," said the gentleman, taking up a pen, "it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the poor and destitute, who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common necessaries; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, sir."

"Are there no prisons?" asked Scrooge.

"Plenty of prisons. But under the impression that they hardly furnish Christian cheer of mind or body to the unoffending multitude, a few of us are en-

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"ARE THERE NO PRISONS?" ASKED SCROOGE

deavoring to raise a fund to buy the poor some meat and drink, and means of warmth. We choose this time, because it is a time of all others when Want is keenly felt and Abundance rejoices. What shall I put you down for?"

"Nothing!"

"You wish to be anonymous?"

"I wish to be left alone. Since you ask me what I wish, gentlemen, that is my answer. I don't make merry myself at Christmas, and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the prisons and the workhouses, — they cost enough, — and those who are badly off must go there."

"Many can't go there; and many would rather die."

"If they would rather die, they had better do it, and decrease the surplus population."

At length the hour of shutting up the countinghouse arrived. With an ill-will, Scrooge, dismounting from his stool, tacitly admitted the fact to the expectant clerk in the Tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out, and put on his hat.

"You'll want all day to-morrow, I suppose?"

"If quite convenient, sir."

"It's not convenient, and it's not fair. If I were to stop half a crown for it, you'd think yourself mightily ill-used, I'll be bound?"

The clerk smiled faintly.

"And yet you don't think *me* ill-used, when I pay a day's wages for no work."

"It's only once a year, sir."

"A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December! But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier *next* morning."

The clerk promised that he would, and Scrooge walked out with a growl. The office was closed in a twinkling, and the clerk, with the long ends of his white comforter dangling below his waist (for he boasted no greatcoat), went down a slide, at the end of a lane of boys, twenty times, in honor of its being Christmas eve, and then ran home as hard as he could pelt, to play at blindman's buff.

Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern; and having read all the newspapers, and beguiled the rest of the evening with his banker's book, went home to bed. He lived in chambers which had once belonged to his deceased partner. They were a gloomy suite of rooms, in a lowering pile of building up a yard. The building was old enough now, and dreary enough; for nobody lived in it but Scrooge, the other rooms being all let out as offices.

Now it is a fact, that there was nothing at all particular about the knocker on the door of this house, except that it was very large; also, that Scrooge had seen it, night and morning, during his whole residence in that place; also, that Scrooge had as little of what is called fancy about him as any man in the city of London. And yet Scrooge, having his key in the lock

of the door, saw in the knocker, without its undergoing any intermediate process of change, not a knocker, but Marley's face; — Marley's face, with a dismal light about it, like a bad lobster in a dark cellar! It was not angry or ferocious, but it looked at Scrooge as Marley used to look, with ghostly spectacles turned up upon its ghostly forehead.

As Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was a knocker again. He said, "Pooh, pooh!" and closed the door with a bang.

The sound resounded through the house like thunder. Every room above, and every cask in the wine-merchant's cellars below, appeared to have a separate peal of echoes of its own. Scrooge was not a man to be frightened by echoes. He fastened the door, and walked across the hall, and up the stairs; slowly, too, trimming his candle as he went.

Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for its being very dark. Darkness is cheap, and Scrooge liked it. But before he shut his heavy door, he walked through his rooms to see that all was right. He had just enough recollection of the face to desire to do that.

Sitting room, bedroom, all were as they should be: nobody under the table, nobody under the sofa; a small fire in the grate; nobody under the bed; nobody in the closet; nobody in his dressing gown, which was hanging up in a suspicious attitude against the wall; old fireguard, old shoes, two fish baskets, washing stand on three legs, and a poker.

Quite satisfied, he closed his door, and locked himself in; double-locked himself in, which was not his custom. Thus secured against surprise, he took off his cravat, put on his dressing gown and slippers and his nightcap, and sat down before the very low fire.

As he threw his head back in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a bell, a disused bell, that hung in the room, and that communicated, for some purpose now forgotten, with a chamber in the highest story of the building. It was with great astonishment, and with a strange, inexplicable dread, that, as he looked, he saw this bell begin to swing. Soon it rang out loudly, and so did every bell in the house.

This was succeeded by a clanking noise, deep down below, as if some person were dragging a heavy chain over the casks in the wine-merchant's cellar.

Then he heard the noise grow much louder on the floors below; then coming up the stairs; then coming straight towards his door.

It came on through the heavy door, and a specter passed into the room before his eyes. And upon its coming in, the dying flame leaped up, as though it cried: "I know him! Marley's ghost!"

The same face, the very same! — Marley in his pigtail, usual waistcoat, tights, and boots. The chain he drew was clasped about his middle. It was made (for Scrooge observed it closely) of cash-boxes, keys,

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THE GHOST SAT DOWN ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE FIREPLACE

padlocks, ledgers, deeds, and heavy purses wrought in steel.

"How now!" said Scrooge, caustic and cold as ever. "What do you want with me?"

"Much!" — Marley's voice, no doubt about it.

"Who are you?"

"Ask me who I *was*."

"Who *were* you, then?"

"In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley."

"Can you — can you sit down?"

"I can."

"Do it, then."

The ghost sat down on the opposite side of the fireplace, as if he were quite used to it.

"You don't believe in me."

"I don't."

"What evidence would you have of my reality beyond that of your senses?"

"I don't know."

"Why do you doubt your senses?"

"Because a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato. Mercy! Dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me? Why do spirits walk the earth, and why do they come to me?"

"It is required of every man that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow men, and

travel far and wide; and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. I cannot tell you all I would. A very little more is permitted to me. I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere. My spirit never walked beyond our counting-house, — mark me! — in life my spirit never roved beyond the narrow limits of our money-changing hole; and weary journeys lie before me!"

"Seven years dead. And traveling all the time? You travel fast?"

"On the wings of the wind."

"You might have got over a great deal of ground in seven years."

"O blind man, blind man! not to know that ages of incessant labor by immortal creatures for this earth must pass into eternity before the good of which it is susceptible is all developed. Not to know that any Christian spirit working kindly in its little sphere, whatever it may be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of usefulness. Not to know that no space of regret can make amends for one life's opportunities misused! Yet I was like this man; I once was like this man!"

"But you were always a good man of business, Jacob," faltered Scrooge, who now began to apply this to himself.

"Business!" cried the ghost, wringing its hands again. "Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance,

benevolence, were all my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business."

Scrooge was very much dismayed to hear the specter going on at this rate, and began to quake exceedingly.

"Hear me! My time is nearly gone."

"I will. But don't be hard upon me!"

"I am here to-night to warn you that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate. A chance and hope of my procuring, Ebenezer."

"You were always a good friend to me. Thank-ee!"

"You will be haunted by Three Spirits."

"Is that the chance and hope you mentioned, Jacob? I — I think I'd rather not."

"Without their visits, you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first to-morrow night, when the bell tolls One. Expect the second on the next night at the same hour. The third, upon the next night, when the last stroke of Twelve has ceased to vibrate. Look to see me no more; and look that, for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us!"

It walked backward from him; and at every step it took, the window raised itself a little, so that, when the apparition reached it, it was wide open.

Scrooge closed the window, and examined the door by which the Ghost had entered. It was double-locked, as he had locked it with his own hands, and the bolts were undisturbed. Scrooge tried to say, "Hum-

bug!" but stopped at the first syllable. And being, from the emotion he had undergone, or the fatigues of the day, or his glimpse of the invisible world, or the dull conversation of the Ghost, or the lateness of the hour, much in need of repose, he went straight to bed, without undressing, and fell asleep on the instant.

PART II

THE FIRST OF THE THREE SPIRITS

When Scrooge awoke, it was so dark, that, looking out of bed, he could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the opaque walls of his chamber, until suddenly the church clock tolled a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy ONE.

Light flashed up in the room upon the instant, and the curtains of his bed were drawn aside by a strange figure, — like a child: yet not so like a child as like an old man, viewed through some supernatural medium, which gave him the appearance of having receded from the view, and being diminished to a child's proportions. Its hair, which hung about its neck and down its back, was white as if with age; and yet the face had not a wrinkle in it, and the tenderest bloom was on the skin. It held a branch of fresh green holly in its hand; and, in singular contradiction of that wintry emblem, had its dress trimmed with summer flowers. But the strangest thing about it was, that from the

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THE CURTAINS WERE DRAWN ASIDE BY A STRANGE FIGURE

crown of its head there sprang a bright clear jet of light, by which all this was visible; and which was doubtless the occasion of its using, in its duller moments, a great extinguisher for a cap, which it now held under its arm.

"Are you the Spirit, sir, whose coming was foretold to me?"

"I am!"

"Who and what are you?"

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Past."

"Long past?"

"No. Your past. The things that you will see with me are shadows of the things that have been; they will have no consciousness of us."

Scrooge then made bold to inquire what business brought him there.

"Your welfare. Rise, and walk with me!"

It would have been in vain for Scrooge to plead that the weather and the hour were not adapted to pedestrian purposes; that the bed was warm, and the thermometer a long way below freezing; that he was clad but lightly in his slippers, dressing gown, and nightcap; and that he had a cold upon him at that time. The grasp, though gentle as a woman's hand, was not to be resisted. He arose; but, finding that the spirit made towards the window, he clasped its robe in supplication.

"I am a mortal, and liable to fall."

"Bear but a touch of my hand *there*," said the Spirit,

laying it upon his heart, "and you shall be upheld in more than this!"

As the words were spoken, they passed through the wall, and stood in the busy thoroughfares of a city. It was made plain enough by the dressing of the shops that here, too, it was Christmas time.

The Ghost stopped at a certain warehouse door, and asked Scrooge whether he knew it.

"Know it! Was I apprenticed here!"

They went in. At sight of an old gentleman in a Welsh wig, sitting behind such a high desk that, if he had been two inches taller, he must have knocked his head against the ceiling, Scrooge cried in great excitement, "Why, it's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart, it's Fezziwig, alive again!"

Old Fezziwig laid down his pen, and looked up at the clock, which pointed to the hour of seven. He rubbed his hands, adjusted his capacious waistcoat, laughed all over himself, from his shoes to his organ of benevolence, and called out in a comfortable, oily, rich, fat, jovial voice, "Yo ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!"

A living and moving picture of Scrooge's former self, a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his fellow 'prentice.

"Dick Wilkins, to be sure!" said Scrooge to the Ghost. "My old fellow 'prentice! Bless me, yes. There he is. He was very much attached to me, was Dick. Poor Dick! Dear, dear!"

"Yo ho, my boys!" said Fezziwig. "No more

work to-night. Christmas eve, Dick! Christmas, Ebenezer! Let's have the shutters up, before a man can say Jack Robinson! Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here!"

Clear away! There was nothing they wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off, as if it were dismissed from public life forevermore; the floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the fire; and the warehouse became as snug and warm and dry and bright a ballroom as you would desire to see upon a winter's night.

In came a fiddler with a music-book, and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast, substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they had broken. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend the milkman. In they all came, one after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came, anyhow and everyhow. Away they all went, twenty couples at once; hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning

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THEN OLD FEZZIWIG STOOD OUT TO DANCE WITH MRS. FEZZIWIG

up in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again, as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them. When this result was brought about, old Fezziwig, clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, "Well done!"

There were more dances, and there were forfeits, and then more dances; and there was cake, and there was a great piece of Cold Roast, and there was a great piece of Cold Boiled, and there were mince pies. But the great effect of the evening came after the Roast and Boiled, when the fiddler struck up "Sir Roger de Coverley." Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too; with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of partners; people who were not to be trifled with; people who *would* dance, and who had no notion of walking.

But if they had been twice as many, — four times, — old Fezziwig would have been a match for them, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. As to *her*, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term. A positive light appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. They shone in every part of the dance. You couldn't have predicted, at any given time, what would become of 'em next. And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone all through the dance, — advance and retire, turn your partner, bow and courtesy, corkscrew, thread the needle, and back again to your place, — Fezziwig "cut," — cut so deftly, that he appeared to wink with his legs.

When the clock struck eleven, this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on each side the door; and, shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. When everybody had retired but the two 'prentices, they did the same to them; and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds, which were under a counter in the back shop.

"A small matter," said the Ghost, "to make these silly folks so full of gratitude. He has spent but a few pounds of your mortal money, — three or four perhaps. Is that so much that he deserves this praise?"

"It isn't that," said Scrooge, heated by the remark, and speaking unconsciously like his former, not his latter, self, — "it isn't that, Spirit. He has the power to render us happy or unhappy; to make our service light or burdensome, a pleasure or a toil. Say that his power lies in words and looks; in things so slight and insignificant that it is impossible to add and count 'em up; what then? The happiness he gives is quite as great as if it cost a fortune."

He felt the Spirit's glance, and stopped.

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing particular."

"Something, I think?"

"No, no. I should like to be able to say a word or two to my clerk just now. That's all."

"My time grows short," observed the Spirit. "Quick!"

"Spirit! remove me from this place."

"I told you these were shadows of the things that have been," said the Ghost. "That they are what they are, do not blame me!"

"Remove me!" Scrooge exclaimed. "I cannot bear it! Leave me! Take me back. Haunt me no longer!"

As he struggled with the Spirit, he was conscious of being exhausted and overcome by an irresistible drowsiness; and, further, of being in his own bedroom. He had barely time to reel to bed before he sank into a heavy sleep.

Part III

THE SECOND OF THE THREE SPIRITS

Scrooge awoke in his own bedroom. There was no doubt about that. But it and his own adjoining sitting room, into which he shuffled in his slippers, attracted by a great light there, had undergone a surprising transformation. The walls and ceiling were so hung with living green that it looked a perfect grove. The leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected back the light, as if so many little mirrors had been scattered there; and such a mighty blaze went roaring up the chimney as that hearth had never known in Scrooge's

time, or Marley's, or for many and many a winter season gone. Heaped upon the floor, to form a kind of throne, were turkeys, geese, game, great joints of meat, mince pies, plum puddings, barrels of oysters, red-hot chestnuts, cherry-cheeked apples, juicy oranges, luscious pears, and immense twelfth-cakes. In easy state upon this couch, there sat a Giant glorious to see, who bore a glowing torch, in shape not unlike Plenty's horn, and who raised it high to shed its light on Scrooge, as he came peeping round the door.

"Come in, — come in! and know me better, man! I am the Ghost of Christmas Present. Look upon me! You have never seen the like of me before!"

"Never."

"Have you never walked forth with the younger members of my family; meaning (for I am very young) my elder brothers born in these later years?" pursued the Phantom.

"I don't think I have; I am afraid I have not. Have you had many brothers, Spirit?"

"More than eighteen hundred."

"A tremendous family to provide for! Spirit, conduct me where you will. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I learnt a lesson which is working now. To-night, if you have aught to teach me, let me profit by it."

"Touch my robe!"

Scrooge did as he was told, and held it fast.

The room and its contents all vanished instantly,

and they stood in the city streets upon a snowy Christmas morning.

Scrooge and the Ghost passed on, invisible, straight to Scrooge's clerk's; and on the threshold of the door the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the sprinklings of his torch. Think of that! Bob had but fifteen "bob" a week himself; he pocketed on Saturdays but fifteen copies of his Christian name; and yet the Ghost of Christmas Present blessed his four-roomed house!

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which though cheap make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and, getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable Parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and had known it for their own. Basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collars nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up

knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father, then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother Tiny Tim! And Martha wasn't so late last Christmas day by half an hour!"

"Here's Martha, Mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, Mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and I had to clear away this morning, Mother!"

"Well! Never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's Father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension of his high spirits; for he had been Tim's bloodhorse all the way from church, and had come home rampant, — "not coming upon Christmas day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, even if it were only in a joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim and bore him off into the washhouse that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember, upon Christmas day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and it trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was

spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs, — as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby, — compounded some hot mixture in a jug, and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer, Master Peter and the two young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried, "Hurrah!"

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the

themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), "they hadn't ate it all at last!" Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone, — too nervous to bear witnesses, — to take the pudding up, and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose, — a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating house and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with the laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered, — flushed but smiling proudly, — with the pudding, like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and firm, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly, too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs.

Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire.

Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass, — two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and crackled noisily. Then Bob proposed: "A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family reëchoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side, upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

Scrooge raised his head speedily, on hearing his own name.

"Mr. Scrooge!" said Bob; "I'll give you Mr. Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast!"

"The Founder of the Feast, indeed!" cried Mrs. Cratchit, reddening. "I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it."

"My dear," said Bob, "the children! Christmas day."

"It should be Christmas day, I am sure," said she, "on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow!"

"My dear," was Bob's mild answer, "Christmas day."

"I'll drink his health for your sake and the day's," said Mrs. Cratchit, "not for his. Long life to him! A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! He'll be very merry and very happy, I have no doubt!"

The children drank the toast after her. It was the first of their proceedings which had no heartiness in it. Tiny Tim drank it last of all, but he didn't care twopence for it. Scrooge was the Ogre of the family. The mention of his name cast a dark shadow on the party, which was not dispelled for full five minutes.

After it had passed away, they were ten times merrier than before, from the mere relief of Scrooge the Baleful

being done with. Bob Cratchit told them how he had a situation in his eye for Master Peter, which would bring in, if obtained, full five and sixpence weekly. The two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the idea of Peter's being a man of business; and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the fire from between his collars, as if he were deliberating what particular investments he should favor when he came into the receipt of that bewildering income. Martha, who was a poor apprentice at a milliner's, then told them what kind of work she had to do, and how many hours she worked at a stretch, and how she meant to lie abed to-morrow morning for a good long rest; to-morrow being a holiday, she could pass it at home. Also how she had seen a countess and a lord some days before, and how the lord "was much about as tall as Peter"; at which Peter pulled up his collars so high that you couldn't have seen his head if you had been there. All this time the chestnuts and the jug went round and round; and by and by they had a song, about a lost child traveling in the snow, from Tiny Tim, who had a plaintive little voice, and who sang it very well indeed.

There was nothing of high mark in this. They were not a handsome family; they were not well dressed; their shoes were far from being waterproof; their clothes were scanty; and Peter might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a pawnbroker's. But they were happy, grateful, pleased with one another,

and contented with the time; and when they faded, and looked happier yet in the bright sprinklings of the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had his eye upon them, and especially on Tiny Tim, until the last.

It was a great surprise to Scrooge, as this scene vanished, to hear a hearty laugh. It was a much greater surprise to Scrooge to recognize it as his own nephew's, and to find himself in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the Spirit standing smiling by his side, and looking at that same nephew.

It is a fair, even-handed, noble adjustment of things, that while there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is nothing in the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good humor. When Scrooge's nephew laughed, Scrooge's niece by marriage laughed as heartily as he. And their assembled friends, being not a bit behindhand, laughed out lustily.

"He said that Christmas was a humbug, as I live!" cried Scrooge's nephew. "He believed it, too!"

"More shame for him, Fred!" said Scrooge's niece, indignantly. Bless those women! they never do anything by halves. They are always in earnest.

She was very pretty, exceedingly pretty. With a dimpled, surprised-looking, capital face; all kinds of good little dots about her chin, that melted into one another when she laughed; and the sunniest pair of eyes that you ever saw in any little creature's head. Altogether she was what you would have called provoking, but satisfactory, too. Oh, perfectly satisfactory!

"He's a comical old fellow," said Scrooge's nephew, "that's the truth; and not so pleasant as he might be. However, his offenses carry their own punishment, and I have nothing to say against him. Who suffers by his ill whims? Himself, always. Here he takes it into his head to dislike us, and he won't come and dine with us. What's the consequence? He doesn't lose much of a dinner."

"Indeed, I think he loses a very good dinner," interrupted Scrooge's niece. Everybody else said the same, and they must be allowed to have been competent judges, because they had just had dinner; and, with the dessert upon the table, were clustered round the fire, by lamplight.

"Well, I am very glad to hear it," said Scrooge's nephew, "because I haven't any great faith in these young housekeepers. What do *you* say, Topper?"

Topper clearly had his eye on one of Scrooge's niece's sisters, for he answered that a bachelor was a wretched outcast, who had no right to express an opinion on the subject. Whereat Scrooge's niece's sister, the plump one, with the lace tucker, not the one with the roses, blushed.

After tea they had some music; for they were a musical family, and they knew what they were about when they sang a Glee or Catch, I can assure you, — especially Topper, who could growl away in the bass like a good one, and never swell the large veins in his forehead, or get red in the face over it.

But they didn't devote the whole evening to music. After a while they played at forfeits; for it is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a child himself. There was first a game at blindman's buff, though. And I no more believe Topper was really blinded than I believe he had his eyes in his boots. Because the way in which he went after that plump sister in the lace tucker was an outrage on the credulity of human nature. Knocking down the fire irons, tumbling over the chairs, bumping up against the piano, smothering himself among the curtains, wherever she went, there went he! He always knew where the plump sister was. He wouldn't catch anybody else. If you had fallen up against him, as some of them did, and stood there, he would have made a pretense of endeavoring to seize you, which would have been an affront to your understanding, and would instantly have sidled off in the direction of the plump sister.

"Here is a new game," said Scrooge. "One half hour, Spirit, only one!"

It was a game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew had to think of something, and the rest must find out what; he answering only to their questions yes or no, as the case was. The fire of questioning to which he was exposed elicited from him that he was thinking of an animal, a live animal, rather a disagreeable animal, a savage animal, an animal that growled and grunted sometimes, and talked some-

times, and lived in London, and walked about the streets, and wasn't made a show of, and wasn't led by anybody, and didn't live in a menagerie, and was never killed in the market, and was not a horse, or a donkey, or a cow, or a tiger, or a dog, or a pig, or a cat, or a bear. At every new question put to him, this nephew burst into a fresh roar of laughter, and was so inexpressibly tickled that he was obliged to get up off the sofa and stamp. At last the plump sister cried out, —

"I have found it out! I know what it is, Fred! I know what it is!"

"What is it?" cried Fred.

"It's your uncle, Scro-o-o-o-oge!"

Which it certainly was. Admiration was the universal sentiment, though some objected that the reply to "Is it a bear?" ought to have been "Yes."

Uncle Scrooge had imperceptibly become so gay and light of heart that he would have drunk to the unconscious company in an inaudible speech. But the whole scene passed off in the breath of the last word spoken by his nephew; and he and the Spirit were again upon their travels.

Much they saw, and far they went, and many homes they visited, but always with a happy end. The Spirit stood beside sick beds, and they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they were close at home; by struggling men, and they were patient in their greater hope; by poverty, and it was rich. In almshouse,

hospital, and jail, in misery's every refuge, where vain man in his little brief authority had not made fast the door, and barred the Spirit out, he left his blessing, and taught Scrooge his precepts. Suddenly, as they stood together in an open place, the bell struck twelve.

Scrooge looked about him for the Ghost, and saw it no more. As the last stroke ceased to vibrate, he remembered the prediction of old Jacob Marley, and, lifting up his eyes, beheld a solemn Phantom, draped and hooded, coming like a mist along the ground towards him.

Part IV

THE LAST OF THE SPIRITS

The Phantom slowly, gravely, silently approached. When it came near him, Scrooge bent down upon his knee; for in the air through which this Spirit moved, it seemed to scatter gloom and mystery.

It was shrouded in a deep black garment, which concealed its head, its face, its form, and left nothing of it visible save one outstretched hand. He knew no more, for the Spirit neither spoke nor moved.

"I am in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come? Ghost of the Future! I fear you more than any specter I have seen. But as I know your purpose is to do me good, and as I hope to live to be another man from what I was, I am prepared to bear you

company, and do it with a thankful heart. Will you not speak to me?"

It gave him no reply. The hand was pointed straight before them.

"Lead on! Lead on! The night is waning fast, and it is precious time to me, I know. Lead on, Spirit!"

They hardly seemed to enter the city; for the city rather seemed to spring up about them. But there they were in the heart of it; on 'Change, amongst the merchants.

The Spirit stopped beside one little knot of business men. Observing that the hand was pointed to them, Scrooge advanced to listen to their talk.

"No," said a great fat man with a monstrous chin, "I don't know much about it either way. I only know he's dead."

"When did he die?" inquired another.

"Last night, I believe."

"Why, what was the matter with him? I thought he'd never die."

"What has he done with his money?" asked a red-faced gentleman.

"I haven't heard," said the man with the large chin. "Left it to his company, perhaps. He hasn't left it to me. That's all I know. By, by!"

The scene had changed, and now he almost touched a bare, uncurtained bed. A pale light, rising in the outer air, fell straight upon this bed; and on it, un-

watched, unwept, uncared for, was the body of an unknown man.

"Specter," said Scrooge, "something informs me that our parting moment is at hand. I know it, but I know not how. Tell me what man that was, with the covered face, whom we saw lying dead?"

The Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come conveyed him to a dismal, wretched, ruinous churchyard.

The Spirit stood among the graves and pointed down to one.

"Before I draw nearer to that stone to which you point, answer me one question. Are these the shadows of the things that *will* be, or are they shadows of the things that *may* be only?"

Still the Ghost pointed downward to the grave.

"Men's courses will foreshadow certain ends, to which, if persevered in, they must lead. But if the courses be departed from, the ends will change. Say it is thus with what you show me!"

The Spirit was immovable as ever.

Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he went; and, following the finger, read upon the stone of the neglected grave his own name, — EBENEZER SCROOGE.

"Am *I* that man who lay upon the bed? No, Spirit! Oh no, no! Spirit! hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this. Why show me this, if I am past all hope? Assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have shown me by an altered life."

C. E. Brock

SCROOGE CREPT TOWARD IT, TREMBLING AS HE WENT

For the first time the kind hand faltered.

"I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The Spirits of all three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. Oh, tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone!"

Holding up his hands in one last prayer to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration in the Phantom's hood and dress. It shrank, collapsed, and dwindled down into a bedpost.

Yes, and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, and the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the Time before him was his own, to make amends in!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard.

Running to the window, he opened it, and put out his head. No fog, no mist, no night; clear, bright, stirring, golden day!

"What's to-day?" cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes, who perhaps had loitered in to look about him.

"Eh?"

"What's to-day, my fine fellow?"

"To-day! Why, CHRISTMAS DAY."

"It's Christmas day! I haven't missed it. Hallo, my fine fellow!"

"Hallo!"

"Do you know the Poulterer's, in the next street but one, at the corner?"

"I should hope I did."

"An intelligent boy! A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they've sold the prize turkey that was hanging up there? Not the little prize turkey, — the big one?"

"What, the one as big as me?"

"What a delightful boy! It's a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my boy!"

"It's hanging there now."

"Is it? Go and buy it. I am in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell 'em to bring it here, that I may give them the direction where to take it. Come back with the man, and I'll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes, and I'll give you half a crown!"

The boy was off like a shot.

"I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's! He shan't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim. Joe Miller never made such a joke as sending it to Bob's will be!"

The hand in which he wrote the address was not a steady one; but write it he did, somehow, and went downstairs to open the street door, ready for the coming of the poulterer's man.

It *was* a turkey! He never could have stood upon his legs, that bird. He would have snapped 'em short off in a minute, like sticks of sealing wax.

Scrooge dressed himself "all in his best," and at last got out into the streets. The people were by this time pouring forth, as he had seen them with the Ghost of Christmas Present; and, walking with his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one with a delighted smile. He looked so irresistibly pleasant, in a word, that three or four good-humored fellows said, "Good morning, sir! A Merry Christmas to you!" and Scrooge said often afterwards, that, of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard, those were the blithest in his ears.

In the afternoon he turned his steps towards his nephew's house.

He passed the door a dozen times before he had the courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash, and did it.

"Is your master at home, my dear?" said Scrooge to the girl. Nice girl! Very.

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he?"

"He's in the dining room, sir, along with Mistress."

"He knows me," said Scrooge, with his hand already on the dining room lock, "I'll go in here."

He turned it gently and sidled his face in, round the door. They were looking at the table (which was spread out in great array); for these young housekeepers are always nervous on such points, and like to see that everything is right.

"Fred!" said Scrooge.

C. E. Brock

HE TURNED IT GENTLY AND SIDLED HIS FACE IN, ROUND THE DOOR

"Why, bless my soul!" cried Fred, "who's that?"

"It's I. Your uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?"

Let him in! It is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier. His niece looked just the same. So did Topper when *he* came. So did the plump sister when *she* came. So did every one when *they* came. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, won-der-ful happiness!

But he was early at the office next morning. Oh, he was early there! If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

And he did it. The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. Bob was full eighteen and a half minutes behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he might see him come into the Tank.

Bob's hat was off before he opened the door; his comforter, too. He was on his stool in a jiffy; driving away with his pen, as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock.

"Hallo!" growled Scrooge in his accustomed voice, as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

"I am very sorry, sir. I *am* behind my time."

"You are? Yes. I think you are. Step this way, if you please."

"It's only once a year, sir. It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir."

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend. I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore," Scrooge continued, leaping from his stool, and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat that he staggered back into the Tank again, — "and therefore, I am about to raise your salary!"

Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler.

"A Merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavor to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, Bob! Make up the fires, and buy a second coal scuttle before you dot another *i*, Bob Cratchit!"

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him; but his own heart laughed, and that was quite enough for him.

He had no further intercourse with spirits; but it was always said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowl-

edge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, "God Bless us, every one!"

"God Bless us, every one!" prayed Tiny Tim,
Crippled and dwarfed of body, yet so tall
Of soul, we tiptoe earth to look on him
High towering over all.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who wrote this story? Why did he write it?
2. Tell what you know of Charles Dickens.
3. Describe old Scrooge. What noble quality did he lack? Why is this a very noble quality?
4. Tell how you think a well-wisher feels toward others. How does a well-wisher *never* feel toward others?
5. Who was Scrooge's clerk? Tell how Scrooge treated him. Describe the Cratchit family.
6. Describe Scrooge's nephew and his family.
7. What was Scrooge's opinion of Christmas? Why did he hold this opinion?
8. What did Scrooge's nephew think about Christmas?
9. How did Scrooge treat the good men who were raising Christmas money for poor families?
10. Describe Scrooge's home. Was it a happy one?
11. Tell how the ghost of Marley came to him.
12. Which was the first Spirit, after Marley's, that came to Scrooge? What does its name mean? What did it show Scrooge?
13. Which was the next Spirit? What did it reveal to Scrooge? What effect did it have on him?
14. Which was the last Spirit that came to Scrooge?

Where did it conduct Scrooge?

15. What change came over Scrooge after the three Spirits had shown him what he had been?
16. Do you think they were real spirits or dream spirits that Scrooge saw while sleeping?
17. Was the dinner that Scrooge and the Spirit of Christmas Present saw at the Cratchits' the real dinner or a dream dinner ?
18. Why could Martha Cratchit not remain hidden from her father?
19. Describe Tiny Tim. How did Tiny Tim differ from Scrooge?
20. Were the Cratchits at their dinner happier than a rich family without the Cratchits' love for one another? Why?
21. Was Scrooge's nephew in earnest when he said his wife's dinner was not "much of a dinner"?
22. Explain how Scrooge became a well-wisher.
23. Tell how he kept his Christmas.
24. Do you think Scrooge was happy then? Why?
25. What plans are you making for less fortunate ones this coming Christmas?
26. Think it over and find out whether you are always a well-wisher.

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

MAUD MULLER

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Certain poems become popular because they tell us our own life-story. For example, in " Maud Muller," we read in the unsatisfied longings of Maud and the judge, the story of our own longings for a life different from that in which our circumstances compel us to live.

The theme of the poem is very old and has been treated by many authors. In one old story on this subject, every mortal was permitted by Jupiter to lay down upon a heap his most hated possession and to take up instead some cause of misery that had been discarded by another. Each person, after trying for a while his new possession, returned and begged Jupiter to permit him to have back his old one.

In " Maud Muller," Whittier tells an old story in a new and more delightful fashion. He tells of a country girl named Maud Muller, who was raking hay in a meadow. She had beauty and the rich possession of perfect health. She was so happy that she sang at her work. The joy in her song made a mocking bird in a neighboring tree echo back the air which she was singing. She was satisfied with her conditions of life.

" But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

" The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast, —

" A wish that she hardly dared to own
For something better than she had known."

The sight of the " far-off town " caused her to wish for the city life in which wealth could give her luxury and the means to enable her to do the kindly deeds that her generous heart impelled her to do. And from that moment she knew happiness and contentment no more.

Meanwhile, a young judge who lived in the far-off town and who possessed all the wealth and luxury for which Maud now longed, was taking a ride on horseback along the country roads. He stopped and asked the girl for a drink of water from the cool spring that bubbled up from the roadside. He saw, as he talked with her, that she was beautiful, and modest, and sensible, and very different from the girls whom he knew in the city. Finding no excuse for prolonging the conversation, he reluctantly rode on, but looked back and thought, —

" Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay."

Maud's eyes followed the handsome young judge, and she thought, —

" Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be! "

She forgot her work in thoughts of all the desirable things the judge's wealth could bring to her, and —

" mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell."

Maud had grown tired of the simple life on a farm, and longed for the kind of life which the judge lived; while the judge was weary of that very kind of life and wished for the simple country life which had now become distasteful to the girl.

But the judge did not return to attain his wish: —

" He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power."

While Maud —

> " . . . wedded a man unlearned and poor,
> And many children played round her door."

Neither the judge nor the girl won his or her heart's desire. Each longed for another kind of life, but never attained it. The judge, in after years, in his beautiful house, often dreamed of Maud Muller and wished that he might again be —

> " Free as when I rode that day,
> Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

And Maud, a poor man's wife, would dream of the splendid life she might have had, had she married the judge.

> " Then she took up her burden of life again,
> Saying only, ' It might have been.' "

Whittier, in this sad, but beautiful story, uses Maud Muller and the judge as *types of human life.* He means that most mortals are weary of what they have, and that they think they might be happier with what others possess. The poet does not attempt to tell us how to attain what we desire. He does not even tell us that, while there is a foolish discontent which makes us dissatisfied with everything, there is also a splendid discontent which causes us to try to improve our conditions and to live nobler lives. He is not trying to teach us any lesson. He simply tells us what happens to most persons; for he says: —

> " Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
> For rich repiner and household drudge!
>
> " God pity them both! and pity us *all,*
> Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

"For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: 'It might have been!'"

In closing the poem, he hopes, in his sweet faith, that in the hereafter each one of us may find his dearest hope realized.

If you have ever been made dissatisfied with your looks or what you possessed because of the better looks or the richer possessions of some other boy or girl, you will the more readily understand the meaning of the poem.

Read the poem thoughtfully with this explanation in mind. But before beginning to read, learn the meanings of the following words:—

wrought (rôt): worked.

a vague unrest (vāg): a feeling, not easily explained, that one is dissatisfied with his conditions of life.

draught (drȧft): a drink.

quaffed (kwȧft): drunk freely with relish.

hazel eyes: light brown eyes.

toast: to drink a glass of wine in honor of some one.

doubtful balance of rights and wrongs: the deciding which of two parties in a case of law is right and which is wrong.

low of cattle (lō): the "mooing" sound made by cattle.

rank: station in society.

closing his heart: compelling himself to stop thinking of his wishes.

mused (mūzd): thought and wished so earnestly that she forgot her work.

a wife of richest dower: a wife who possessed much money and property.

garnished rooms: beautifully furnished and decorated rooms.

spring-brook: a brook running from a spring.

spinet (spĭn'ĕt): an old-fashioned musical instrument; a very early form of the piano.

an astral: a kind of lamp giving a very bright light and throwing no shadow beneath itself.

rich repiner: a rich person who is unhappy despite his wealth.

sweet hope: the hope that all of our dearest wishes will be realized in the hereafter.

MAUD MULLER

L. Emile Adam

Maud Muller

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow, sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast, —

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge; "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring-brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein.

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Describe the picture in the first six lines of the poem.
2. Why was Maud so happy that she sang as she worked?
3. What made her dissatisfied? Read aloud the lines which describe this.
4. What other person comes into the story at this point?
5. Describe Maud as the judge saw her.
6. What did Maud and the judge talk about?
7. Why did the judge not remain longer?
8. What did Maud think as he rode away?
9. What were the judge's thoughts at the same time?
10. What kind of life did the judge lead? Why was he tired of it? What kind of life did he want?
11. How did Maud and the judge differ in what they desired?
12. What kind of wife did the judge marry? In what kind of life did he continue? Why was he unhappy in it?
13. What did he often dream about and wish for?
14. What kind of man did Maud marry? What kind of life did she live?
15. Read aloud the lines which describe her thoughts when, as an older woman, she again raked hay in the meadow.
16. What sad thing would she think at such times?
17. Tell how the theme of this poem is an old one.
18. Who are meant by Maud Muller and the judge?
19. Explain in your own words how their story applies to most persons.
20. What lines of the poem make you think that the story applies to all of us?
21. What are the saddest of all sad words? Explain them.
22. How may any one attain his dearest wishes so that he need not have to say, "It might have been"?
23. Tell how Whittier's beautiful faith gave him hope that, at last, our dearest dreams may come true.

THE COUNTRY GIRL'S CREED

A COUNTRY GIRL

A *creed* is a statement of the things in which one most earnestly believes.

You have read Whittier's "Maud Muller." You remember that —

"When she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

"The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast."

This is the longing that many country girls feel, — a longing to live in a town or a city.

But the Judge in the story of Maud Muller knew that Maud had, right there in the country, many very good and desirable things which she would not find in a town or a city.

The "Country Girl," who wrote this creed, realized, as Maud Muller did not, that life in the country, with its pure air, its wholesome work, and its wonderful freedom, may be far happier and finer than life in a city even at its best. Read her reasons for her "creed," trying to realize what she means by such phrases as, — "the broadness of the country," "the ruggedness of the landscape," and "the beauty of God's growing things all around."

ideals : good and noble things worth striving for.

a truer perspective of life: a better insight into what is worth while in life.

F. P. Michetti

WITHOUT A CARE

The Country Girl's Creed

I believe that life in the country is life at its highest, fullest, and best. I believe that there I have the greatest chance to develop into the womanly woman I desire to be — fine, broad, sweet, true, wholesome. I believe that the broadness of the country, the ruggedness of the landscape, the beauty of God's growing things all around me, will mold and temper my character; will give me higher ideals, a greater depth of thought and a truer perspective of life, than I could ever gain between narrow walls in a city with its shams, pretenses, and false standards. I want to try always to keep myself sunny, sweet, and sane; to live up to the very best there is in me; to make the most of every opportunity to grow bigger, broader, and better; to reach out always for higher and finer things. I believe in good hard work and plenty of it. I glory in the brain and the muscle with which to accomplish my task of striving and overcoming, that I may be ready for the harder things which are to come.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. If you live in the country, do you long to go to the city to live? If so, why?
2. If you are dissatisfied with your life in the country, why are you dissatisfied?
3. What do you expect to find in the city that will make you happier?
4. What things that you would find in city life might make you unhappy?
5. What advantages do you think country life has over city life?

CARCASSONNE

GUSTAVE NADAUD

Nearly every person has some intense desire in life that is never realized. Six men were once sitting together and telling what their greatest desire in life was. All had been successful in life, yet each confessed that he had failed to attain his one greatest desire.

> " One something sees beyond his reach
> From childhood to his journey's end."

Sometimes our greatest desire is a very foolish thing, but nevertheless it is the one particular thing we want most to do. Many rich men who live in palaces have always hungered to live in a cabin far back in the great woods. They could easily do so, but something seems to keep them from it, or they think it does, which is about the same thing.

The poem " Carcassonne " (kär-kȧ-sôn′) is the story of the " one great desire never fulfilled."

Carcassonne is a very old and picturesque town in France. It was founded by the Romans. Many tourists visit it, as it is very quaint and interesting.

Now picture the following: A tourist is going to visit Carcassonne. When about twelve and a half miles away from it, he finds " a peasant double-bent with age," who raises grapes for a living and who tells him the story of how he has never been able to go and see Carcassonne. He was but twelve and a half miles away for sixty years, and to visit Carcassonne was his one great

wish. Yet he had never been able to attain it. He tells the tourist why. His wife and son, and even his grandson, had seen more of the world than he had seen. But the places they had seen are all included in a very small area, which shows that this poor old man was thinking of a very small world indeed.

You should be able to interpret the tale without further help. Try to see the old fellow as he tells his sad story. See the traveler as he listens and as he understands that the old fellow is a type. That is, he is like all others: they never attain their dearest wish, although each could easily do so if he would only bestir himself.

In the fifth stanza, the old man feels that he has sinned in wanting something that he fears he should not have. So he asks God to forgive him, and at once turns back to the forbidden wish.

Note what happens in the last stanza.

The great truth in the poem is told in the last line. What does it mean?

Study carefully the meanings of the following words before you read the poem:

bliss unalloyed: perfect happiness.

five leagues: twelve and a half miles.

the grape withheld its store: there had been a poor crop of grapes; hence, no money with which to travel.

Babylon (băb'ĭ-lŏn): a large city in ancient Persia, famous for its grandeur.

vicar: a priest of the peasant's church.

Aignan (ĕn-yäN'): a boy's name.

Narbonne (när-bŏn'): a city in France, not far from Carcassonne.

Perpignan (pĕr-pēn-yäN'): a town in France, some little distance from Carcassonne.

Limoux (lē-mo͞o'): a city in France near Carcassonne.

crooned: to wail or tell something sorrowfully.

pilgrimage: a journey; a trip.

abode: the place where one lives.

Carcassonne

"I'm growing old, I've sixty years;
I've labored all my life in vain.
In all that time of hopes and fears,
I've failed my dearest wish to gain.
I see full well that here below
Bliss unalloyed there is for none,
My prayer would else fulfillment know —
Never have I seen Carcassonne!
Never have I seen Carcassonne!

"You spy the city from the hill,
It lies beyond the mountain blue;
And yet to reach it one must still
Five long and weary leagues pursue,
And, to return, as many more.
Had but the vintage plenteous grown —
But, ah! the grape withheld its store.
I shall not look on Carcassonne!
I shall not look on Carcassonne!

"They tell me every day is there
Not more or less than Sunday gay;
In shining robes and garments fair
The people walk upon their way.
One gazes there on castle walls
As grand as those of Babylon,

A bishop and two generals!
What joy to dwell in Carcassonne!
Ah! might I but see Carcassonne!

"The vicar's right: he says that we
Are ever wayward, weak, and blind;
He tells us in his homily
Ambition ruins all mankind;
Yet could I these two days have spent,
While still the autumn sweetly shone,
Ah, me! I might have died content
When I had looked on Carcassonne,
When I had looked on Carcassonne.

"Thy pardon, Father, I beseech,
In this my prayer if I offend;
One something sees beyond his reach
From childhood to his journey's end.
My wife, our little boy Aignan,
Have traveled even to Narbonne;
My grandchild has seen Perpignan;
And I — have not seen Carcassonne,
And I have not seen Carcassonne!"

So crooned, one day, close by Limoux,
A peasant, double-bent with age.
"Rise up, my friend," said I; "with you
I'll go upon this pilgrimage."

We left, next morning, his abode,
But (Heaven forgive him!) half way on
The old man died upon the road.
He never gazed on Carcassonne.
Each mortal has his Carcassonne.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What is Carcassonne? How is it pronounced?
2. What peculiar truth of life does this poem tell about?
3. Who is the chief speaker in the poem? Who speaks in the last stanza?
4. What was the old peasant's "dearest wish"? Could he have attained it? How far was it to Carcassonne? (A league is two and one half miles.) Why had he not seen Carcassonne?
5. In the third stanza, what wonderful sights does he say are to be seen in Carcassonne? Do *you* think they are wonderful? This stanza is meant to show us that our "greatest wishes" are as little or as big as we are in spirit.
6. Why do you think the traveler wanted to take the old man to Carcassonne? Why could he not succeed in doing so? How does this apply to most persons who have a "greatest wish"?
7. What is meant by the last line of the poem?
8. Can you think of any "Carcassonne" of your own? Is it a foolish wish or is it a noble one? What effect does it have on you? Does it keep you striving?
9. Why do we not attain our "Carcassonne"?

All joy is in the hope of joy to be, not in possession.

ALICE CARY

OPPORTUNITY

JOHN JAMES INGALLS

Many persons who fail in life excuse their failure by saying, "I never had a chance." By the word "chance" they mean *opportunity*. But it is not true that any person "never had a chance," or that an opportunity to succeed never came to him.

The three short poems that follow are what three very able men thought about the "coming of Opportunity." Their ideas are different, and they are very interesting to study. You will have delightful discussions in class if you will consider the lives of some noted men who overcame great obstacles, and of other men who failed, and, by applying these poems, find out why some succeeded and why others failed.

The first poem on "Opportunity" is by John James Ingalls, who was born in Middleton, Massachusetts, in 1833, and who died July 16, 1900. Mr. Ingalls was United States senator from Kansas for three terms, beginning in 1873. He wrote little in verse, but his short poem called "Opportunity" is famous.

Read it over carefully several times, trying to find out its meaning. Then return to this place, and read what follows.

"Human destinies" are our "fortunes," not our fortunes in money or property, but the things of good and ill that are to come to us in the future, and of which, naturally, we know nothing beforehand.

The poet makes "Opportunity" say to us, —

"Master of human destinies am I!"

This means that our futures, or what he calls our " destinies," depend upon how we grasp the real opportunity when it comes to us. For example, a boy wishes to be the champion one-hundred-yard sprinter of his school. He fails because he did not seize upon the opportunities for training when they came to him. The opportunity to train was " master of his destiny."

In reading the poem, remember that it is packed with thoughts. So take each sentence separately and study it till you understand it.

But don't be satisfied with simply understanding it. Ask yourself, " Is this sentence *true?* " For example, take the sentence where Opportunity says, " Cities and fields I walk." Is this *true?* Does opportunity come to every one?

The second important thought in the poem is, — that a man's opportunity comes but once to him, and if not seized upon, is lost forever.

Is this also true? Read the two poems that follow and see what Judge Walter Malone and Edward Rowland Sill think about it. You will find it very interesting.

remote: far away.
mart: the place where riches are acquired.
penury: great poverty.

Opportunity

"Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace — soon or late
I knock unbidden at every gate!

"If sleeping, wake — if feasting, rise before
I turn away! It is the hour of fate;

And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,
Seek me in vain, and uselessly implore.
I answer not, and I return no more!"

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What is an opportunity?
2. What are "human destinies"?
3. Who is speaking in the poem?
4. What things depend on opportunity? What line tells this?
5. What places does Opportunity visit? What does this signify?
6. To whom does Opportunity come?
7. What must we do if we are to accept our opportunity? Read aloud the lines that tell this.
8. What can be attained by those who "follow" Opportunity? How does the author express this thought?
9. What happens to those who do not follow Opportunity? What lines tell this?
10. What does Opportunity say to those who do not accept her at once?
11. Do you think that Senator Ingalls means that only one opportunity ever comes to one person? If so, do you think this is true? Or does he mean that a *particular* opportunity comes but once?
12. The ancient representation of Opportunity had hair on the front of its head, but none on the back of its head. Why? It is often said, "Seize opportunity by the forelock." What does this mean?
13. Is this poem about some one else, or may it be about *you?* Is Opportunity "knocking at *your* door"? What opportunities have you?

OPPORTUNITY

WALTER MALONE

This poem is Judge Walter Malone's reply to Senator Ingalls's poem in the last lesson.

Judge Malone is a lawyer living in New York City. He was born in Mississippi in 1866. He has written and published many fine poems.

Read this poem over several times. A few words may give you trouble. Here they are:

retribution (rĕt-rĭ-bū'shŭn): the punishment that our bad deeds bring back upon us.

archives (är'kīvz): the records of our own mistakes or bad deeds.

Now read Senator Ingalls's poem again, and ask yourself how the two men differ in their ideas of opportunity. Ask which poem discourages and which encourages. Which is the braver and better idea?

OPPORTUNITY

They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away!
Weep not for golden ages on the wane!
Each night I burn the records of the day —
At sunrise every soul is born again!

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
Dost reel from righteous Retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past
And find the future's pages white as snow.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be deaf and blind and dumb.
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say, "I *can!*"
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep
But yet might rise and be again a man!

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Review what Senator Ingalls believed about opportunities.
2. Does Judge Malone agree with him? Why not?
3. What else does Opportunity do beside knocking on your door once? What words in the first stanza tell this?
4. Stanza 2. What should we not do when an opportunity has passed us?
5. Stanza 3. Suppose one's youth is gone, need he despair? Why not? If one has done wrong, need he be downcast? Why not? Read aloud the lines that tell why.
6. Stanza 4. If some one has been rich or high in station and has fallen, what should he do? What lines tell this? Why may we do this? Quote the author's words.
7. What is necessary to make Opportunity "lend its arm"?
8. Have you ever failed in a study or in a month's grade? What does this poem assure you, if you have?

OPPORTUNITY

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

We have now studied the poems on Opportunity by Senator Ingalls and Judge Malone. Here is another short poem on Opportunity by Edward Rowland Sill, born in Windsor, Connecticut, in 1841. He died in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1887.

This fine poem tells how the truly heroic in spirit need never despair. It is a story of a great battle, a coward, and a "king's son." Remember that the coward "hung along the battle's edge" even when the "banner wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes." Remember, too, that "the king's son" does not necessarily mean the son of a real ruling king. It means any one who has a heroic spirit, — a spirit that never despairs; any one who does not wait for the finest weapons but who is willing to use whatever is at hand, and to use it at once. The coward or "craven" in this poem might easily be a real "prince," and the "king's son" might easily be the son of a peasant.

It is really an allegory of the great battle of life and not an account of any particular battle.

lowering (lou'ẽr-ing): frowning.

Opportunity

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream: —
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords

Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel —
That blue blade that the king's son bears, — but this
Blunt thing —!" he snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Describe the pictures in this poem.
2. What happened to the prince's side of the battle in the beginning?
3. What did "the craven" do? Why did he think he could not fight?
4. What did "the king's son" do? What kind of weapon was good enough for him?
5. Who may the coward be? Who may "the king's son" be?
6. Do you think this story happens only in "a furious battle"? Might it happen in your school or at home? How might it happen there? Tell how it might happen at a football game. Which counts for more, a fine weapon and a favorable situation or something in the spirit of the fighter which makes him willing to use whatever weapon is at hand?
7. Which of the persons described in the poem are *you*?

THE GREAT DEBATE OF HAYNE AND WEBSTER IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE

JANUARY 21-27, 1830

There is no greater gift than the power by means of speech, to compel men to think, to feel, and to act. Throughout history, men who have possessed this power have been greatly honored by their peoples.

Nothing but the living truth can survive the peering eyes of time. And hence only those great orators who had not only power over men, but also true insight into the future and wholly honest, patriotic, and unselfish motives, are remembered at the present day, and still read, honored, and loved.

Three such men, in all history, stand out above all others, like sublime peaks among high mountains, —

Demosthenes, the great orator of Ancient Greece;

Edmund Burke, the great Irish orator of the English parliament in the days of the American Revolution;

And Daniel Webster, the great American orator and statesman.

Of the three great orators mentioned, Webster had qualities not possessed by either of the others, while in marvelous insight, clearness of thought and language, and fervor he was their equal.

Demosthenes was very homely and unimpressive in appearance, and he stammered, at least in his youth.

Burke was awkward, he had an unpleasant voice, he wore great, clumsy horn spectacles, and he was called "The Dinner Bell," because, when he rose to speak, most of his hearers got up and went to dinner.

Webster had every gift of the sublime orator, personal appearance, fine voice, great mind, clear ideas, perfect command of language, power of persuasion, great learning always at his command, and a sublime and unselfish devotion to the great truth for which he spoke. It is not improbable that, as the greatness of the institutions of the country to which he devoted his life and his sublime talents tower higher and higher in history, and as Webster's efforts to preserve those institutions grow more and more familiar to the world, he will be given first place among the world's greatest orators.

Daniel Webster was born in Salisbury, New Hampshire, in 1782, the son of a poor farmer. As a boy he read all the books he could borrow, and he could read aloud so beautifully that neighbors used to stop their teams in front of farmer Webster's house and ask " Webster's boy " to come out and read aloud to them from the Bible.

He was graduated from Dartmouth College and studied law.

After a successful practice of law and a service in the lower branch of Congress, he became United States Senator from Massachusetts, a position which he held with great honor for many years.

Daniel Webster, like all men who have done great things, concentrated all the powers of his great mind upon one idea, — *the preservation of the Union of the American States.*

It is hard for us now to realize that the Union of the states was ever threatened. But if you studied carefully in your United States history the time when the Constitution was framed in 1787, you will remember that two ideas were brought to the Convention, — one for a strong union of the colonies, and another for a loose partnership of the colonies.

The present constitution, less the later amendments, was the result of the work of the Convention.

But the controversy did not end there. As time went on, two parties in Congress contended for and against the same two ideas.

One party, headed by Webster, contended that, originally, the

people had made the Constitution supreme over the states in certain matters. The other party, headed by John C. Calhoun and Robert Young Hayne of South Carolina, held that each state was "a sovereign state," and that it could declare "null and void" any law passed by Congress.

In 1830, Senator Foote of Connecticut brought forward in the United States Senate a simple resolution concerning the disposal of the public lands belonging to the government.

A debate began upon this innocent resolution, but soon turned from that subject to the greater one as to whether the Union was supreme over the states, or whether a state was "a sovereign state" and had power to disregard or nullify a national law. Thus, we may say, the great question which had been smoldering for years, blazed up in the great debate known as the "Webster-Hayne Debate," in the United States Senate, January 21–27, 1830.

It is hard for you to-day to understand the supreme importance of the question involved in this debate. The question was so great that it really amounted to this: — Whether the American Union should remain a Union, with all the great future that is now a realization, or whether it should be broken up into two or possibly more separate countries?

You have read of the great contest over this question, how it terminated in a war between the states, and how the Union was finally preserved. All the parties then contending over this question are now glad that the United States remained a Union. They are doubly glad now since America, as her part in the Great World War, devoted her beliefs, her ideals, and her mighty power to winning for others the liberties she enjoys and so placed herself at the summit of greatness and goodness among the nations of the world. Speaking for the South, the lamented Henry W. Grady, of Georgia, said, "I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His Almighty hand and that the American Union was saved from the wreck of war."

Webster's opponent in "The Great Debate" was Robert

Young Hayne, senator from South Carolina. Senator Hayne was one of the finest, ablest, and best examples of the chivalry of the South. Like all the others who adhered to his side of the great question, he was absolutely honest and sincere. His speeches in the Great Debate were extremely able presentations of "state sovereignty." He was an orator of remarkable power. His tribute to South Carolina is a superb specimen of oratory.

We present in the two following selections only a brief extract from the speeches of each of the orators in this Great Debate. But it is to be hoped that sometime you will read the remarkable speeches in full.

Before you read the speeches, you should try to picture the scene — the grave senators and the crowded galleries, for the news of the great debate had drawn immense crowds.

As you read Hayne's speech, try to imagine a splendid-looking gentleman, in the full prime of thirty-eight years, as with flashing eyes and superb manner he delivers his tribute to South Carolina.

Then imagine Webster (he was at the time forty-eight years of age), with grand, commanding figure, his large, deep-set, splendid eyes aglow, as, with a voice like the deep-toned, thrilling notes of a great organ, he delivers his tribute to both South Carolina and Massachusetts.

SOUTH CAROLINA AND THE UNION

ROBERT YOUNG HAYNE

This selection is an extract from the speech of Senator Hayne in "The Great Debate." Do not fail to note the simplicity of the language. There is hardly a word that you do not know. The reason is that men, when they are really in earnest — and Senator Hayne was in deadly earnest — always use simple language.

In this extract, Senator Hayne was telling the truth, which is also necessary to great oratory. The part of South Carolina in the Revolution was all that he claimed for her.

filial affection: here, the affection of a child for its parents.

South Carolina and the Union

I shall make no profession of zeal for the interests and honor of South Carolina. If there be one state in the Union that may challenge comparison with any other, for a uniform, zealous, ardent, and uncalculating devotion to the Union, that state is South Carolina. From the very commencement of the Revolution up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made, no service she has ever hesitated to perform. She has adhered to you in your prosperity; but in your adversity she has clung to you with more than filial affection. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs, though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded with difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord ceased at the sound; every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing gifts to the altar of their common country.

What was the conduct of the South during the Revolution? I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But great as is the praise

which belongs to her, I think at least equal honor is due the South. They espoused the quarrel of their brethren with a generous zeal which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interest in the dispute. Favorites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to create a commercial rivalship, they might have found in their situation a guaranty that their trade would be forever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But, trampling on all considerations either of interest or of safety, they rushed into the conflict, and, fighting for principle, periled all in the sacred cause of freedom. Never were there exhibited in the history of the world higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance than by the Whigs of Carolina during the Revolution. The whole state, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe.

The "plains of Carolina" drank up the most precious blood of her citizens. Black and smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitations of her children. Driven from their homes into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived, and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumters and her Marions, proved, by her conduct, that, though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who made this speech? Tell what you know of him.
2. For what theory of American government did Mr. Hayne stand? What did he believe a state had a right to do?
3. How did "The Great Debate" arise?
4. Explain your understanding of what Mr. Hayne believed.
5. Explain your understanding of what Mr. Webster believed.
6. When, where, and under what circumstances was this speech delivered?
7. What challenge does Mr. Hayne make at the beginning?
8. What claims does he make for South Carolina? Show that they were true.
9. What generous praise does he give to New England?
10. What does Mr. Hayne mean by saying that the people of the South were favorites of the mother country, and why was it thus hard for them to rebel? (The people of the higher class in the South were descended from colonists called "Cavaliers," and many of them were descendants of the English nobility.) Did the mother country love them better than she loved the Puritans of New England? Why?
11. What campaigns of the Revolution overran South Carolina? (Look this up in your histories.)
12. Read aloud the last splendid paragraph.
13. After you have understood the speech, try to tell it to your classmates as you imagine Mr. Hayne said it.

It is better to be unborn than untaught; for ignorance is the root of misfortune.

PLATO

REPLY TO HAYNE

DANIEL WEBSTER

The following selection is an extract from Webster's " Reply to Hayne " in " The Great Debate."

You will notice in Webster's " Reply " the same simplicity of language that is found in Hayne's speech.

Webster's " Reply " is considered one of the noblest flights of eloquence ever uttered by any orator.

The following description by Charles W. March gives a vivid picture of this debate:

" Those who had doubted Mr. Webster's ability to cope with and overcome his opponents were fully satisfied of their error before he had proceeded far in his speech.

" Ah! who can ever forget, that was present to hear, the tremendous, the awful burst of eloquence with which the orator spoke of the Old Bay State! or the tones of deep pathos in which the words were pronounced!

" What New England heart was there but throbbed with vehement, tumultuous, irrepressible emotion as he dwelt upon New England sufferings, New England struggles, and New England triumphs during the War of the Revolution? There was scarcely a dry eye in the Senate; all hearts were overcome; grave judges and men grown old in dignified life turned aside their heads to conceal the evidences of their emotion.

" No one who was not present can understand the excitement of the scene. No one, who was, can give an adequate descrip-

tion of it. No word painting can convey the deep, intense enthusiasm, the reverential attention, of that vast assembly, nor painter transfer to canvas their earnest, eager, awe-struck countenances.

" Much of the instantaneous effect of the speech arose, of course, from the orator's delivery, — the tones of his voice, his countenance and manner. These die mostly with the occasion that calls them forth; the impression is lost in the attempt at transmission from one mind to another. They can only be described in general terms.

" The exulting rush of feeling with which he went through the peroration threw a glow over his countenance like inspiration. Eye, brow, each feature, every line of the face, seemed touched as with a celestial fire. All gazed as at something more than human. So Moses might have appeared to the awe-struck Israelites as he emerged from the dark clouds and thick smoke of Sinai, his face all radiant with the breath of divinity!

" His voice, exerted to its utmost power, penetrated every recess or corner of the Senate, — penetrated even the anterooms and stairways as he pronounced in deepest tones of pathos these words of solemn significance.

" The speech was over, but the tones of the orator still lingered upon the ear, and the audience, unconscious of the close, retained their positions. There never was a deeper stillness — not a movement, not a gesture had been made, not a whisper uttered. Silence could almost have heard itself, it was so supernaturally still. The feeling was too overpowering to allow expression by voice or hand. It was as if one was in a trance, all motion paralyzed.

" But the descending hammer of the Vice President awoke them with a start, and with one universal, long-drawn, deep breath, with which the overcharged heart seeks relief, the crowded assembly broke up and departed."

The meanings of the following words used by Mr. Webster will help you:

George P. A. Healy

WEBSTER REPLYING TO HAYNE

Laurenses, Rutledges, Pinckneys, Sumters, Marions: names of South Carolina patriots in the Revolution.

encomium: a statement of warm praise.

hawk at: to attack fiercely as a hawk attacks its prey.

salutary restraint: restraint that is for one's own good.

discordant: quarrelsome, engaged in angry dispute.

belligerent: sections of this country at war with each other. (The Civil War came but he did not live to see it. He died in 1850.)

gorgeous ensign (gôr'jŭs): the American flag.

penetrate the veil: peer into the future. Mr. Webster means that, should disunion ever be the fate of the Union, he does not want to know it.

interrogatory: question.

eulogium: formal terms of warm and continued praise.

Reply to Hayne

The eulogium pronounced by the honorable gentleman on the character of the State of South Carolina, for Revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent, or distinguished character, South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor, I partake in the pride, of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all. The Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumters, the Marions, Americans all, whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits. In their day and generation they served and

honored the country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him whose honored name the gentleman himself bears, — does he esteem me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light of Massachusetts instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, Sir; increased gratification and delight rather. I thank God that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down. When I shall be found, Sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happens to spring up beyond the little limits of my own State or neighborhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or, if I see an uncommon endowment of Heaven, if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue, in any son of the South, and if, moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by State jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections; let me indulge in refreshing remembrance of the past; — let me remind you that in early times no States cher-

ished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution, hand in hand they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist, alienation and distrust are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts; she needs none. There she is, behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for Independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever. And, Sir, where American Liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it; if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it; if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed to separate it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure; — it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its in-

fancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

After this noble tribute to South Carolina, Senator Webster presented his argument for the preservation of the Union; then closed his speech with the following superb peroration: —

Mr. President, I have thus stated the reasons of my dissent to the doctrines which have been advanced and maintained. I am conscious of having detained you and the Senate much too long. I was drawn into the debate with no previous deliberation such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and important a subject. But it is a subject of which my heart is full, and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its spontaneous sentiments. I cannot, even now, persuade myself to relinquish it without expressing once more my deep conviction that, since it respects nothing less than the Union of the States, it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness. I profess, Sir, in my career hitherto to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached

only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, Sir, to look beyond the Union to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it should be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, — for us and our children. Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the veil. God

grant that, in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured; bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and Union afterwards"; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, — Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. When, where, and under what conditions was this speech delivered?
2. Tell what you know of Daniel Webster.
3. What was the question at

issue in "The Great Debate" between Hayne and Webster?

4. What in Mr. Hayne's speech called out this extract from Mr. Webster?
5. What generous spirit does Mr. Webster show in the beginning?
6. Read in your United States history about the Laurenses, the Rutledges, Pinckneys, Sumters and Marions, and tell about them.
7. What does Mr. Webster say about them?
8. What does he mean by his reference to Boston, Concord, Lexington, and Bunker Hill?
9. If disunion should come, where does he say that Massachusetts would stand?
10. In what "cradle" was "its infancy rocked"?
11. What "deep conviction" does he express?
12. In his public service, what had Mr. Webster "kept steadily in view"?
13. How does he say the Union had made for happiness?
14. What things that might come in the future did he not wish to peer into?
15. As long as he had to live, what did he hope to see?
16. With what splendid hope did he close this part of his speech?
17. How does the present greatness of the United States bear out Webster's hopes?
18. After you have understood the speech, tell it to your classmates as you imagine Mr. Webster said it.

Be as thou would'st be in thine own clear sight
And so shalt thou be in the world's, ere long.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

The accent, or turn of expression of a single sentence, will at once mark a *scholar*.

JOHN RUSKIN

THE AMERICAN FLAG

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

This poem is the most famous of all poems ever written about "The American Flag." Part or all of the last stanza, however, was written by another poet, Fitz-Greene Halleck.

Now turn to the poem and read the first stanza silently, trying to find out what it means, for reading is only finding and telling to others the meanings hidden in printed or written words.

Let us try to imagine the Goddess of Liberty, or Freedom, as a beautiful woman, standing on a high mountain top. She was about to make *her* flag, not Tyranny's flag but Freedom's flag.

How did she make it? What materials did she choose to use in making "Old Glory," the real flag of liberty? Let us see.

First, she took a portion of the blue sky of night, "the azure robe of night," for the blue rectangular field.

Then she chose the stars to set upon it.

You know what "The Milky Way" is, do you not? It is the great white belt of light across the sky on a clear night. It is made of the light of countless stars. So, for the white of the flag, she took a portion of the Milky Way, the "baldric," or diagonal band of white across the sky.

Then for the crimson stripes, she chose the first bright red "streakings of the morning light."

Now go back and read the first eight lines of the poem again, trying to see Freedom making her flag.

But who was to carry it?

In the last four lines of stanza 1, you will see that she chose the American Eagle, and so you will understand why the eagle is often pictured clutching the flag in his talons.

Now read the second stanza for Drake's majestic description of the American eagle. A "harbinger" is a person or thing that foretells a coming event.

Now read stanza 3. It tells how the flag shall lead and cheer on in battle those who fight for liberty. Be sure to see all the splendid pictures in this stanza. Note how "Old Glory" inspires those who fight beneath her folds, *because they fight for Freedom.*

In stanza 4, the poet tells of the flag floating at the masthead in battle at sea.

And in the last stanza, written by Halleck, we are told that the American flag floats over "*the free heart's hope and home.*" What country does that mean?

Read the last stanza thoughtfully and answer its question.

Before your final reading of the poem, it would be well to learn the meanings of the following words and phrases

sulphur smoke: powder smoke in battle, as gunpowder was partly made of sulphur.

meteor glories: the red streaks of the flag are likened to the red path of falling stars, or meteors.

midnight's pall: the blackness of night.

broadside's reeling rack: when the many guns on an old-time warship were fired together as a "broadside," the ship "reeled" or tipped partly over.

welkin dome: a poetical expression meaning the sky.

hues: colors. (Why "born in heaven"? See first stanza.)

The American Flag

1

When Freedom from her mountain height
  Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
  And set the stars of glory there.

She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

2

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blending shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

3

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.

Ere yet the lifeblood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when thy cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

4

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

5

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;

Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. In this poem, who made the American flag? What does this mean?
2. How did she make it? Do you like this description?
3. Who is the "eagle bearer"? Why?
4. Tell where the eagle lives. (Stanza 2, first 6 lines.) What is his task? (Stanza 2, last seven lines.)
5. Explain the meaning of stanza 3 in your own words.
6. Explain the meaning of stanza 4 in your own words.
7. Where is "the free heart's hope and home"?
8. What answer do you think the poet expects us to give to the last three lines of the poem?

THE FLAG

I have seen the glories of art and architecture and of river and mountain. I have seen the sun set on the Jungfrau and the moon rise over Mont Blanc. But the fairest vision on which these eyes ever rested was the flag of my country in a foreign port. Beautiful as a flower to those who love it, terrible as a meteor to those who hate, it is the symbol of the power and the glory and the honor of fifty millions of Americans.

GEORGE F. HOAR

ROBERT E. LEE TO HIS SON

This selection is from a letter written by General Robert E. Lee to his son, George Washington Custis Lee, while the boy was away at school.

Read it carefully and thoughtfully, being sure that you understand each piece of advice that General Lee gives to his son.

Then compare it with the advice of Polonius to his son Laertes on p. 258 of this book.

The "Dark Day" referred to in the letter, with the story of Abraham Davenport, is beautifully described in Whittier's poem, "Abraham Davenport."

Before you read the letter, read over carefully the meanings of the following words:

frankness: speech and behavior so simple and honest that no one can mistake their meaning.

sacrifice (săk'rĭ-fīs): the giving up of something of great value.

equivocation: something said which may have two meanings, and which is used with intent to deceive.

consternation: great fear; terror.

sublimest word: a word of noblest meaning.

Robert E. Lee to His Son

You must study to be frank with the world. Frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it

for granted you mean to do right. If a friend asks a favor, you should grant it if it is reasonable; if not, tell him plainly why you cannot: you will wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind.

Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one: the man who requires you to do so is dearly purchased at a sacrifice. Deal kindly, but firmly, with all your classmates: you will find it the policy which wears best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not.

If you have any fault to find with any one, tell him, not others, of what you complain: there is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing before a man's face and another behind his back. We should live, act, and say nothing to the injury of any one. It is not only better as a matter of principle, but it is the path of peace and honor.

In regard to duty, let me, in conclusion of this hasty letter, inform you that nearly a hundred years ago there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness, — still known as "The Dark Day," — a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished as if by an eclipse. The Legislature of Connecticut was in session, and as its members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on, they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the Last Day — the day of judgment — had come. Some one, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment.

Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport of Stamford, and said that if the Last Day had come, he desired to be found at his place, doing his duty, and therefore moved that candles be brought in, so that the House could proceed with its duty. There was quietness in that man's mind, — the quietness of heavenly wisdom and inflexible willingness to obey present duty. Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things, like the old Puritan. You cannot do more — you should never wish to do less. Never let your mother or me wear one gray hair for any lack of duty on your part.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who wrote this letter? Tell what you know of him. To whom was it written?
2. What is the first piece of advice given? What does it mean?
3. What advice is given concerning the boy's action when a friend asks a favor? What advice does Polonius give about the same thing? (See p. 258.)
4. What advice is given about making and keeping friends? What advice does Polonius give?
5. Tell the story of Abraham Davenport and the "Dark Day" in Connecticut.
6. What does General Lee say about duty?
7. What does this letter tell you about the character of General Lee?

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
  So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, "*Thou must,*"
  The youth replies, "*I can.*"

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

POLONIUS'S ADVICE TO HIS SON

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

This selection is from the play "Hamlet," and gives the advice which Polonius, one of the principal characters in the play, gave to his son Laertes (Lā-ûr'tēz).

In this wonderful short selection, there are eleven separate pieces of advice. Try to find all of them, and write out a list of them. Number them carefully. Then see whether you can repeat all of them from memory, but above all, *find out what each one means.* Take them one by one, and explain, in your own words, their meaning.

Then think them over, and see how many of them you follow every day.

Learn the meanings of these words before trying to read the selection:

unproportioned thought: any thought not carefully "thought over"; a hasty, sudden thought, the justice of which you have not considered.

vulgar: coarse, low, lacking refinement by being too familiar with friends.

grapple: to fasten tightly and strongly.

dull thy palm with entertainment: spend your money too freely in entertaining new-made friends.

censure: criticism, condemnation, blame.

habit: one's clothes.

apparel: one's clothing.

the best rank and station: the real gentlemen.

husbandry: success in money matters; thrift.

Polonius's Advice to his Son

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear't that th' opposèd may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

We should try to succeed by merit, not by favor.

Plautus

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who wrote this selection? From what play is it taken?
2. Who offers the advice, and to whom is he speaking?
3. Explain the meaning of the words and phrases defined before the selection.
4. What is meant by "give thy thoughts no tongue"?
5. By not giving "any unproportioned thought his act"?
6. By "Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar"?
7. How should real friends be kept?
8. What advice is given about very new comrades? What does it mean?
9. What advice is given about personal combats or duels? ("Quarrels" here means personal combats.)
10. What is meant by "Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice"?
11. By "Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment"?
12. What advice is given about dress?
13. If two young men were equal in looks and brains, but one was shabbily dressed and the other neatly dressed, — which one would be more likely to get a position in business?
14. Why should one not borrow from friends or lend to them? Is this true? Why?
15. What does "To thine own self be true" mean?
16. Why cannot one who is "true to himself" be "false" to any man?
17. Name the eleven pieces of advice.
18. How many of them do you follow?

Many receive advice, only the wise profit by it.

PUBLIUS SYRUS

A LAST WILL

WILLISTON FISH

A person's property or estate consists of money, houses, lands and other things belonging to him which have a money value. There are many volumes of law books which deal entirely with property and the rights of persons to keep or dispose of it. Nearly all law books are bound in sheepskin, and this fact will explain the expression " sheep-bound volumes." .

A will is a legal statement of a person's wishes as to the manner in which he desires to have his property or estate disposed of after his death. A will is sometimes called *a last will and testament.* .

Most persons go through life seeing no value in anything which does not have a money value. Most persons who make *last wills and testaments* think of nothing as property which does not have a money value.

This is a very remarkable *last will and testament.* It is certainly worthy of your careful study. It is entirely different from other wills. Indeed it is the exact *opposite* of other wills. Other wills mention only those things which can be measured or estimated in dollars, but this will mentions nothing which can be measured or estimated in dollars. The things mentioned in this strange will can be properly estimated only in terms of affection and appreciation. It is probably the first and the only will ever made by a rich man that took no account of property which had a money value.

He is certainly a clever, rich, and wise man who can see and appreciate the very great value of — little words of praise, —

quaint pet names, — the flowers of the fields, — yellow shores of creeks, — the golden sands beneath the water, — the clouds that float high over the giant trees, — the moon and the stars and the train of the Milky Way, — the meadows and the clover blooms and butterflies, — the woods and the squirrels and the whirring birds and the echoes and the strange noises, — the sports and the merry songs of the young men, — a place by the fireside at night and the pictures that come and go in the burning fire, — the poems of Burns and Shakespeare, — and, best of all, Memory, which enables us, with closed eyes, to review the past again and again.

The writer of this will says, "What a rare, rare world it is!" And this is a rare, rare *last will*. It disposes of an interest in a very vast estate. But there will be no bitter family quarrels over this *last will*, and there will be no "weary lawyers with endless tongues" to wrangle over it. Study it carefully to see just how much this clever rich man willed to others and also just what he willed to you. It will make you feel richer and happier. And, remember always that —

> "No price is set on the lavish summer;
> June may be had by the poorest comer.
> And what is so rare as a day in June?"

You will need to know the following words to understand the will:

a life estate: anything given to one for his lifetime only, and which he cannot give away in a will. How was his "right to live" only "a life estate"?

devise (dē-vīz'): to give, by means of a will.

appurtenances (ă-pûr'tē-năn-sĕz): here, things naturally belonging to the woods.

troll: to sing loudly and freely.

without tithe or diminution: (dĭm-ĭ-nū'shŭn): without cost or loss.

A Last Will

He was stronger and cleverer, no doubt, than other men, and in many broad lines of business he had grown rich, until his wealth exceeded exaggeration. One morning, in his office, he directed a request to his confidential lawyer to come to him in the afternoon — he intended to have his will drawn. A will is a solemn matter, even with men whose life is given up to business, and who are by habit mindful of the future. After giving this direction he took up no other matter, but sat at his desk alone and in silence.

It was a day when summer was first new. The pale leaves upon the trees were starting forth upon the yet unbending branches. The grass in the parks had a freshness in its green like the freshness of the blue in the sky and of the yellow of the sun, — a freshness to make one wish that life might renew its youth. The clear breezes from the south wantoned about, and then were still, as if loath to go finally away. Half idly, half thoughtfully, the rich man wrote upon the white paper before him, beginning what he wrote with capital letters, such as he had not made since, as a boy in school, he had taken pride in his skill with the pen:

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN. I, Charles Lounsbury, being of sound and disposing mind and memory (he lingered on the word memory), do now make and publish this my last will and testament, in

order, as justly as I may, to distribute my interests in the world among succeeding men.

And first, that part of my interests which is known among men and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes of the law as my property, being inconsiderable and of none account, I make no account of in this my will.

My right to live, it being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but, these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

ITEM: And first, I give to good fathers and mothers, but in trust for their children, nevertheless, all good little words of praise and all quaint pet names, and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously, as the needs of their children shall require.

ITEM: I leave to children exclusively, but only for the life of their childhood, all and every, the dandelions of the fields and the daisies thereof, with the right to play among them freely, according to the custom of children, warning them at the same time against the thistles. And I devise to children the yellow shores of creeks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, with the dragon flies that skim the surface of said waters, and the odors of the willows that dip into said waters, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees.

And I leave to children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the Night and the

Moon and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to lovers; and I give to each child the right to choose a star that shall be his, and I direct that the child's father shall tell him the name of it, in order that the child shall always remember the name of that star after he has learned and forgotten astronomy.

ITEM: I devise to boys jointly all the useful idle fields and commons where ball may be played, and all snow-clad hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may skate, to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows, with the clover blooms and butterflies thereof; and all woods, with their appurtenances of squirrels and whirring birds and echoes and strange noises; and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found, I do give to said boys to be theirs. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood or coal, to enjoy without let or hindrance and without any incumbrance of cares.

ITEM: To lovers I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red, red roses by the wall, the snow of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music, or aught else they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

ITEM: To young men jointly, being joined in a brave, mad crowd, I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry. I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude and rough, I leave to them alone the power of making lasting friendships and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and brave choruses to sing, with smooth voices to troll them forth.

ITEM: And to those who are no longer children, or youths, or lovers, I leave Memory, and I leave to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare, and of other poets, if there are others, to the end that they may live the old days over again freely and fully, without tithe or diminution; and to those who are no longer children, or youths, or lovers, I leave, too, the knowledge of what a rare, rare world it is.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What is a "last will and testament"? What things are usually given away in a will?
2. Does the man who made this will think these things of much value? Why not? Are houses and lands and money of real value unless they bring happiness?
3. What does Mr. Lounsbury do with his houses, lands, and money in his will? Why?
4. What does he give or leave to fathers and mothers? Why is this of great value? Would money have been worth more or less? Why?
5. What does he leave the children? If he could really give these things to

children, would they be richer than if he left them money instead of these things? Why?

6. What does he leave to boys? Why does he give the things to them "jointly"?
7. What does he mean by leaving to boys their "own place at the fireside, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance, and without any encumbrance (troublesome burden) of care"?
8. What does he give to lovers?
9. What does he devise to young men? What does he mean by giving to young men "disdain of weakness"? By "though they are rude"? By "possessing companions"? Is this a precious gift? Why did he think the giving of "merry songs and brave choruses to sing with smooth voices" of value?
10. What does he bequeath to grown-ups? Why is the power of "Memory" a gift to value? What does he mean by it?
11. What is given to old people?
12. Does he provide for girls and young women in his will as well as he provides for all others?
13. What did he leave to *you?* Have you taken happy possession of it?

Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So softly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

SELECTIONS FROM "THE DESERTED VILLAGE"

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

The " Deserted Village " was written by Oliver Goldsmith, — one of the strangest and yet one of the most remarkable characters in English literature. He was born in Pallas, Ireland, in 1728. He was the son of the " village preacher " — whom he describes in this poem. As a youth he was wild and wayward, but always full of tenderness and affection. Longing to see the great world and to make a name and a fortune, he forsook the quiet country village where he had spent his happy, sheltered boyhood. This desire to see the great world out of doors followed him through the different schools he attended, until he finally left school and set out on a journey through Europe. When his money gave out, he tramped and, by playing his flute in the villages, he earned his food and lodging. He spent a year in traveling this way, and years later he wrote a wonderful poem called " The Traveler," describing some of the scenes he passed through on this journey.

He was a strange combination of blundering foolishness in conversation and of inspired genius in writing. As an example of his blundering foolishness in conversation, he once argued fiercely with the great actor, David Garrick, to prove that in chewing food, a person moves his upper jaw and not the lower. But he wrote some of the greatest poems, stories, and plays that have ever been written in the English language. You should read his fine story, " The Vicar of Wakefield." With this sweet story his name became known in castles and cottages the world over. After a century and a half, it is still popular and is read by many thousands every year.

He had many loving friends among the great, — among whom were Edmund Burke, the noted statesman; Joshua Reynolds, the famous painter; and the celebrated Doctor Samuel Johnson, the great English author. But even when he had become a famous writer in London, he was still careless and generally in debt. At times he was so poor that his friends had to keep him from starving. At other times, when he sold a poem or a story, his publishers gave him large sums of money, but he promptly handed it over to the first beggars that he met. If these hungry people came to him for help when he had money, he gave them money; but if they came when his purse was empty, he either gave them his note or took them to some person with whom he had credit. He was always in trouble. At last when he was very unhappy because of his debts, and while he was trying in vain to find some way to pay them, death closed his career in 1774, at the early age of forty-five.

This sad ending of his life was very different from that for which he longed when he wrote the following charming lines wherein he expresses the hope that he may sometime return to "Sweet Auburn" and end his days there: —

"In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs, — and God has given my share, —
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amid these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose;
I still had hopes — for pride attends us still —
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill;
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes my long vexations past,
Here to return — and die at home at last."

He was reckless, careless and thriftless, but we must not forget that he was also merciful, gentle, and generous, and full of love and pity. He was never so friendless that he could not befriend some one. He was never so poor and wretched but that he could give half of his crust and speak a word of sympathy. If he had only his flute left, he could play on it and make the children happy in the dreary London Court. He has passed out of this life; but his song is as fresh and beautiful to-day as when he first charmed with it, and his gentle, loving spirit seems still to be pleading with the fortunate for the unhappy and the poor.

Part I

In this selection Goldsmith wishes us to see all of the charms of this peaceful, contented little village as he saw them in his youth, when this happy country neighborhood was in its prime. Can you see the "sheltered cot"? Can you see the modest little church at the top of the hill? Can you see the seats beneath the shade of the hawthorn bush? He tells you that these seats were made for "talking age and whispering lovers." Age talks and visits, but lovers whisper.

You must see the dancing pair trying to tire each other out. Can you see the "smutted face" and hear titters of "secret laughter"? By showing us the many charms that have fled does he make us feel that the village is now doubly deserted?

Auburn (ô'bŭrn): the poetical name which Goldsmith gives to the village where he spent his boyhood. It was probably the village of Lissoy, in Ireland.

swain: a young man who lives and works in the country.

parting summer: summer as it comes to an end, — departing.

bowers: places where pleasure and happiness are to be found.

loitered: wandered idly.

sheltered cot: a cottage sheltered by trees or hills.

toil remitting: work laid aside.
pastime (pās'tīm : that which amuses or makes time pass pleasantly or agreeably.
gambol: a skipping or leaping about in play.
bashful virgin (vûr'jĭn): a bashful girl or maiden.

Selections from "The Deserted Village"

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed.
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene,
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed,
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round!
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,

Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down,
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face
While secret laughter tittered round the place,
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed;
These were thy charms — but all these charms are fled.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell what you know of the life of Oliver Goldsmith. Explain his foolishness in speech and his wisdom with a pen.
2. By "Sweet Auburn," what Irish village did he probably have in mind?
3. What things that made "Sweet Auburn" beautiful are enumerated in lines 1–4, page 270?
4. What different things that made life happy are described in lines 5–14, page 270? Try to see each one; then tell about them by reading these lines aloud.
5. Name the sports that are mentioned. Try to see each game or sport; then describe it. Then tell of them by reading the lines aloud. Remember that *reading* this poem means *seeing in your mind* what the poet describes. For example, can you shut your eyes and *see* "the dancing pair"?
6. What sports do you suppose are meant in line 22, page 270?
7. What amusing thing is mentioned in lines 4–5, page 271? Can you picture it?

8. In referring to the village once so delightful, as *Deserted,* Goldsmith had this in mind: rich noblemen owned the land and houses in such villages. A law of that time permitted such an owner, or landlord, to force the villagers to move from the village that the landlord might turn the place into a park for his own pleasure. In the poem, Goldsmith means that "Sweet Auburn" (probably Lissoy) was thus destroyed, and hence he calls it "The Deserted Village."
9. With this in mind, what does the last line mean?
10. Now, if you have understood what the poet means and have seen the pictures, *tell* it for Goldsmith in his own words; that is, *read* it.

Part II

In this selection Goldsmith wishes us to hear the sweet sound of the village murmur at evening's close as he heard it in this quaint country village of Ireland where he spent his happy boyhood. Can you hear the milkmaid singing, the noisy geese, and the playful children? Can you hear the nightingale's song, and can you imagine all of these other noises mingling in sweet confusion to fill each pause the nightingale makes in her singing? By letting us hear all of these sounds of life that once were heard there, does he not make the deserted village seem still more lifeless and deserted?

bayed: barked at in deep tones.
sounds of population: such sounds as are caused by talk, laughter, and work.
fluctuate (flŭk'tū-āt): to move like waves.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;

The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watchdog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind, —
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Name six different sounds that the poet could hear in the evenings.
2. Can you *hear* "the village murmur"? Imagine yourself on a hill near such a village, then shut your eyes and try to hear the "murmurs" floating up from the valley.
3. Try to see and hear —
   a. The milkmaid and her song and the lad answering.
   b. The lowing cattle coming home.
   c. The gabbling geese.
   d. The children rushing out from school.
   e. The deep bark of the watchdog.
   f. Remember that you must imagine, in picturing these scenes, that it has grown dark.
4. What is meant by "the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind"? There is an old saying, "Wise men smile, but fools laugh loud."
5. Explain lines 7–8, page 273.
6. What does the poet mean by the last four lines?

Part III

In this selection Goldsmith describes his saintly father, the preacher of the village church. The selection is not hard to read, if you really try to get its meaning and to see its pictures.

" Passing rich " here means that among the people of the village, the preacher was considered very rich with his salary of two hundred dollars a year.

This good old man lived for others, as you will see. He never fawned upon the rich in order to rise in life by preaching only what would please the rich and the powerful. The good things that he did for all are told in the selection.

The pictures of the people as they gathered lovingly about the dear old man after the church service was over, you will greatly enjoy *if you can imagine them.* Can you see the shy children as they " plucked his gown " to get some loving recognition? (Lines 27–28, page 276.)

Be sure to understand the last six lines. See the " tall cliff " as it " swells from the vale " with the " rolling clouds round its breast " and with the " eternal sunshine on its head." See also this saintly village preacher, around whose heart there is always a cloud of the petty cares and griefs of his people, but whose serious thoughts rise so far above these clouds of petty cares and griefs that the eternal sunshine of heaven settles on his head.

To know the meanings of the following words will help you understand the poem:

copse: a thicket, a place where brushwood grows.

disclose: to show the location of.

vagrant train: wandering beggars.

chid: scolded gently and kindly.

spendthrift: one who spends his money rapidly and foolishly. This probably refers to the preacher's son, Oliver Goldsmith himself.

claimed kindred: Goldsmith, after wasting the money given

him to go to school; returned home and was kindly received as "kindred" or a relative.

to scan: to look at or examine carefully.

new-fledged offspring: a young bird just ready to leave the nest.

allured: showed that the happiness of Heaven is worth living rightly for.

to scoff: to make fun of religion.

rustic: a countryman.

endearing wile: little loving acts, as the shy smiles of children.

vale: a valley.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place:
Unpracticed he to fawn, or seek for power
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize —
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away, —

Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merit or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed, where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood: at his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church with meek and unaffected grace
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.
The service passed, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,

W. Lee Hankey

"EVEN CHILDREN FOLLOWED, WITH ENDEARING WILE,
AND PLUCKED HIS GOWN, TO SHARE THE GOOD MAN'S SMILE."

Their welfare pleased him and their cares distressed.
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thought had rest in heaven:
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. From what long poem is this selection taken? Who wrote it?
2. Who was the "village preacher"?
3. What marked the place where his "mansion" stood? (Lines 1–4, page 275.)
4. Why had this good man always stayed in his small village? (Lines 5–12, page 275.)
5. Make a list of his kindnesses and good qualities as related from line 13, page 275, to line 20, page 276.
6. What was the effect of his preaching? (Page 276, lines 21–24.)
7. How did the people show their love for him after church services?
8. How did he return it? (Line 29, page 276, to line 2, page 278.)
9. Show how and why he was like a "tall cliff." (Lines 3–7, page 278.)

PART IV

Goldsmith's first teacher was an old lady who thought that he was a stupid child and that he would never learn anything. In this selection he wishes us to see his next teacher, an old soldier, "Paddy" Byrne. Paddy Byrne told him stories of ghosts, fairies, and pirates. He also wrote poetry, and this pleased the boy so much that he began writing verses when he was only eight years of age. Can you see this old soldier and his "noisy man-

sion"? Can you hear the children laughing at his jokes, and their "busy whisper" when he frowned? Read the lines which tell how much the people of the village declared that he knew.

furze (fûrz): a shrub with yellow flowers.
noisy mansion: the schoolmaster's house, where he also kept school.
boding tremblers: children who feared promised punishment.
counterfeited glee (koun'tĕr-fĭt-ĕd): laughter to please the master.
dismal tidings: sad news.
aught (ôt): anything.
cipher (sī'fĕr): to compute with figures, as in arithmetic.
gazing rustics: village and country people looking in big-eyed wonder at the schoolmaster, and listening to his talk.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned:
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too,

Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished he could argue still:
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around, —
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame: the very spot,
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who was the schoolmaster? Tell what you know of him. What kind of man was he? (Line 5, page 279.)
2. Explain line 6, page 279.
3. Explain lines 7–8, page 279.
4. Explain lines 9–10, page 279.
5. How does Goldsmith excuse the master's severity "in aught"? (Lines 13–14, page 279.)
6. In what ways did the village think him wise? Read the lines that tell this.
7. What is amusing in line 4, page 280?
8. How did the "rustics" wonder at his knowledge? In the lines that answer this (6–8, page 280), is Goldsmith serious, or is he "poking fun" at the master's knowledge?
9. In what lines does Goldsmith again tell of the desertion of the village?

The difference between one boy and another is not so much in talent as in energy.

DR. THOMAS ARNOLD

TRIBUTES TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN

INTRODUCTION

What is a *great man?*

Is a great conqueror, like Alexander the Great or Napoleon Bonaparte, each of whom, in his time, conquered most of the civilized world, *the truly great man?*

Is a man who amasses great riches the truly great man?

Or is a great statesman, who, whenever he appears in public, is cheered by multitudes, the truly great man?

What test shall we apply to a man and his deeds to find out whether or not he is a truly great man?

In the beautiful and famous story called "The Great Stone Face," which you will read later in this book, Nathaniel Hawthorne tells us what he thinks makes a man truly great. When you come to it, turn back and read again this Introduction.

We may safely say that a truly great man must be able to do, and must actually do, things of which the ordinary man is incapable.

He must do these things in spite of obstacles and difficulties which discourage lesser men and cause them to quit.

He must have the faith, the sure, unfailing faith, that these things can be done, and that he is the man who can and will do them.

He must possess the ceaseless energy that never quits, that never gives up.

Yet a man might have all these characteristics; he might make all the world talk about him and his wonderful deeds; and still not be, — *the truly great man.* Let us see why.

The surest test of a truly great man is his *Motive.* That means, — *Why did he do his mighty deeds?* Did he do them to become famous, or to surpass every one else, or to have power, or for some other selfish reason?

Or did he do them for others, wholly forgetful of himself?

That is, — *Was he wholly and unconsciously unselfish?*

In measuring its great men, the world has decided that *the truly great man,* no matter how great his deeds may be, must have done them with a motive wholly unselfish.

It is interesting to apply this test to the world's so-called great men. Most of them, as Alexander and Cæsar and Napoleon, fail utterly when this last test is applied to their lives. They did things of which all other men of the world were incapable, but each one did his great deeds *for himself.*

So we may safely say, they were not *truly great men.*

Let us see what Shakespeare's *truly great man* was like, and then let us see whether this truly great man ever lived.

In the play called " Macbeth," Macbeth murders King Duncan of Scotland and seizes the throne for himself.

The murdered king's son, the heir to the kingdom, whose name is Malcolm, flees to London for safety.

Among the noblemen of Scotland, there was a brave, honest, splendid man named Macduff, who, loving Scotland and abhorring the crimes of Macbeth, determined to put down the murderous king, and thus free his native land. In the play he goes to London to try to persuade Malcolm, the true king, to return to Scotland, and fight it out with Macbeth, that Scotland might have a good king and once more be free.

He finds Malcolm, and tells him what he wants done. But Malcolm fears that Macduff is a spy who wants to coax him back into the hands of his enemy, Macbeth, to be slain. Consequently, he gives all sorts of reasons why he should not return to Scotland.

However, Macduff refuses to excuse him, and continues to urge him to return.

Finally, his other excuses not having been accepted, Malcolm grows desperate, and says of his want of kingly qualities, —

"But I have none: *the king-becoming graces*, as *justice, verity, temperance, stableness, bounty, perseverance, mercy, devotion, patience, courage, fortitude*, I have no relish of them."

Then Malcolm says, —

"If such an one be fit to govern, speak: I am as I have spoken."

And the brave Macduff replies, —

"Fit to govern! No, not *to live!*"

In Macbeth's day, the people had a belief that "the king can do no wrong." He was supposed to be higher and better than any one else. So "king-becoming graces" were qualities that would become even a king! It is a beautiful expression, and the "king-becoming graces" are beautiful qualities for even a king to possess and to exhibit in his daily life. Let us look them over. What do they mean?

Justice means that in every act a man should be just, be fair, as school girls and boys say.

Verity means that he must be so truthful that he could not tell a lie.

Temperance means moderation in all things, — never eating or drinking too much, never losing one's temper, never losing control of one's self in anything; that is, being temperate or moderate in everything.

Stableness means being steadfast, never varying, standing straight and strong in danger and trouble, being bravely loyal to friends, no matter what the cost, never vacillating.

Bounty means open-handedness, freely-giving, the opposite of being stingy.

Perseverance means keeping to a task, never giving up weakly.

Mercy means being kind and gentle to those who have done wrong.

Lowliness means humility, or being humble, not being haughty or despising those below one in station.

Devotion means keeping one's faith until the very end, being ever faithful to duty and to men and to one's ideals.

Patience means ability and willingness to wait for things to come to pass when one wants them at once. It may also mean kindliness to evil-doers, and bearing with the weaknesses of others. It is the opposite of impatience.

Courage means more than bravery. It means ability to face danger, to bear pain and wrongs bravely, to possess a strong and brave heart.

Fortitude means especially the ability to bear up under misfortune, to keep a brave heart, not to give up weakly.

And these are the "*king-becoming graces.*" It would be somewhat of a man who possessed them all. A king who had them would have been Shakespeare's ideal king. Did such a king or ruler or president ever live? Let us see.

Apply them to Alexander the Great. He did not have justice, verity, temperance (he died of drunkenness), stableness, mercy, lowliness, devotion (he murdered his best friend), nor patience.

Julius Cæsar had a few of the graces, but he missed many of them.

Napoleon Bonaparte had very few of them.

George Washington had every one of them except *lowliness.* He was inclined to be haughty, yet he far surpassed all great men who came before him in possessing "king-becoming graces." But for a touch of haughtiness, he would have been Shakespeare's ideal king-man.

But the only man in all the world's history of great men who had every one of the king-becoming graces and many more, was — ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Test him for each one of the king-becoming graces, and you will find that he had every one, and that he lived every one of them every day of his life. He was Shakespeare's *truly great man.* He did mighty deeds. He never gave up. He was merciful. He never hated any one. He had justice, verity, temperance, stable-

ness, bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness, devotion, patience, courage, fortitude, and many other king-becoming graces that Shakespeare did not name.

And above all, he had the one supreme king-becoming grace, — *utter unselfishness.* He did what he did without a thought of self. He did all that he did for *others.*

Theodore Roosevelt said of Washington and Lincoln, "There have been other men as great and other men as good; but in all the history of mankind there are no two other great men as good as these, no other two good men as great."

They were truly great men, because they did their immortal deeds without a thought of *self.* Therein lay their true greatness.

It should be the pride of every true American heart that our own beloved country has given to the world its two greatest good men, its two best great men, — Washington and Lincoln.

In the lessons that follow will be found the best and most just tributes that have been written or spoken upon the world's best great man, the world's greatest good man, — ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

HENRY WATTERSON

The following tribute to Abraham Lincoln was delivered in a speech by Henry Watterson at Chicago, February 12, 1895.

Mr. Watterson was for almost half a century editor of *The Louisville Courier-Journal,* published at Louisville, Kentucky. He was a great editorial writer, and an eloquent speaker, and, in his capacity as editor of a paper of very wide circulation, he has been a tremendous force in American affairs for almost half a century. Henry Watterson was born at Washington, February 16, 1840.

Mr. Watterson's story is so simple and so clear that you will need little help in reading it.

Read the following meanings of words used:

Hogarth (hō′gärth): a famous English painter.
pregnant: alive with.
Willard's Hotel: the hotel in Washington where Abraham Lincoln stayed when he arrived at Washington to assume the presidency.
Judge Douglas: Stephen A. Douglas, also of Illinois, Lincoln's most noted political opponent.
resonant (rĕz′ō-nănt): in a clear, resounding voice.
crystal globe: a political reference to the practice of certain persons who pretend to be able to see the future by looking into a crystal globe.
caravel (kăr′ȧ-vĕl): a small ship used by Columbus when he discovered America.
conscious rectitude (rĕk′tĭ-tūd): knowing that he is right.

Abraham Lincoln

Amid the noise and confusion, the clashing of intellects like sabers bright, and the booming of the big oratorical guns of the North and the South, now definitely arrayed, there came one day into the Northern camp one of the oddest figures imaginable; the figure of a man who, in spite of an appearance somewhat at outs with Hogarth's line of beauty, wore a serious aspect, if not an air of command, and, pausing to utter a single sentence that might be heard above the din, passed on and for a moment disappeared. The sentence was pregnant with meaning. The man bore a commission from God on high! He said: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half free

and half slave. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided." He was Abraham Lincoln.

How shall I describe him to you? Shall I speak of him as I first saw him immediately on his arrival in the national capitol, the chosen President of the United States, his appearance quite as strange as the story of his life, which was then but half known and half told, or shall I use the words of another and a more graphic word painter?

In January, 1861, Colonel A. K. McClure, of Pennsylvania, journeyed to Springfield, Illinois, to meet and confer with the man he had done so much to elect, but whom he had never personally known. "I went directly from the depot to Lincoln's house," says Colonel McClure, "and rang the bell, which was answered by Lincoln himself opening the door. I doubt whether I wholly concealed my disappointment at meeting him. Tall, gaunt, ungainly, ill-clad, with a homeliness of manner that was unique in itself, I confess that my heart sank within me as I remembered that this was the man chosen by a great nation to become its ruler in the gravest period of its history. I remember his dress as if it were but yesterday — snuff-colored and slouchy pantaloons; open black vest, held by a few brass buttons; straight or evening dress coat, with tightly fitting sleeves to exaggerate his long, bony arms, all sup-

plemented by an awkwardness that was uncommon among men of intelligence. Such was the picture I met in the person of Abraham Lincoln. We sat down in his plainly furnished parlor, and were uninterrupted during the nearly four hours I remained with him; and, little by little, as his earnestness, sincerity, and candor were developed in conversation, I forgot all the grotesque qualities which so confounded me when I first greeted him. Before half an hour had passed, I learned not only to respect, but, indeed, to reverence the man."

A graphic portrait, truly, and not unlike. I recall him, two months later, a little less uncouth, a little better dressed, but in singularity and in angularity much the same. All the world now takes an interest in every detail that concerned him, or that relates to the weird tragedy of his life and death.

And who was this peculiar being, destined in his mother's arms — for cradle he had none — so profoundly to affect the future of humankind? He has told us himself, in words so simple and unaffected, so idiomatic and direct, that we can neither misread them, nor improve upon them. Answering one who, in 1859, had asked him for some biographic particulars, Abraham Lincoln wrote:

"I was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families — second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth

LINCOLN'S BOYHOOD

year, was of a family of the name of Hanks. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Virginia, to Kentucky about 1781 or 1782, where, a year or two later, he was killed by the Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest.

"My father (Thomas Lincoln) at the death of his father was but six years of age. By the early death of his father, and the very narrow circumstances of his mother, he was, even in childhood, a wandering, laboring boy, and grew up literally without education. He never did more in the way of writing than bunglingly to write his own name. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in my eighth year. It was a wild region, with many bears and other animals still in the woods. There were some schools, so-called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond 'readin', writin', and cipherin' to the rule of three.' If a straggler supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood he was looked upon as a wizard. Of course, when I came of age I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write, and cipher to the rule of three. But that was all. The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

"I was raised to farm work till I was twenty-two. At twenty-one I came to Illinois, Macon County.

Then I got to New Salem where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a store. Then came the Black Hawk War; and I was elected captain of a volunteer company, a success that gave me more pleasure than any I have had since. I went into the campaign, was elected, ran for the Legislature the same year (1832), and was beaten — the only time I ever have been beaten by the people. The next, and three succeeding biennial elections, I was elected to the Legislature. I was not a candidate afterward. During the legislative period I had studied law and removed to Springfield to practice it. In 1846 I was elected to the lower house of Congress. Was not a candidate for reëlection. From 1849 to 1854, inclusive, practiced law more assiduously than ever before. Always a Whig in politics, and generally on the Whig electoral tickets, making active canvasses. I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused me again.

"If any personal description of me is thought desirable, it may be said that I am in height six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing on an average one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brands recollected."

I am not undertaking to deliver an oral biography of Abraham Lincoln, and shall pass over the events which quickly led up to his nomination and election to the Presidency in 1860.

I met the newly elected President the afternoon of the day in the early morning of which he had arrived in Washington. It was a Saturday, I think. He came to the capitol under Mr. Seward's escort, and, among the rest, I was presented to him. His appearance did not impress me as fantastically as it had impressed Colonel McClure. I was more familiar with the Western type than Colonel McClure, and while Mr. Lincoln was certainly not an Adonis, even after prairie ideals, there was about him a dignity that commanded respect.

I met him again the forenoon of March 4th in his apartment at Willard's Hotel as he was preparing to start to his inauguration, and was touched by his unaffected kindness; for I came with a matter requiring his immediate attention. He was entirely self-possessed; no trace of nervousness; and very obliging. I accompanied the cortège that passed from the Senate chamber to the vast portico of the capitol, and, as Mr. Lincoln removed his hat to face the vast multitude in front and below, I extended my hand to receive it, but Judge Douglas, just beside me, reached over my outstretched arm and took the hat, holding it throughout the delivery of the inaugural address. I stood near enough to the speaker's elbow not to obstruct any gestures he might make, though he made but few; and then it was that I began to comprehend something of the power of the man.

He delivered that inaugural address as if he had

been delivering inaugural addresses all his life. Firm, resonant, earnest, it announced the coming of a man; of a leader of men; and in its ringing tones and elevated style, the gentlemen he had invited to become members of his political family — each of whom thought himself a bigger man than his master — might have heard the voice and seen the hand of a man born to command. Whether they did or not, they very soon ascertained the fact. From the hour Abraham Lincoln crossed the threshold of the White House to the hour he went thence to his death, there was not a moment when he did not dominate the political and military situation and all his official subordinates.

And what was the mysterious power of this mysterious man, and whence?

His was the genius of common sense; of common sense in action; of common sense in thought; of common sense enriched by experience and unhindered by fear. "He was a common man," says his friend, Joshua Speed, "expanded into giant proportions; well acquainted with the people, he placed his hand on the beating pulse of the nation, judged of its disease, and was ready with a remedy." Inspired he was, as truly as Shakespeare was inspired; as Mozart was inspired; as Burns was inspired; each, like him, sprung directly from the people.

I look into the crystal globe that, slowly turning, tells the story of his life, and I see a little heartbroken

boy, weeping by the outstretched form of a dead mother, then bravely, nobly trudging a hundred miles to obtain her Christian burial. I see this motherless lad growing to manhood amid scenes that seem to lead to nothing but abasement; no teachers; no books; no chart, except his own untutored mind; no compass, except his own undisciplined will; no light, save light from Heaven; yet, like the caravel of Columbus, struggling on and on through the trough of the sea, always toward the destined land. I see the full-grown man, stalwart and brave, an athlete in activity of movement and strength of limb, yet vexed by weird dreams and visions; of life, of love, of religion, sometimes verging on despair. I see the mind, grown at length as robust as the body, throw off these phantoms of the imagination and give itself wholly to the workaday uses of the world; the rearing of children; the earning of bread; the multiplied duties of life. I see the party leader, self-confident in conscious rectitude; original, because it was not his nature to follow; potent, because he was fearless, pursuing his convictions with earnest zeal, and urging them upon his fellows with the resources of an oratory which was hardly more impressive than it was many-sided. I see him, the preferred among his fellows, ascend the eminence reserved for him, and him alone of all the statesmen of the time, amid the derision of opponents and the distrust of supporters, yet unawed and unmoved, because

thoroughly equipped to meet the emergency. The same being, from first to last; the poor child weeping over a dead mother; the great chief sobbing amid the cruel horrors of war; flinching never from duty, nor changing his lifelong ways of dealing with the stern realities which pressed upon him and hurried him onward. And, last scene of all, that ends this strange, eventful history, I see him lying dead there in the capitol of the nation, to which he had rendered "the last, full measure of his devotion," the flag of his country around him, the world in mourning, and, asking myself how could any man have hated that man, I ask you, how can any man refuse his homage to his memory?

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell what you know of Abraham Lincoln.
2. Explain what constitutes a truly great man.
3. Repeat what you have read about Henry Watterson.
4. Describe Abraham Lincoln's personal appearance.
5. Tell Lincoln's own story of his life.
6. Describe Mr. Watterson's first meeting with Abraham Lincoln.
7. How did Lincoln deliver his inaugural address?
8. Tell how Lincoln developed his power.
9. Read aloud the paragraph beginning, — "I look into the crystal globe."

Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense.

ALEXANDER POPE

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

This noble tribute to Abraham Lincoln is part of a speech made by Theodore Roosevelt at the celebration of the hundredth birthday of Abraham Lincoln, on February 12, 1909, at Lincoln's birthplace in Hardin County, Kentucky.

The speech sums up the life of Lincoln in a remarkably clear manner. You should study every sentence until you are sure you know what it means. This will take very careful reading and study, for each sentence contains a big thought. Read one sentence, then stop and ask yourself, *What does this sentence mean?* Study it till you *know* what it means. Then go on to the next.

Study especially the comparison between Washington and Lincoln in the second paragraph.

The name and the life of Theodore Roosevelt are so familiar that it seems almost needless to tell of him here. As a great man, a good man, a hunter, a sportsman, a soldier, and as President of the United States, he has been a part of the life of all American boys and girls.

Theodore Roosevelt was born in New York City on October 27, 1858. His parents were comparatively wealthy. As a little boy, he was sickly and so nearsighted that he could hardly read a billboard across the street. But by sheer determination and perseverance and by constant exercise he made over his weak body into that of an athlete famous for his exploits of strength, skill, and endurance. He became an expert wrestler, boxer, swordsman, shot, and horseman. And despite his bad eyes, he became one of the most learned men in the world. To read the

story of how he did all this makes most of us ashamed of our puny efforts to make the most of our bodies and our minds.

He was a very great statesman, and above all, he was a noble patriot and a *good* man. His influence for good will last as long as America lasts. And he will always be a hero to every real American boy and girl.

Theodore Roosevelt died at his home at Oyster Bay, Long Island, New York, on January 6, 1919, aged sixty years.

Now let us read what this great and good man says of Washington and Lincoln.

But, first, be sure to learn the meanings of the following words and phrases:

anniversary: the yearly recurrence of anything, as of a birthday.

frontier folk: the pioneers who settled the early American wilderness.

emerged: came out of.

stupendous world-task: a task so big that it was a task that concerned the whole world.

steel thews: strong muscles; here meaning his strength of character, his power to hold up his great burden as president during the Civil War.

dismayed: terrified, made afraid.

externals: surroundings in life, such as wealth and social position.

essentials: the necessary qualities that made Washington and Lincoln great.

inflexible courage: courage that could not be bent, that never weakened.

disinterestedness: unselfishness, with no thought of self.

prophetic imagination: the power of mind that sees into the future.

vouchsafed: given.

practical man: a man who does things in a common sense way; one who is not a foolish dreamer, but a doer.

undiminished: not lessened.

philosophy: here, something from which a man may learn wisdom.

deep convictions: beliefs that one holds very earnestly.

bolstering up: needing to be supported by something other than its own self.
supreme vision: the power to see great truths far in the future.
valor: bravery.
self-devotion: the giving or devoting of one's self to a duty.
the blue — the gray: the colors of the uniforms of the soldiers of the North and of the South.

Abraham Lincoln

We have met to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the birth of one of the two greatest Americans; of one of the two or three greatest men of the nineteenth century; of one of the greatest men in the world's history. This rail-splitter, this boy who passed his ungainly youth in the dire poverty of the poorest of the frontier folk, whose rise was by weary and painful labor, lived to lead his people through the burning flames of a struggle from which the nation emerged, purified as by fire, born anew to a loftier life. After long years of iron effort, and of failure that came more often than victory, he at last rose to the leadership of the Republic, at a moment when that leadership had become the stupendous world-task of the time. He grew to know greatness, but never ease. Success came to him, but never happiness, save that which springs from doing well a painful and vital task. Power was his, but not pleasure. The furrows deepened on his brow, but his eyes were undimmed by either hate or fear. His gaunt shoulders were bowed, but his steel thews never faltered as he bore for a burden the

destinies of his people. His great and tender heart shrank from giving pain; and the task allotted him was to pour out like water the life blood of the young men, and to feel in his every fiber the sorrow of the women. Disaster saddened but never dismayed him. As the red years of war went by, they found him ever doing his duty in the present, ever facing the future with fearless front, high of heart, and dauntless of soul. Unbroken by hatred, unshaken by scorn, he worked and suffered for the people. Triumph was his at the last; and barely had he tasted it before murder found him, and the kindly, patient, fearless eyes were closed forever.

As a people we are indeed beyond measure fortunate in the characters of the two greatest of our public men, Washington and Lincoln. Widely though they differed in externals, the Virginia landed gentleman and the Kentucky backwoodsman, they were alike in essentials, they were alike in the great qualities which made each able to do service to his nation and to all mankind such as no other man of his generation could or did render. Each had lofty ideals, but each in striving to attain these lofty ideals was guided by the soundest common sense. Each possessed inflexible courage in adversity, and a soul wholly unspoiled by prosperity. Each possessed all the gentler virtues commonly exhibited by good men who lack rugged strength of character. Each possessed also all the strong qualities commonly exhibited by those towering masters of

mankind, who have too often shown themselves devoid of so much as the understanding of the words by which we signify the qualities of duty, of mercy, of devotion to the right, of lofty disinterestedness in battling for the good of others. There have been other men as great and other men as good; but in all the history of mankind there are no other two great men as good as these, no other two good men as great.

Lincoln saw into the future with the prophetic imagination usually vouchsafed only to the poet and the seer. And he had the practical man's hard common sense and willingness to adapt means to ends. No more practical man ever lived than this homely backwoods idealist; but he had nothing in common with those practical men whose consciences are warped until they fail to distinguish between good and evil, fail to understand that strength, ability, shrewdness, whether in the world of business or of politics, only serve to make their possessor a more evil member of the community if they are not guided and controlled by a fine and high moral sense.

Yet perhaps the most wonderful thing of all, and, from the standpoint of the American of to-day and of the future, the most vitally important, was the extraordinary way in which Lincoln could fight valiantly against what he deemed wrong and yet preserve undiminished his love and respect for the brother from whom he differed. In the hour of a triumph that would have turned any weaker man's head, in

the heat of a struggle which spurred many a good man to dreadful vindictiveness, he said truthfully that so long as he had been in his office he had never willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom, and besought his supporters to study the incidents of the trial through which they were passing as philosophy from which to learn wisdom and not as wrongs to be avenged; ending with the solemn exhortation that, as the strife was over, all should reunite in a common effort to save their common country.

He lived in the days that were great and terrible, when brother fought against brother for what each sincerely deemed to be right. In a contest so grim the strong men who alone can carry it through are rarely able to do justice to the deep convictions of those with whom they grapple in mortal strife. At such times men see through a glass darkly; to only the rarest and loftiest spirits is vouchsafed that clear vision which gradually comes to all, even to the lesser, as the struggle fades into the distance, and wounds are forgotten, and peace creeps back to the hearts that were hurt. But to Lincoln was given this supreme vision. He did not hate the man from whom he differed. Weakness was as foreign as wickedness to his strong, gentle nature; but his courage was of a quality so high that it needed no bolstering of dark passion. He saw clearly that the same high qualities, the same courage, and willingness for self-sacrifice, and devotion to the right as it was given them to see

the right, belonged both to the men of the North and to the men of the South. As the years roll by, and as all of us, wherever we dwell, grow to feel an equal pride in the valor and self-devotion, alike of the men who wore the blue and the men who wore the gray, so this whole nation will grow to feel a peculiar sense of pride in the mightiest of the mighty men, who mastered the mighty days, the lover of his country and of all mankind; the man whose blood was shed for the union of his people and for the freedom of a race, Abraham Lincoln.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who delivered this tribute to Washington and Lincoln? When? Where? On what occasion?
2. Tell what you know of Theodore Roosevelt.
3. Tell of Abraham Lincoln's early life.
4. What great task did he undertake as president?
5. Tell how he carried it through.
6. Why did the horrors of the war so grieve him? Tell any story you may know of his tenderness of heart.
7. What great qualities did he show as president?
8. How did he die?
9. How were he and Washington different?
10. How were they alike?
11. Explain clearly the last sentence of paragraph 2. Why were Washington and Lincoln greater than all other men?
12. Name the qualities of Lincoln mentioned in paragraph 3. Does the same man often possess both? Why not?
13. In paragraph 4, what remarkable characteristic of Lincoln's is described? Explain it.

14. What did he try to teach his supporters to learn from the war?
15. In paragraph 5, what is said to be so hard for men to do when engaged in a great contest?
16. How did Abraham Lincoln feel toward those with whom he differed? Why was this a remarkable trait?
17. Have you ever known a boy who would not fight till he had worked up his courage by loud talk? Then what is meant by — "His courage was of a quality so high that it needed no bolstering up of dark passion"?
18. What is Abraham Lincoln called in the last sentence of the speech?
19. What opinion has Abraham Lincoln earned from all loyal Americans?
20. Make a list of the "king-becoming graces" that he possessed.
21. Do you think you have done your full duty by simply worshiping Abraham Lincoln as a hero? What more should you do to play your part as he did his part?

All my life I have plucked a thistle and planted a flower wherever I thought a flower would grow.

Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.

You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Pierre Nuyttens

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE TYPICAL AMERICAN

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY

You have read two tributes to Abraham Lincoln, one from Theodore Roosevelt, who came from the North; one from Henry Watterson, who came from the Middle section of the United States; and now you are to read a tribute from another great man who came from the far South, and whose father was killed while a Confederate officer in the Civil War. This tribute from Mr. Grady is a very beautiful, true, and noble tribute, and coming from one of those whose fathers were on "the other side," it is especially so. It sums up in a very remarkable way the character of Abraham Lincoln. In the lesson following this, you will read a tribute, in verse, by an able Englishman. These four tributes portray somewhat completely the character of him who undoubtedly summed up in his life and deeds more beautiful "king-becoming graces" than ever existed in any other one man.

The life of Abraham Lincoln not only should be admired and loved by every American, but should be made a pattern for our own lives, — a pattern to which we should every day try hard to make our own lives and acts conform.

Before you read Mr. Grady's tribute, it would be well to learn the meanings of the following words and phrases:

Dr. Talmage: a famous preacher of Brooklyn, who spoke just before Mr. Grady at the dinner of the New England Club in New York, on December 21, 1886, when this tribute was paid.

typical American: one who has

in himself all the qualities that make up the ideal American.

Puritans and Cavaliers: The Puritans were the first settlers of New England. They were brave and sturdy men and women, with high moral ideals and a habit of carrying them out determinedly. But they had some rather narrow notions, like those shown in their persecution of supposed witches.

The Cavaliers were English gentlemen or the sons of English gentlemen, who opposed the Puritans in the English Revolution of 1641–1649. The word "gentlemen," as applied to the Cavaliers, means that the Cavaliers, who settled in the South, were descendants of the "noble class" of England, while the Puritans were descendants of the so-called "common people." The Cavaliers were polished gentlemen of a fine type. They, however, cared little or nothing for the stern moral notions of the Puritans.

Mr. Grady means to tell us that Abraham Lincoln possessed all the moral notions of the Puritans without their faults, and all the merits of the Cavaliers without the faults that they had.

martyrdom, though infamously aimed: This refers to the assassination of Abraham Lincoln by John Wilkes Booth in Washington, April 14, 1865.

In reading this tribute, try to get the meaning of every sentence.

The Typical American

My friend Dr. Talmage has told you that the typical American has yet to come. Let me tell you that he has already come. Great types, like valuable plants, are slow to flower and fruit. But from the union of

these colonist Puritans and Cavaliers, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace of this Republic — Abraham Lincoln. He was the sum of Puritan and Cavalier, for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues of both, and in the depths of his great soul the faults of both were lost. He was greater than Puritan, greater than Cavalier, in that he was *American*, and that in his homely form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of his ideal government — charging it with such tremendous meaning and so elevating it above human suffering that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life consecrated from the cradle to human liberty.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who delivered this tribute to Abraham Lincoln?
2. What is a "typical American"? What had Dr. Talmage said?
3. Who were the Puritans? Where did they settle? Describe their characteristics. What were their merits? What were their faults?
4. Who were the Cavaliers? Where did they settle? Describe their characteristics. What were their merits? What were their faults?
5. Tell how Mr. Grady shows that Lincoln was a combination of the good traits of both Cavalier and Puritan without the faults of either.
6. Explain Mr. Grady's meaning in the last sentence.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

TOM TAYLOR

You have now read the noble tributes to Abraham Lincoln by Henry Watterson, Theodore Roosevelt, and Henry W. Grady. Each of these believed that Abraham Lincoln was as great a man as history has produced. But they were Americans and might possibly have been prejudiced in favor of Mr. Lincoln. So let us now see what was thought of him in other lands.

During the Civil War the English government and the titled, or noble, class were opposed to Mr. Lincoln. They were aristocrats. They had ages of idleness, and leisure, and fine manners back of them. He had risen from poverty and the most humble origin. So they despised this " man of the people." They made fun of him in their papers, which usually contained sarcastic statements about him, with cartoons which ridiculed his tall lank, awkward form and homely face. They could say no good of him.

Among those who delighted most to write mean things about Abraham Lincoln and to draw cartoons ridiculing him, was Tom Taylor, a noted writer and cartoonist, who wrote and drew cartoons for " Punch," the famous London comic paper. He used all his fine powers of pen and pencil to belittle Abraham Lincoln.

But when Mr. Lincoln was assassinated, it suddenly dawned upon Tom Taylor that he had abused the noblest man of all time. Stricken by the great wrong he had done, Taylor wrote the noble poem that follows. In it, he tells, without mercy to himself, how he had with pen and drawing pencil wronged the martyred president. Then he tells the story of Lincoln's supreme greatness,

asking whether he, who had so cruelly abused the noblest of all men, had any right to —

" lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier."

There is no better description of Abraham Lincoln's character than is given in this noble poem.

Overcome with shame, Taylor calls himself a " scurrile jester," or one who makes mean, contemptible jokes about some one who does not deserve them. And he asks whether there is room for such a one with those who lay wreaths on Lincoln's coffin. He says very nobly, —

" Yes: he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil and confute my pen;
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter, a true-born king of men."

You now know much about the life of Abraham Lincoln, and as you read this poem, every sentence will bring to your mind what Tom Taylor was thinking about as he wrote each line.

As you read it, try to put yourself in Taylor's place, as one who had abused and slandered Abraham Lincoln, and who feels a deep and noble shame. Study the poem line by line to get all its fine meanings.

You should know the meanings of these words before reading the poem.

self-complacent: calmly self-satisfied, feeling one's self better than others.

shambling: awkward in movement.

debonair (dĕb-ō̇-nâr′): possessing fine manners.

pencil's laugh: a cartoon, which causes a laugh at the expense of some one.

to lame my pencil: to make his cartoons seem untrue and cruelly wrong.

rue: regret.

to confute my pen: to make what Taylor had written appear untrue.

this hind of princes peer: to make this peasant the equal of princes.

Nature's thwarting mights: Nature's resistance to efforts to conquer her.

mazed wanderer: one who is bewildered and, here, lost by vast distance on a prairie.

a felon hand: a criminal's hand, a murderer's hand — referring to John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Lincoln.

like Cain's: Cain, in the Bible, murdered his own brother, Abel. Thus Booth murdered one who was trying to be a brother to all men.

iron bark: very tough bark of trees.

Abraham Lincoln

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face.

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please;

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain,
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph
Of chief's perplexity or people's pain.

Beside his corpse, that bears for winding sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for *you?*

Yes: he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil and confute my pen;
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter, a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose;
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true;
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble yet how hopeful he could be;
How in good fortune and in ill the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful be,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work, — such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand, —
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor temper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting mights,—

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron bark, that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear, —
Such were the deeds that helped his youth to train:
Rough culture, but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it: four long-suffering years'
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood;
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest!

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame:
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high;
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came!

A deed accursed! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven;
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. How did the aristocracy of England regard Abraham Lincoln before his assassination?
2. Tell how English papers made fun of him.
3. Who was Tom Taylor? For what famous paper did he write and draw cartoons? How had he treated Abraham Lincoln?
4. At what time was this poem written?
5. What change came over Tom Taylor when Lincoln was assassinated?

6. How does Taylor condemn himself in stanzas 1–4?
7. What does he mean by his "mocking pencil," line 2, page 310?
8. How does line 7, page 310, explain why the English made fun of Lincoln?
9. Read the words and phrases by which Taylor describes Lincoln in stanza 2.
10. Explain stanza 3.
11. Why does he ask the question in line 4, page 311?
12. What had Lincoln's life caused Taylor to admit (lines 7–8, page 311)? If "peer" means an equal, was Lincoln a "peer of princes," or more than that?
13. Explain line 12, page 311. Apply it to Lincoln's life.
14. Express in your own words line 21, page 311.
15. What, in Lincoln's life, is referred to in lines 2–10, page 312?
16. Can you think of Lincoln's experiences that Taylor had in mind in lines 5, 6 and 7, page 312?
17. What had Taylor in mind in lines 15 and 16, page 312?
18. In lines 21–22, page 312?
19. Explain lines 4–8, page 313.
20. Explain lines 11 and 12, page 313.
21. Read the poem aloud once more, now that you understand it, imagining yourself to be Tom Taylor telling his feelings and thoughts.

Not gold, but only men can make
A people great and strong —
Men who, for truth and honor's sake,
Stand fast and suffer long.

Brave men, who work while others sleep,
Who dare while others fly —
They build a nation's pillars deep
And lift them to the sky.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

ADDRESS AT THE DEDICATION

OF THE

NATIONAL CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

On July 1, 2, and 3, 1863, occurred the great battle of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, between the Union forces under General George G. Meade, and the Confederate forces under General Robert E. Lee.

This battle may be called the turning point of the Civil War. It resulted in a victory for the Union forces, after deeds of almost incredible bravery on both sides.

Some time afterward, this battle-field was made into a National Cemetery.

On November 19, 1863, the dedication services were held on the battle-field. The orator of the occasion was Edward Everett, of Boston, at that time probably the greatest orator in the North.

President Lincoln attended the ceremony, and was expected to speak at the close of Everett's oration.

Everett's great speech lasted almost two hours, and was a truly great oration.

After Everett had closed, Mr. Lincoln rose and delivered quietly the little speech known as " Lincoln's Gettysburg Address," which has become a classic. At the close of the ceremonies, Mr. Everett, like many others, felt that the President's address had been a failure. The next day, however, he wrote Mr. Lincoln, " I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near to the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes."

The little speech attracted but slight attention at the time. Brief as it was, it was too big for its greatness to be seen at once. But now it is universally recognized as the world's very greatest short speech, because it says so much and says it so simply and so briefly. All intelligent persons to-day know the " Gettysburg Address." But there are comparatively few persons in America who have read Everett's masterly oration.

Mr. Lincoln was extremely busy and had little time to prepare his speech for the ceremony. Its delivery lasted only two and a half minutes. But in that very short time, Mr. Lincoln made what is now fully recognized as the greatest short speech of human history. The *Westminster Review*, a great English critical journal, said of the speech, —

" It has but one equal — in that pronounced upon those who fell in the first year of the Peloponnesian War ; and in one respect, it is superior to that great speech : it is not only more natural, fuller of feeling, more touching and pathetic, but we know with absolute certainty that it was really delivered."

Make an outline of the speech. Then you will see how it is packed with great thoughts. Almost every sentence is a " point " in an outline, and each " point " is a great and beautiful thought.

In reading the speech, try to think of —

1. The causes of the War between the States.
2. The great battle at Gettysburg for the cause.
3. The dedication ceremony, —
   a. The great crowd.
   b. Everett speaking two hours.
   c. Then the tall, sad man saying quietly these few immortal words.

Now read over these points, endeavoring to work out their meaning.

Address at Gettysburg

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate — we cannot consecrate — we cannot hallow — this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion — that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain — that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth

of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Read the story of the Battle of Gettysburg in your history and tell about it.
2. By whom was this speech made? When? Where? Under what circumstances?
3. Who was "orator of the day"? Tell about his address.
4. Tell of Lincoln's speech and of how it was received.
5. What is the world's opinion of it now?
6. Make an outline of the speech, numbering the "points" 1, 2, 3, etc.
7. Explain the meaning of each point.
8. What is meant by a "government *of* the people, *by* the people, and *for* the people"? How does such a government differ from a monarchy?
9. How can we help to keep such a government from "perishing from the earth"?
10. Was Lincoln right in thinking that "the world will little note, nor long remember" what was said there?

LINCOLN

The noblest soul of all!
When was there ever, since our Washington,
A man so pure, so wise, so patient — one
Who walked with this high goal alone in sight,
To speak, to do, to sanction only Right,
Though very Heaven should fall!

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

EXCELSIOR

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

This famous poem, when first read, seems to be the story of a very foolish young man who wanted to climb higher up — for Excelsior here means *higher* — the Alps Mountains in Switzerland than any one else had ever climbed. But the poem means much more than that.

Now read the poem over once and then turn back and read this explanation very carefully. The real meaning is hidden, and we must search till we find it.

It is not the story of a foolish young man trying to climb higher up a mountain than any one else, but the story of a young man trying to be better and nobler than any one else had ever been.

The snowy Alps Mountain is simply the *moral* mountain, or the Mountain of Noble Ideals. If you can think of Abraham Lincoln's life work as the climbing of an awful mountain, you can easily understand the poem.

First, you will notice that a *youth* bears this banner, for old men do not undertake such tasks. Only the blind enthusiasm of youth ever tries to do such almost impossible feats.

Secondly, you will notice that " the shades of night were falling fast," as he started. This means that darkness gathers around such a person, or, in other words, his path is dark, and he cannot see his way.

Notice, too, that he was " 'mid snow and ice," for people think such a person a fool, and turn to him what we call " the cold shoulder."

Notice also that " Excelsior," or " higher yet," was " a *strange* device." Knights used to have carved on their shields what was called a device. It was usually some word telling what they wished to achieve. The " youth's " device was " strange " because the people around him could not understand why any one should want to achieve such a thing as " Excelsior."

But he was brave and determined, for his eye " flashed like a falchion (a bright sword) from its sheath."

He spoke an " unknown tongue," for the people did not know anything about higher, nobler ideals.

The third stanza means that he realized that he, too, might have a home and happiness if he should do as other men. He saw the awful glaciers that he must climb, and he chose " Excelsior." The glaciers mean difficulties ahead of him.

The "Pass " refers to the pass of " The Little St. Bernard," an awful pass in the high snowy mountains. But it also means the most dangerous thing he had to do to attain his ambition. An old man tells him not to try it. Yes, because *he* had tried and failed, and therefore thought it foolish for any one else to attempt it.

" The tempest " means the storm of public disapproval of a great and noble attempt that the public can not understand.

" The roaring torrent " means about the same thing. Abraham Lincoln faced it when he became president.

The fifth stanza means that if he went " higher " he would also forego love.

In the sixth stanza a " peasant " warns him. The " peasant " means those of lowly life who do not understand at all.

" The pine tree's withered branch " is the assassin's dagger or bullet, such as Abraham Lincoln found when he called to the world " Excelsior ! "

" This was the peasant's last Good-night." (Line 6, p. 323.) This means that the lower part, or base, of the Mountain of Ideals is peopled by " peasants," or those who do not understand

" higher yet." Only those like this "youth" ever live far up the slopes. And there is a long, far, uninhabited stretch after the "peasants" are passed before he sees a human face on the Mountain, for few understand him after he has climbed so far.

He answers the " peasant's " warning with " *Excelsior,*" and goes on — *alone.*

Finally, he reaches a monastery far up in the clouds of the Pass. Here live the monks of the Little St. Bernard. They live far up above the clouds on the mountain, and their work is to rescue lost travelers. All their lives they live in the severe cold of the Pass. With their bare feet on the cold stone floors, they pray for lost travelers, and then go out with great dogs to search for them. It is hard to think of a greater sacrifice or a higher ideal.

But when the youth reaches them, the very air is " startled " by his cry, " Higher yet," or, " On to still nobler ideals ! "

And he passes on *beyond the monks.*

From thence he sees no one — not any one. He is *alone* near the top of the Mountain of High Ideals. And no one sees him alive again, for he had reached ideals so high that no one else can understand.

" The faithful hound " is a future historian who digs out his memory and immortalizes him.

Now note that the twilight of morning is just breaking as he is found. He has been traveling always in darkness, but the light has broken at last. That is, he no longer gropes in darkness, but fully understands that he has been right.

But above all, note that, although he was lifeless, he was " *beautiful* " when he was found. Yes, such a life could make the homeliest face beautiful. Abraham Lincoln said of himself that he was the homeliest man in America, but we all know that he was *beautiful.* His awful climb up the Mountain of High Ideals has made him beautiful to all coming ages.

Notice that at the last a voice calls the " youth " — " Higher yet ! " or to eternal reward.

Excelsior

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"Oh stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"

A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last Good-night,
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What does "Excelsior" mean?
2. Where is the scene of this poem laid? Why?
3. What does the "Alpine village" mean? What does the mountain mean? Why is the "Alpine village" at the foot of the mountain?
4. Why does a *youth* undertake this awful journey? At what time does he start? Why?
5. What does "'mid snow and ice" mean?
6. Why was the emblem on his banner a "*strange* device"?
7. Why was his brow sad? Why was his voice so brave?
8. What does the third stanza represent in common life?
9. What is "the Pass"? "The tempest"? "The roaring torrent"? Why does an "*old* man" warn him?
10. What does "the maiden" represent?
11. What does "the pine tree's withered branch" represent? The "avalanche"? Why does the poet say a "peasant" warned him? What does the "peasant" stand for? How did the youth reply always?
12. Tell the story of the monks of St. Bernard. Why was the air "startled" when the youth called out "Excelsior"?
13. What then became of him? How was he found? What does "the faithful hound" represent?
14. Why had he been traveling always through darkness? Why had the morning twilight come? What does it mean?
15. Why was he "beautiful" when found?
16. Tell how Abraham Lincoln climbed this Mountain of Noble Ideals.
17. What call comes to such a man at last?
18. Can this mountain be found in school, in the home, in the store, on the farm, everywhere? Tell how.

THE ARTIST'S SECRET

OLIVE SCHREINER

Read this little story over thoughtfully several times before you read the following explanation. The story has a very wonderful meaning. See whether you can find it for yourself.

All persons who have ever done things that the world has remembered have had in their hearts a strange and wonderful thing called — *The Artist Spirit.* It is that strange feeling that one has when he so loves the work he is doing that he can think of nothing else; that he cares for nothing else; that he is happy only when he is trying to make the thing he is working on so beautiful that it cannot be made more beautiful. This feeling is — *The Artist Spirit.* You have had it when you were trying to make a kite and did not even want to go to dinner.

William Morris, the master of many crafts, once gave this definition of an artist: "The man who finds what sort of work he is fitted for, and who, by dint of will, good luck, and a combination of various causes, manages to be employed upon the work he is fitted for and, when he is so employed upon it, does it conscientiously and with pleasure because he can do it well, — that man is an artist."

It is not possible to do any great or beautiful thing without the artist spirit. A man was once trying to make some beautiful pottery. He was sure he would find the way. He became lost in his work and his family almost starved. At last he put his clay into his burning oven and watched it grow hot. Then, as he was very poor, his fuel gave out. He began to split up chairs and other furniture to feed his oven. His wife thought he was insane, and called in the officers. The man barricaded his door and

went on breaking up his only table. He put it into his fire. Then he fought the officers to keep them out. When they broke in and seized him, he was shouting joyously, for his clay was baked, and his precious pottery was done. It was the first piece ever made of one of the most famous kinds of pottery in the world. It made him very noted. He was a true artist, and he cared for nothing but to find out how to make the pottery beautiful.

He had the artist spirit.

You will see that the artist in this story had the artist spirit. He loved his work. He thought of nothing else. And "there was a wonderful red glow" on his picture. "And the people went up and down saying, 'We like the picture — we like the glow.'"

Now the other artists, who did not have the artist spirit, could not understand how he made his pictures so beautiful. They asked him where he got his colors. He said, "I cannot tell you." He meant that they could not understand, because they did not love their work enough.

And he "worked on with his head bent low." That is, he was modest. He did not think of himself, nor of fame. He thought only of his *work*.

You will see how the other artists tried to rival him, and failed. The old artist knew that no one has to go far away to find the artist spirit. It is *everywhere*. It can be found in the kitchen when a woman resolves to make the best loaf of bread that was ever baked. A farmer can find it on the farm, a merchant in his store, a boy or a girl in school. Any one can find it anywhere. And when he finds it, he will find an ever-growing joy, like the old artist, for as his hair grew whiter, his pictures got redder and redder.

You will notice that when they found him dead, his body *lay before his picture*. He had worked on it to the very last, for there only he found joy. Then the other artists looked among his colors, but "*found nothing that they had not.*" Yes, they had the

same colors, the same brushes, the same canvas, *but they did not have his artist spirit — his love for his work.*

You will notice that after the old artist was dead, they found over his heart the scar of an old wound. That is, long ago, he had had a terrible sorrow. He had suffered much. And so his suffering had made him able to feel and to picture beautiful things, for the best that is in any one never comes out until he has suffered much.

The author means, by the scar over his heart, that the old artist painted his pictures with his heart's blood. That is, not his real blood; the red glow on his pictures had come from his suffering when his "heart had bled in agony."

She means to tell us that by suffering we grow better and more beautiful; that by suffering alone we are able to live up to the best that is in us; that there will come from suffering, bravely borne, a " red glow " of beauty on all we do; and above all that nothing great or lasting can ever be done without the artist spirit or an utter forgetfulness of all else in one's work.

Now read the last little paragraph of "The Artist's Secret." It says, "And it came to pass that after a while the artist was forgotten — *but the work lived.*"

The artist's "crucibles" were the little clay pots in which he heated the materials to make his wonderful colors.

THE ARTIST'S SECRET

There was an artist once, and he painted a picture. Other artists had colors richer and rarer, and painted more notable pictures. He painted his with one color. There was a wonderful red glow on it; and the people went up and down, saying, "We like the picture — we like the glow."

The other artists came and said, "Where does he get his color from?" They asked him; and he smiled and said, "I cannot tell you"; and worked on with his head bent low.

And one went to the far East and bought costly pigments, and made a rare color and painted; but after a time the picture faded. Another read in the old books, and made a color rich and rare, but when he had put it on the picture, it was dull and dead.

But the artist painted on. Always the work got redder and redder, and the artist grew whiter and whiter. At last one day they found him dead before his picture, and they took him up to bury him. The other men looked about in all the pots and crucibles, but they found nothing that they had not.

And when they had undressed him to put his grave-clothes on him, they found above his left breast the mark of a wound. It was an old, old wound, that must have been there all his life, for the edges were old and hardened; but Death, who seals all things, had drawn the edges together and had closed it up.

And they buried him. And still the people went about saying, "Where did he find his color?"

And it came to pass that after a while the artist was forgotten — but the work lived.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. In what way was the artist's picture different from those of other artists?
2. What element about his picture attracted the people? What did they say?
3. What did the other artists ask? Why did they ask it?
4. Did the artist mean that he *would* not tell them or *could* not tell them? Why could not the other artists understand how he made his colors?
5. How did the other painters try to find "The Artist's Secret"? Instead of hunting abroad and in old books, where should they have looked?
6. Why did his work grow redder as he grew older?
7. Where was he found dead?
8. What did the other artists do when they discovered he was dead? What did they find? Why were they foolish? What should they have looked for?
9. What was found on the old artist's left breast after his death? Why on his *left* breast? What does this mean?
10. How did his "wound" help him? Why?
11. What does the last paragraph in the story tell us?
12. What was "The Artist's Secret?"
13. Name some great men and women who found the artist spirit and used it.
14. Does one need to be great or famous to find it?
15. How can boys and girls in school find it?

Pleasure comes through toil. When one gets to love his work, his life is a happy one.

JOHN RUSKIN

THE THREE SONGS

SAM WALTER FOSS

We hope you enjoyed studying and understanding "The Artist's Secret."

Here is a wonderful poem that expresses the same idea, — the artist spirit.

We shall not explain this poem to you. You can interpret it for yourselves. Remember that the purpose of your reading-study is *to learn to interpret printed language for yourselves.* So, with the help of the last lesson, you are given this poem to interpret without help as a test of how well you have learned to interpret.

But note carefully that the poet wrote "three songs" and that you are to find out what happened to each of them and why it happened. Find out for whom each song was written. Find out why the first two failed and why the third succeeded.

A number of great books, written hundreds of years ago, are still printed and read by millions of persons. Millions of other books and songs have been printed and forgotten. Those that have lived were written, every one of them, just as the third song in this poem, that is, with the artist spirit.

The last stanza of the poem tells why the third song lived.

If you will commit this poem to memory after you have understood it, you will be glad sometime that you know it.

THE THREE SONGS

A poet in the rosy prime
And blithe and dewy morn of time,

When song was natural as breath,
Sent forth three songs to fight with death.

And one he made to please the crowd;
It pleased them, and his praise was loud;
It pleased them greatly for a day,
And then its music died away.

And one he made to please the few;
It lived a century or two;
'Twas sung within the halls of kings,
Then vanished with forgotten things.

And one he made to please himself,
Without a thought of fame or pelf,
But sent it forth with doubt and fears,
And it outlasted all the years.

No other song has vital breath
Through endless time to fight with death,
Than that the singer sings apart
To please his solitary heart.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Read the first stanza over again. In the early ages of man, nearly all language was poetical because men had so few words that, to express their thoughts, they had to use comparisons. Thus the Indians, who had no separate word for the sun, called it "eye of day." The moon was "eye of night," and the flashes of light from a star were "eyelashes of the little eyes of night."

The waterfalls in "Hiawatha" are called "The Falls of Minnehaha." Now "Minnehaha" simply means "Laughing Water." So you see that, "in the rosy prime and blithe and dewy morn of time," song was as "natural as breath," for all such Indian words as those given above are true poetry or song.

2. What is meant by "sent forth three songs *to fight with death*"?
3. For whom did he make the first song? What happened to it? Why did it not live?
4. For whom did he make the second song? How long did it live? Why was it forgotten?
5. For whom did he write the third song? How long did it live? Why did it outlive the others?
6. How did this poet become like the old artist in "The Artist's Secret," in the preceding lesson?
7. What does "vital breath" mean? ("Vital" comes from a Latin word, *vita*, meaning *life*.) Now can you explain what the wonderful expression, "vital breath," means?
8. The last stanza tells us the only way that a song can be made to live "through endless time." In what way does it express the same idea as is told in "The Artist's Secret"?
9. Does this poem refer only to "songs" or poems? Does it also mean other things that we may do? Name other things that it may mean.
10. Name some great men and women who did things in the same way in which this poet wrote his third song. Consider some great inventor at first. Tell their stories and show how each made "a third song."
11. Show how the last two stanzas apply to them.
12. How can this poem apply to you?

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

EDWIN MARKHAM

Look very carefully at the picture on the next page. It is a very famous painting, and was painted by a great French artist named Millet (mē-lĕ′).

It was this picture that inspired Edwin Markham to write his famous poem, " The Man with the Hoe."

In the picture you see a man, leaning wearily upon a crude hoe. Look closely at this man. Does he look like an intelligent man? Does he look like a man who *understands* things, who reads books, who can make a speech, or manage a big business, or lead an army?

You will see that he does not. Notice the slope of his forehead, the stupid look on his face, the lack of all that goes with intelligence, with understanding of things, with ability to think, to plan, and to execute, and with the power to love.

What do you think this " Man with the Hoe " represents?

He represents a European peasant whose ancestors have for centuries labored from early morning till late at night, with only wretched food, without enjoyment, and without opportunity for education.

Why have his ancestors had to labor thus? Because a great many people, called nobles and ladies, never labored nor produced what they consumed, but made " the man with the hoe," who was a peasant on their estates, labor for them. Before the French Revolution, which occurred soon after our American Revolution, the poor peasants of France and other European countries had to give the nobles nineteen-twentieths of all they raised on their little patches of ground. Think of it! These men

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

Millet

with the hoes and their families had no time for thought nor for enjoyment. They had no opportunity to read, to be educated, or to grow mentally. Thus, you see, they slowly grew less and less like tall, straight, thinking men, and became what you see in the picture, —

> " . . . dead to rapture and despair,
> A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
> *Stolid* and *stunned, a brother to the ox.*"

This peasant cannot read or understand great books; the burst of sunrise or the blossoming of flowers means nothing to him. He sees them not. Centuries of dull labor for others have " slanted back his brow " and dulled his brain.

Who made him thus? Those who did not work, those who forced him to work for them instead of for himself.

In our own time, most of the people of Russia are " men with hoes."

The poet asks, —

> "O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
> How will the future reckon with this man?
> How answer his brute question in that hour
> When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world? "

In the wild, bloody Russian Revolution during the Great World War, these " men with the hoes " rose in righteous but ignorant revolution. You have read the story. You know how it was —

> " . . . with kingdoms and with kings —
> With those who shaped him to the thing he is —
> When this dumb terror did appeal to God,
> After the silence of the centuries."

America itself was a protest against being a " man with the hoe." Those who founded America would not be " men with the hoes," unless they could dig for themselves and their families.

Our forefathers taught that it is noble to dig with a hoe or a shovel, but they demanded that what they produced should be their own. In America, every boy and every girl, no matter how poor, has *opportunity*,—opportunity equal to that of every other person. The poorest boy can rise to be what he wills, even to be president. That is what our flag stands for, the right to Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness. If there are in America "men with the hoes," like the man in the picture, it is because they are not willing to dig out opportunity with their hoes, for opportunity is here for every one.

This poem is one of the greatest poems ever written. If you study it and understand it, you will do a splendid thing. Every sentence is packed with thought. For example, what does "Bowed by the weight of centuries," in the first line, mean? What do the third and fourth lines mean? And so on. Study the picture over and over and search hard for the meanings of the wonderful lines.

You should know the following before you study the poem:

dominion: the power of governing or controlling.

tongued with censure: given power to accuse or to express blame.

portents for the soul (pôr'tĕnts): things which threaten dangers to man's growth into a higher, nobler being.

seraphim (sĕr'ȧ-fĭm): one of the highest orders of angels, excelling in wisdom, power, swiftness, and zeal in the service of God.

wheel of labor: this expression means that the commonest kinds of labor, done without joy or thought, attain nothing. They "go around and around," like a wheel, reaching nothing new — always the same.

Plato (Plā'tō): a famous Greek philosopher and writer (427 B.C.–347 B.C.) whose writings had much to do with civilizing the world. "The Man with the Hoe" knows nothing of him.

swing of Pleiades (Plē'yȧ-dēz): the wonderful motion of six stars which are in a close group. They are often called

"The Seven Sisters," one being supposed to be invisible to the naked eye. The expression means the study of astronomy, or the study of the heavenly bodies, of which, of course, "The Man with the Hoe" never thinks.

long reaches of the peaks of song: the long line of famous poems which, like mountain peaks, stand above common poetry. "The Man with the Hoe" has never heard of them. They are nothing to him such as they are to you, as you study this great poem.

Time's tragedy (trăj'ĕ-dĭ): the saddest happening of all time.

a protest that is also prophecy (prō'tĕst, prŏf'ĕ-sĭ): this expression means that the very looks of "The Man with the Hoe" cry out his wrongs to us, and that they also warn us that sometime he will brutally make the world pay for all its cruelty to him.

handiwork: the effect that man's cruelty has had in reducing to a brute the fine being that God first made a man.

immortality: here the power to think of never-ending life and to believe happily in it.

immemorial infamies: base and cruel wrongs that extend back beyond the memory of man.

perfidious wrongs: wrongs treacherously inflicted upon "The Man with the Hoe."

immedicable woes: deep sufferings, the effects of which nothing can cure.

The Man with the Hoe

"God created man in his own image, in the image of God created He him."

Bowed by the weight of centuries, he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,

A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of eternity?
Is this the dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And marked their ways upon the ancient deep?
Down all the caverns of Hell to their last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this —
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed —
More filled with signs and portents for the soul —
More packt with danger to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing, distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the future reckon with this man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings —
With those who shaped him to the thing he is —
When this dumb terror shall appeal to God,
After the silence of the centuries?

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What does "bowed by the weight of centuries" mean?
2. Why does the man "gaze on the ground"? Does this mean more than it seems to say?
3. What is meant by "on his back the burden of the world"?
4. Why is he "a thing that grieves not"? Does an ox "grieve" when beaten? Why not? Then why does the "Man with the Hoe" not grieve?
5. How was this man's "brow slanted back"?
6. What is meant by the last line in the first stanza?

7. Study the picture of Abraham Lincoln on page 304, in comparison with "The Man with the Hoe." Then read the second stanza, and ask the questions in the words of the poem.
8. What is meant by "tongued with censure of the world's blind greed," in the second stanza? By "packt with danger to the universe"?
9. Try to understand and explain the meaning of each thought in the third stanza; for example, "the long reaches of the peaks of song."
10. How can we "ever straighten up this shape"?
11. What are "immemorial infamies?" "Perfidious wrongs"? "Immedicable woes"?
12. Why is "The Man with the Hoe" dangerous to the world? Is he to blame? Who is to blame? What would happen if the millions like him should get together and rise in revolution?
13. Is "The Man with the Hoe" found in democracies or in monarchies? Why?
14. What does the world owe to the "Man with the Hoe" and his children?
15. Do *you* appreciate your opportunity to get an education?

Edwin Markham, the author of "The Man With The Hoe," was born at Oregon City, Oregon, April 23, 1852. He is a descendant of William Markham, a first cousin of William Penn. He moved to California in early life. After his graduation from college, he became a noted educator in California. But after the remarkable success of his poem, "The Man With The Hoe," he took up his residence in Brooklyn, New York, and since that time has devoted his time to writing. His great poem is regarded as the mightiest expression of the mightiest problem of all time. Mr. Markham lives in West New Brighton, New York.

THE GREAT STONE FACE

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

NOTE. — Before beginning this selection, turn to p. 281, and read the Introduction to "Tributes to Abraham Lincoln."

This story is from Hawthorne's "The Snow Image and Other Twice-Told Tales." In the mountains of New Hampshire there is a Great Stone Face called "The Old Man of the Mountain." It is only the rocky top of a mountain outlined against the sky; but as we look, we are startled to see the heap of rocks taking the shape of a human face with long nose, deep eyes, and high forehead. There is no doubt that it suggested this story.

With the setting sun shining on it, the Face is beautiful and benign in its expression. An old tradition of the valley said that sometime a great man, who had been born in the valley, would return and that he would be the very image of the Great Stone Face. For long years the inhabitants of the valley had waited for his coming.

In this famous story of "The Great Stone Face," Nathaniel Hawthorne tells of four men who did wonderful things, — a rich man, a soldier, a statesman, and a poet, — and of how the rich man, the soldier, the statesman, and the poet, each in turn, came back to the valley, and how and why each failed to be the truly great man, the true image of the Great Stone Face.

Each one, in doing his great deeds, had had some thought of himself, and this thought had so tinged his features that there was something missing in his face that the Great Stone Face had. So each man failed to be the truly great man of the tradition. He lacked the "king-becoming grace" of utter unselfishness, without which no man can be truly great.

"THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN"

Detroit Photographic Co.

But the truly great man, the image of the Great Stone Face, finally does appear in the story, in a most unexpected way. We shall not tell you what he is called in the story, but leave you to find out. We also leave you to find out why, in the story, he is given the name by which he is known.

We shall find out in the story a very great truth, — *that we become like that on which our hearts are fixed.* We become like that which we earnestly love.

So, as you read the story, note closely that the boy who was always earnestly watching the Great Stone Face, gradually and without knowing it, came to look like that on which his heart was fixed. While the others, who fixed their hearts on other and more selfish things, came also to resemble the various things on which their hearts were fixed.

This is the great truth, the great lesson, in the story.

What Was the Great Stone Face?

Part I

Read over carefully the meanings of the following words before reading Part I:

spacious: large; broad and long.

congregated: assembled; brought together.

populous villages: villages containing many persons.

modes of life: various occupations.

perpendicular side of a mountain: a mountainside straight up and down; vertical.

visage: face.

ponderous: of great size and weight.

chaotic ruin: without order or orderly arrangement; just tumbled together in a heap.

prophecy: a story of some happening that is to occur in the future.

affirmed: said with earnest belief.

purport: meaning.
discerned (dĭ-zûrnd'): saw very clearly.
his peculiar portion: something which he alone received or possessed.

One afternoon, when the sun was going down, a mother and her little boy sat at the door of their cottage, talking about the Great Stone Face. They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen, though miles away, with the sunshine brightening all its features.

And what was the Great Stone Face?

Embosomed amongst a family of lofty mountains, there was a valley so spacious that it contained many thousand inhabitants. Some of these good people dwelt in log-huts, with the black forest all around them, on the steep and difficult hillsides. Others had their homes in comfortable farmhouses, and cultivated the rich soil on the gentle slopes or level surfaces of the valley. Others, again, were congregated into populous villages, where some wild, highland rivulet, tumbling down from its birthplace in the upper mountain region, had been caught and tamed by human cunning, and compelled to turn the machinery of cotton-factories. The inhabitants of this valley, in short, were numerous, and of many modes of life. But all of them, grown people and children, had a kind of familiarity with the Great Stone Face, although some possessed the gift of seeing it more perfectly than many of their neighbors.

The Great Stone Face, then, was a work of Nature

in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together in such a position as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance. It seemed as if an enormous giant, or a Titan, had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height; the nose, with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other. True it is, that if the spectator approached too near, he lost the outline of the gigantic visage, and could discern only a heap of ponderous and gigantic rocks, piled in chaotic ruin one upon another. Retracing his steps, however, the wondrous features would again be seen; and the farther he withdrew from them, the more like a human face did they appear; until, as it grew dim in the distance, with the clouds and glorified vapor of the mountains clustering about it, the Great Stone Face seemed positively to be alive.

It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood or womanhood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections, and had room for more. It was an education only to look at it.

As we began with saying, a mother and her little

boy sat at their cottage-door, gazing at the Great Stone Face, and talking about it. The child's name was Ernest.

"Mother," said he, while the Titanic visage smiled on him, "I wish that it could speak, for it looks so very kindly that its voice must needs be pleasant. If I were to see a man with such a face, I should love him dearly."

"If an old prophecy should come to pass," answered his mother, "we may see a man, some time or other, with exactly such a face as that."

"What prophecy do you mean, dear mother?" eagerly inquired Ernest. "Pray tell me all about it!"

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her, when she herself was younger than little Ernest; a story, not of things that were past, but of what was yet to come; a story, nevertheless, so very old, that even the Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley, had heard it from their forefathers, to whom, as they affirmed, it had been murmured by the mountain streams, and whispered by the wind among the tree-tops. The purport was, that, at some future day, a child should be born hereabouts, who was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose countenance, in manhood, should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face. But the great man of the prophecy had not yet appeared.

"O mother, dear mother!" cried Ernest, clapping his hands above his head, "I do hope that I shall live to see him!"

His mother was an affectionate and thoughtful woman, and felt that it was wisest not to discourage the generous hopes of her little boy. So she only said to him, "Perhaps you may."

And Ernest never forgot the story that his mother told him. It was always in his mind, whenever he looked upon the Great Stone Face. He spent his childhood in the log-cottage where he was born, and was dutiful to his mother, and helpful to her in many things, assisting her much with his little hands, and more with his loving heart. In this manner, from a happy yet often pensive child, he grew up to be a mild, quiet, unobtrusive boy, and sun-browned with labor in the fields, but with more intelligence brightening his face than is seen in many lads who have been taught at famous schools. Yet Ernest had had no teacher, save only that the Great Stone Face became one to him. When the toil of the day was over, he would gaze at it for hours, until he began to imagine that those vast features recognized him, and gave him a smile of kindness and encouragement, responsive to his own look of veneration. We must not take upon us to affirm that this was a mistake, although the Face may have looked no more kindly at Ernest than at all the world besides. But the secret was that the boy's tender and confiding simplicity

discerned what other people could not see; and thus the love, which was meant for all, became his peculiar portion.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Where was the Great Stone Face? Describe it.
2. Why did some people in the valley see more in the Great Stone Face than others saw?
3. How did the Great Stone Face look from a close view? How did it look from a distance? Why?
4. What was the boy's name? Describe him.
5. What was the story his mother told him about the Great Stone Face?
6. How did the story impress him? What in the story makes you think this?
7. Was the boy conscious that he wished to be the man who should look like the Great Stone Face? (The answer to this is very important in the story, as you will find later.)
8. Who became the boy's teacher? How did it teach him? What time of day did he always sit and gaze at it?

Old Gathergold

Part II

Read carefully the meanings of the following words before reading Part II:

rumor: a story passing from person to person without their knowing who originated it.

inscrutable faculty: a hidden power in a person to do certain things.

Midas (mī'dȧs): a king in old Greek mythology who was said to have the power to turn into gold anything that he touched.

sterling metal: gold and silver of which coins are made.

architect: a person who makes plans of buildings.
prophetic personage: the coming man who was to be the image of the Great Stone Face.
semblance (sĕm'blăns): a similar or like appearance; having the same looks.
upholsterers: here meaning makers or sellers of fine furniture.
harbingers (här'bĭn-jĕrs): those who arrive in advance of others and who announce the coming of others.
angel of beneficence: one who brings great good to others.
doleful voices: voices full of woe or sorrow.
beseeching: begging.
sordid visage: a mean, stingy face.
benign lips (bē-nīn'): lips that looked good, and kind, and generous.
meditate: to think deeply.

About this time there went a rumor throughout the valley, that the great man, foretold from ages long ago, who was to bear a resemblance to the Great Stone Face, had appeared at last. It seems that, many years before, a young man had left the valley and settled at a distant seaport, where, after getting together a little money, he had set up as a shopkeeper. His name — but I could never learn whether it was his real one, or a nickname that had grown out of his habits and success in life — was Gathergold. Being shrewd and active, and endowed by Providence with that inscrutable faculty which develops itself in what the world calls luck, he became an exceedingly rich merchant, and owner of a whole fleet of bulky-bottomed ships. All the countries of the globe appeared to join hands for the mere purpose of adding heap after heap to the mountainous accumulation of this one

man's wealth. Everything turned to gold within his grasp. It might be said of him, as of Midas in the fable, that whatever he touched with his finger immediately glistened, and grew yellow, and was changed at once into sterling metal, or, which suited him still better, into piles of coin. And, when Mr. Gathergold had become so very rich that it would have taken him a hundred years only to count his wealth, he bethought himself of his native valley, and resolved to go back thither, and end his days where he was born. With this purpose in view, he sent a skillful architect to build him such a palace as should be fit for a man of his vast wealth to live in.

As I have said above, it had already been rumored in the valley that Mr. Gathergold had turned out to be the prophetic personage so long and vainly looked for, and that his visage was the perfect and undeniable likeness of the Great Stone Face. People were the more ready to believe that this must needs be the fact when they beheld the splendid building that rose on the site of his father's old weather-beaten farmhouse. The exterior was of marble, so dazzlingly white that it seemed as though the whole structure might melt away in the sunshine, like those humbler ones which Mr. Gathergold, in his young playdays, had been accustomed to build of snow. It had a richly ornamented portico, supported by tall pillars, beneath which was a lofty door, studded with silver knobs, and made of a kind of variegated wood that had been brought

from beyond the sea. The windows, from the floor to the ceiling of each stately apartment, were composed, respectively, of but one enormous pane of glass, so transparently pure that it was said to be clearer than even the vacant atmosphere. Hardly anybody had been permitted to see the interior of this palace; but it was reported, and with good semblance of truth, to be far more gorgeous than the outside, insomuch that whatever was iron or brass in other houses was silver or gold in this; and Mr. Gathergold's bedchamber, especially, made such a glittering appearance that no ordinary man would have been able to close his eyes there. But, on the other hand, Mr. Gathergold was now so accustomed to wealth, that perhaps he could not have closed his eyes unless where the gleam of it was certain to find its way beneath his eyelids.

In due time, the mansion was finished; next came the upholsterers, with magnificent furniture; then, a whole troop of black and white servants, the harbingers of Mr. Gathergold, who, in his own majestic person, was expected to arrive at sunset. Our friend Ernest, meanwhile, had been deeply stirred by the idea that the great man, the noble man, the man of prophecy, after so many ages of delay, was at length to appear to his native valley. He knew, boy as he was, that there were a thousand ways in which Mr. Gathergold, with his vast wealth, might transform himself into an angel of beneficence, and assume a control over human affairs as wide and benignant as the smile of the Great Stone

Face. Full of faith and hope, Ernest doubted not that what the people said was true, and that now he was to behold the living likeness of those wondrous features on the mountainside. While the boy was still gazing up the valley, and fancying, as he always did, that the Great Stone Face returned his gaze and looked kindly at him, the rumbling of wheels was heard, approaching swiftly along the winding road.

"Here he comes!" cried a group of people who were assembled to witness the arrival. "Here comes the great Mr. Gathergold!"

A carriage, drawn by four horses, dashed round the turn of the road. Within it, thrust partly out of the window, appeared the face of the old man, with a skin as yellow as his own gold. He had a low forehead, small sharp eyes, puckered about with innumerable wrinkles, and very thin lips, which he made still thinner by pressing them forcibly together.

"The very image of the Great Stone Face!" shouted the people. "Sure enough, the old prophecy is true; and here we have the great man come, at last!"

And, what greatly perplexed Ernest, they seemed actually to believe that here was the likeness which they spoke of. By the roadside there chanced to be an old beggar-woman and two little beggar-children, stragglers from some far-off region, who, as the carriage rolled onward, held out their hands and lifted up their doleful voices, most piteously beseeching charity. A yellow claw — the very same that had clawed to-

gether so much wealth — poked itself out of the coach-window, and dropped some copper coins upon the ground; so that, though the great man's name seems to have been Gathergold, he might just as suitably have been nicknamed Scattercopper. Still, nevertheless, with an earnest shout, and evidently with as much good faith as ever, the people bellowed, —

"He is the very image of the Great Stone Face!"

But Ernest turned sadly from the wrinkled shrewdness of that sordid visage, and gazed up the valley, where, amid a gathering mist, gilded by the last sunbeams, he could still distinguish those glorious features which had impressed themselves into his soul. Their aspect cheered him. What did the benign lips seem to say?

"He will come! Fear not, Ernest; the man will come!"

The years went on, and Ernest ceased to be a boy. He had grown to be a young man now. He attracted little notice from the other inhabitants of the valley; for they saw nothing remarkable in his way of life, save that, when the labor of the day was over, he still loved to go apart and gaze and meditate upon the Great Stone Face. According to their idea of the matter, it was a folly, indeed, but pardonable, inasmuch as Ernest was industrious, kind, and neighborly, and neglected no duty for the sake of indulging this idle habit. They knew not that the Great Stone Face had become a teacher to him, and that the senti-

ment which was expressed in it would enlarge the young man's heart, and fill it with wider and deeper sympathies than other hearts. They knew not that thence would come a better wisdom than could be learned from books, and a better life than could be molded on the marred example of other human lives. Neither did Ernest know that the thoughts and affections which came to him so naturally, in the fields and at the fireside, were of a higher tone than those which all men shared with him. A simple soul, — simple as when his mother first taught him the old prophecy, — he beheld the marvelous features beaming adown the valley, and still wondered that their human counterpart was so long in making his appearance.

By this time poor Mr. Gathergold was dead and buried; and the oddest part of the matter was, that his wealth, which was the body and spirit of his existence, had disappeared before his death, leaving nothing of him but a living skeleton, covered over with a wrinkled, yellow skin. Since the melting away of his gold, it had been very generally conceded that there was no such striking resemblance, after all, betwixt the ignoble features of the ruined merchant and that majestic face upon the mountainside. So the people ceased to honor him during his lifetime, and quietly consigned him to forgetfulness after his decease. Once in a while, it is true, his memory was brought up in connection with the magnificent palace which he had built, and which had long ago been

turned into a hotel for the accommodation of strangers, multitudes of whom came, every summer, to visit that famous natural curiosity, the Great Stone Face.

But the man of prophecy was yet to come.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who was the first man who returned to fulfill the tradition? Why does Hawthorne call him "Gathergold"?
2. Describe Mr. Gathergold. Tell the story of his life and his greatest desire.
3. On what was his heart fixed? Why cannot a man with his heart so fixed resemble the Great Stone Face?
4. Describe his palace.
5. Describe Old Gathergold's return. What did he look like? Why? What does the incident of scattering the pennies tell of his nature?
6. What did the people think of his resemblance to the Face? Why could not the people see that he bore no resemblance to the Great Stone Face? Why was the boy able to see that he did not?
7. What is shown by the fact that Old Gathergold's wealth was quickly scattered before his death? Only what things that a man acquires in his life can be kept after his death?
8. Which of the "king-becoming graces" that Shakespeare tells about in Macbeth (See Introduction to "Tributes to Abraham Lincoln," p. 281) did Old Gathergold possess?
9. How, all this time, was the Great Stone Face teaching the boy? What was it teaching him? What "king-becoming graces" were taking root in his heart?

Old Blood-and-Thunder

Part III

Read carefully the meanings of the following words before reading Part III:

illustrious: famous because of great deeds.
testify: to say, to assert, to give evidence.
vista: a view through an opening or between walls or rows of trees.
physiognomy: face, features.
benignant: kindly, good, well-wishing.
cloud-vesture: the gold and purple clouds that seemed to be the headdress of the Great Stone Face.
thinly-diffused vapors (dĭ-fūzd'): thin, widely-spread mists.

It so happened that a native-born son of the valley, many years before, had enlisted as a soldier, and, after a great deal of hard fighting, had now become an illustrious commander. Whatever he may be called in history, he was known in camps and on the battle-field under the nickname of Old Blood-and-Thunder. This warworn veteran, being now infirm with age and wounds, and weary of the turmoil of a military life, and of the roll of the drum and the clangor of the trumpet, that had so long been ringing in his ears, had lately signified a purpose of returning to his native valley, hoping to find repose where he remembered to have left it. The inhabitants, his old neighbors and their grown-up children, were resolved to welcome the renowned warrior with a salute of cannon and a public dinner; and all the more enthusiastically,

it being affirmed that now, at last, the likeness of the Great Stone Face had actually appeared. One of Old Blood-and-Thunder's officers, traveling through the valley, was said to have been struck with the resemblance. Moreover the schoolmates and early acquaintances of the general were ready to testify, on oath, that, to the best of their recollection, the general had been exceedingly like the majestic image, even when a boy, only that the idea had never occurred to them at that period. Great, therefore, was the excitement throughout the valley; and many people, who had never once thought of glancing at the Great Stone Face for years before, now spent their time in gazing at it, for the sake of knowing exactly how General Blood-and-Thunder looked.

On the day of the great festival, Ernest, with all the other people of the valley, left his work, and proceeded to the spot where the sylvan banquet was prepared. As he approached, the loud voice of the Rev. Dr. Battleblast was heard, beseeching a blessing on the good things set before them, and on the distinguished friend of peace in whose honor they were assembled. The tables were arranged in a cleared space of the woods, shut in by the surrounding trees, except where a vista opened eastward, and afforded a distant view of the Great Stone Face. Over the general's chair, which was a relic from the home of Washington, there was an arch of verdant boughs, with the laurel profusely intermixed, and surmounted by his

country's banner, beneath which he had won his victories. Our friend Ernest raised himself on his tiptoes, in hopes to get a glimpse of the celebrated guest; but there was a mighty crowd about the tables anxious to hear the toasts and speeches, and to catch any word that might fall from the general in reply; and a volunteer company, doing duty as a guard, pricked ruthlessly with their bayonets at any particularly quiet person among the throng. So Ernest, being of an unobtrusive character, was thrust quite into the background, where he could see no more of Old Blood-and-Thunder's physiognomy than if it had been still blazing on the battle-field. To console himself, he turned towards the Great Stone Face, which, like a faithful and long-remembered friend, looked back and smiled upon him through the vista of the forest. Meantime, however, he could overhear the remarks of various individuals, who were comparing the features of the hero with the face on the distant mountainside.

"'Tis the same face, to a hair!" cried one man, cutting a caper for joy.

"Wonderfully like, that's a fact!" responded another.

"Like! why, I call it Old Blood-and-Thunder himself, in a monstrous looking-glass!" cried a third. "And why not? He's the greatest man of this or any other age, beyond a doubt."

And then all three of the speakers gave a great shout which called forth a roar from a thousand voices

that went reverberating for miles among the mountains, until you might have supposed that the Great Stone Face had poured its thunder-breath into the cry. All these comments, and this vast enthusiasm, served the more to interest our friend; nor did he think of questioning that now, at length, the mountain-visage had found its human counterpart.

"The general! the general!" was now the cry. "Hush! silence! Old Blood-and-Thunder's going to make a speech."

Even so; for, the cloth being removed, the general's health had been drunk, amid shouts of applause, and he now stood upon his feet to thank the company. Ernest saw him. There he was, over the shoulders of the crowd, from the two glittering epaulets and embroidered collar upward, beneath the arch of green boughs with intertwined laurel, and the banner drooping as if to shade his brow! And there, too, visible in the same glance, through the vista of the forest, appeared the Great Stone Face! And was there, indeed, such a resemblance as the crowd had testified? Alas, Ernest could not recognize it! He beheld a warworn and weather-beaten countenance, full of energy, and expressive of an iron will; but the gentle wisdom, the deep, broad, tender sympathies, were altogether wanting in Old Blood-and-Thunder's visage; and even if the Great Stone Face had assumed his look of stern command, the milder traits would still have tempered it.

"This is not the man of prophecy," sighed Ernest to himself, as he made his way out of the throng. "And must the world wait longer yet?"

The mists had congregated about the distant mountainside, and there were seen the grand and awful features of the Great Stone Face, awful but benignant, as if a mighty angel were sitting among the hills, and enrobing himself in a cloud-vesture of gold and purple. As he looked, Ernest could hardly believe but that a smile beamed over the whole visage, with a radiance still brightening, although without motion of the lips. It was probably the effect of the western sunshine, melting through the thinly-diffused vapors that had swept between him and the object that he gazed at. But — as it always did — the aspect of his marvelous friend made Ernest as hopeful as if he had never hoped in vain.

"Fear not, Ernest," said his heart, even as if the Great Face were whispering to him, — "fear not, Ernest; he will come."

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Moncure D. Conway, in his "Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne," states that Hawthorne, in "Old Blood-and-Thunder," had in mind General, afterwards President, Andrew Jackson. But the description fits better General Zachary Taylor, the hero of the Mexican War, which had been fought shortly before this story was written. Taylor was a very grim old warrior. His soldiers called him "Old Rough-

and-Ready." He is well described in "Old Blood-and-Thunder."

2. Tell the story of Old Blood-and-Thunder. Tell of his return.
3. What did the people think of his resemblance to the Great Stone Face? Do you think the people knew what the Great Stone Face actually looked like? Why did they not?
4. Why could not Old Blood-and-Thunder look like the Face? Why did the boy think that a warrior could not look like the Great Stone Face? What in the story tells this? What was missing in Old Blood-and-Thunder's face? Why could it not be there?
5. Why did the boy wish so earnestly for the coming of the right man? Why did he never think that he, himself, might sometime be the man? Could he have been the man had he so thought? Why?
6. Tell how Ernest kept on watching the Great Stone Face. What was the Great Stone Face working within him all this time?
7. What "king-becoming graces" did Old Blood-and-Thunder have? What ones in Shakespeare's list did he not have? Here is the Shakespeare list: justice, verity, temperance, stableness, bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness, devotion, patience, courage, and fortitude.

Old Stony Phiz

Part IV

Read carefully the meanings of the following words before reading Part IV:

by imperceptible degrees: little by little.

potentates: persons having great power.

Old Stony Phiz: Old Stony Face; so called for his supposed resemblance to the Great Stone Face.

cavalcade: a company of horsemen or carriages on the march.

precipice (prĕs'ĭ-pĭs): a high and very steep rock or face of a cliff.

contagious (kŏn-tā'jŭs): catching; passing rapidly from one person to another.

melancholy (mĕl'ăn-kŏl-ĭ): sad, downcast.

More years sped swiftly and tranquilly away. Ernest still dwelt in his native valley, and was now a man of middle age. By imperceptible degrees, he had become known among the people. Now, as heretofore, he labored for his bread, and was the same simple-hearted man that he had always been. But he had thought and felt so much, he had given so many of the best hours of his life to unworldly hopes for some great good to mankind, that it seemed as though he had been talking with the angels, and had imbibed a portion of their wisdom unawares. It was visible in the calm beneficence of his daily life, the quiet stream of which had made a wide green margin all along its course. Not a day passed by, that the world was not the better because this man, humble as he was, had lived. He never stepped aside from his own path, yet would always reach a blessing to his neighbor. Almost involuntarily, too, he had become a preacher. The pure and high simplicity of his thought took shape in the good deeds that dropped silently from his hand, and also flowed forth in speech. He uttered truths that worked upon and molded the lives of those who

heard him. His hearers, it may be, never suspected that Ernest, their own neighbor and familiar friend, was more than an ordinary man; least of all did Ernest himself suspect it; but, inevitably as the murmur of a rivulet, came thoughts out of his mouth that no other human lips had spoken.

When the people's minds had had a little time to cool, they were ready enough to acknowledge their mistake in imagining a similarity between General Blood-and-Thunder's ferocious countenance and the benign visage on the mountainside. But now, again there were reports and many paragraphs in the newspapers, affirming that the likeness of the Great Stone Face had appeared upon the broad shoulders of a certain eminent statesman. He, like Mr. Gathergold and Old Blood-and-Thunder, was a native of the valley, but had left it in his early days, and taken up the trades of law and politics. Instead of the rich man's wealth and the warrior's sword, he had but a tongue, and it was mightier than both together. So wonderfully eloquent was he, that whatever he might choose to say, his hearers had no choice but to believe him; wrong looked like right, and right like wrong; for when it pleased him, he could make a kind of illuminated fog with his mere breath, and obscure the natural daylight with it. His tongue, indeed, was a magic instrument: sometimes it rumbled like the thunder; sometimes it warbled like the sweetest music. It was the blast of war, — the song of peace; and it

seemed to have a heart in it, when there was no such matter. In good truth, he was a wondrous man; and when his tongue had acquired him all other imaginable success, — when it had been heard in halls of state, and in the courts of princes and potentates, — after it had made him known all over the world, even as a voice crying from shore to shore, — it finally persuaded his countrymen to select him for the Presidency. Before this time, — indeed, as soon as he began to grow celebrated, — his admirers had found out the resemblance between him and the Great Stone Face; and so much were they struck by it, that throughout the country this distinguished gentleman was known by the name of Old Stony Phiz.

While his friends were doing their best to make him President, Old Stony Phiz, as he was called, set out on a visit to the valley where he was born. Of course, he had no other object than to shake hands with his fellow-citizens, and neither thought nor cared about any effect which his progress through the country might have upon the election. Magnificent preparations were made to receive the illustrious statesman; a cavalcade of horsemen set forth to meet him at the boundary line of the State, and all the people left their business and gathered along the wayside to see him pass. Among these was Ernest. Though more than once disappointed, as we have seen, he had such a hopeful and confiding nature, that he was always ready to believe in whatever seemed beautiful

and good. He kept his heart continually open, and thus was sure to catch the blessing from on high when it should come. So now again, as buoyantly as ever, he went forth to behold the likeness of the Great Stone Face.

The cavalcade came prancing along the road, with a great clattering of hoofs and a mighty cloud of dust, which rose up so dense and high that the visage of the mountainside was completely hidden from Ernest's eyes. All the great men of the neighborhood were there on horseback; militia officers, in uniform; the member of Congress; the sheriff of the county; the editors of newspapers; and many a farmer, too, had mounted his patient steed, with his Sunday coat upon his back. It really was a very brilliant spectacle, especially as there were numerous banners flaunting over the cavalcade, on some of which were gorgeous portraits of the illustrious statesman and the Great Stone Face, smiling familiarly at each other, like two brothers. If the pictures were to be trusted, the mutual resemblance, it must be confessed, was marvelous. We must not forget to mention that there was a band of music, which made the echoes of the mountains ring and reverberate with the loud triumph of its strains; so that airy and soul-thrilling melodies broke out among all the heights and hollows, as if every nook of his native valley had found a voice, to welcome the distinguished guest. But the grandest effect was when the far-off mountain precipice flung back the

music; for then the Great Stone Face itself seemed to be swelling the triumphant chorus, in acknowledgment that, at length, the man of prophecy was come.

All this while the people were throwing up their hats and shouting, with enthusiasm so contagious that the heart of Ernest kindled up, and he likewise threw up his hat, and shouted, as loudly as the loudest, "Huzza for the great man! Huzza for Old Stony Phiz!" But as yet he had not seen him.

"Here he is, now!" cried those who stood near Ernest. "There! There! Look at Old Stony Phiz and then at the Old Man of the Mountain, and see if they are not as like as two twin brothers!"

In the midst of all this gallant array came an open carriage drawn by four white horses; and in the carriage, with his massive head uncovered, sat the illustrious statesman, Old Stony Phiz himself.

"Confess it," said one of Ernest's neighbors to him, "the Great Stone Face has met its match at last!"

Now, it must be owned that, at his first glimpse of the countenance which was bowing and smiling from the carriage, Ernest did fancy that there was a resemblance between it and the old familiar face upon the mountainside. The brow, with its massive depth and loftiness, and all the other features, indeed, were bold and strong. But the grand expression of a divine sympathy that illuminated the mountain visage might here be sought in vain. Something had been originally

left out, or had departed. And therefore the marvelously gifted statesman had always a weary gloom in the deep caverns of his eyes, as of a child that has outgrown its playthings or a man of mighty faculties and little aims, whose life, with all its high performances, was vague and empty, because no high purpose had endowed it with reality.

Still, Ernest's neighbor was thrusting his elbow into his side, and pressing him for an answer.

"Confess! confess! Is not he the very picture of your Old Man of the Mountain?"

"No!" said Ernest, bluntly, "I see little or no likeness."

"Then so much the worse for the Great Stone Face!" answered his neighbor; and again he set up a shout for Old Stony Phiz.

But Ernest turned away, melancholy, and almost despondent: for this was the saddest of his disappointments, to behold a man who might have fulfilled the prophecy, and had not willed to do so. Meantime, the cavalcade, the banners, the music, and the carriages swept past him, with the vociferous crowd in the rear, leaving the dust to settle down, and the Great Stone Face to be revealed again, with the grandeur that it had worn for untold centuries.

"Lo, here I am, Ernest!" the benign lips seemed to say. "I have waited longer than thou, and am not yet weary. Fear not; the man will come."

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Read aloud in class again the first long paragraph of Part IV. Study it carefully. What does the phrase, "by imperceptible degrees," mean? Was Ernest rich? How do you know?
2. What is meant by this: "He had given so many of the best hours of his life to unworldly hopes for some great good to mankind"?
3. Describe Ernest's daily life. What had brought this about in him?
4. "Preacher" in this story does not mean one who officiates in a church, but one who simply teaches better daily life to those around him. What is meant, then by, — "He had become a preacher"? What was his "preaching"? What kind of things did he say?
5. "Stony Phiz" means one who had a countenance so stern and cold that it seemed cut out of stone. "Phiz" means *face*, or *countenance*.
6. Moncure D. Conway, in his "Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne," states that in the character of "Old Stony Phiz," Hawthorne had in mind Daniel Webster. The description fits him perfectly. It also fits perfectly the life and character of President Franklin Pierce, Hawthorne's old college mate, and close friend. He may have drawn the character of "Old Stony Phiz" from both of them. Read about both men in your United States history.
7. Does the name "Old Stony Phiz' indicate that a politician must hide his real thoughts under his dignity, and that he can not be truly honest?
8. What was Old Stony Phiz's great accomplishment?
9. Describe his return to the valley.

10. Again, what did the people think? Why?
11. Why do you think Old Stony Phiz looked like a disappointed man? What part of the story tells this? Was Daniel Webster a disappointed man? What supreme honor had he hoped to attain, which he never succeeded in reaching?
12. What did the Face say to Ernest when he saw that Old Stony Phiz was not the man?
13. What "king-becoming graces" did Stony Phiz possess?
14. Tell how Ernest was all this time growing under the influence and the teaching of the Great Stone Face.

The Coming of the True Image

Part V

Read carefully the meanings of the following words before reading Part V:

husbandmen: farmers; those who till the soil.
philanthropist (fĭ-lăn'thrŏ-pĭst): one who loves and tries to help his fellow men.
pensive: sad and thoughtful.
discourse: the giving of one's thoughts and feelings to others by means of speech.
a bountiful Providence: God showing generous and loving care over man.
endowments: qualities or gifts of mind and heart.
a celestial smile: a smile showing a heavenly love.

The years hurried onward, treading in their haste on one another's heels. And now they began to bring white hairs, and scatter them over the head of Ernest; they made wrinkles across his forehead, and furrows in his cheeks. He was an aged man. But not in 5

vain had he grown old: more than the white hairs on his head were the wise thoughts in his mind; his wrinkles and furrows were inscriptions that Time had written, and in which he had written tales of wisdom that had been tested by constant right living and thinking. And Ernest had ceased to be obscure. Unsought for, undesired, had come the fame which so many seek, and made him known in the great world, beyond the limits of the valley in which he had dwelt so quietly. College professors, and even the active men of cities, came from far to see and converse with Ernest; for the report had gone abroad that this simple husbandman had ideas unlike those of other men, not gained from books, but of a higher tone, — a tranquil and familiar majesty, as if he had been talking with the angels as his daily friends. Whether it were sage, statesman, or philanthropist, Ernest received these visitors with the gentle sincerity that had characterized him from boyhood, and spoke freely with them of whatever came uppermost, or lay deepest in his heart or their own. While they talked together, his face would kindle, unawares, and shine upon them, as with a mild evening light. Pensive with the fullness of such discourse, his guests took leave and went their way; and passing up the valley, paused to look at the Great Stone Face, imagining that they had seen its likeness in a human countenance, but could not remember where.

While Ernest had been growing up and growing

old, a bountiful Providence had granted a new poet to this earth. He, likewise, was a native of the valley, but had spent the greater part of his life at a distance from that romantic region, pouring out his sweet music amid the bustle and din of cities. Often, however, did the mountains which had been familiar to him in his childhood lift their snowy peaks into the clear atmosphere of his poetry. Neither was the Great Stone Face forgotten, for the poet had celebrated it in an ode, which was grand enough to have been uttered by its own majestic lips. This man of genius, we may say, had come down from heaven with wonderful endowments. If he sang of a mountain, the eyes of all mankind beheld a mightier grandeur reposing on its breast, or soaring to its summit, than had before been seen there. If his theme were a lovely lake, a celestial smile had now been thrown over it, to gleam forever on its surface. If it were the vast old sea, even the deep immensity of its dread bosom seemed to swell the higher, as if moved by the emotions of the song. Thus the world assumed another and a better aspect from the hour that the poet blessed it with his happy eyes. The Creator had bestowed him, as the last best touch to his own handiwork. Creation was not finished till the poet came to interpret, and so complete it.

The effect was no less high and beautiful, when his human brethren were the subject of his verse. The man or woman, sordid with the common dust of life,

who crossed his daily path, and the little child who played in it, were glorified if he beheld them in his mood of poetic faith.

The songs of this poet found their way to Ernest. He read them after his customary toil, seated on the bench before his cottage-door, where for such a length of time he had filled his repose with thought, by gazing at the Great Stone Face. And now as he read stanzas that caused the soul to thrill within him, he lifted his eyes to the vast countenance beaming on him so benignantly.

"O majestic friend," he murmured, addressing the Great Stone Face, "is not this man worthy to resemble thee?"

The Face seemed to smile, but answered not a word.

Now it happened that the poet, though he dwelt so far away, had not only heard of Ernest, but had meditated much upon his character, until he deemed nothing so desirable as to meet this man, whose untaught wisdom walked hand in hand with the noble simplicity of his life. One summer morning, therefore, he took passage by the railroad, and, in the decline of the afternoon, alighted from the cars at no great distance from Ernest's cottage. The great hotel, which had formerly been the palace of Mr. Gathergold, was close at hand, but the poet, with his carpet-bag on his arm, inquired at once where Ernest dwelt, and was resolved to be accepted as his guest.

Approaching the door, he there found the good old

man, holding a volume in his hand, which alternately he read, and then, with a finger between the leaves, looked lovingly at the Great Stone Face.

"Good evening," said the poet. "Can you give a traveler a night's lodging?"

"Willingly," answered Ernest; and then he added, smiling, "Methinks I never saw the Great Stone Face look so hospitably at a stranger."

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. How old was Ernest at the beginning of this part of the story? How did he look now?
2. Tell how he had become famous. What had made him famous? Who came to see him? How did he receive the visitors?
3. Who was the fourth man supposed to be the image of the Great Stone Face? What had he done to deserve the belief that he was the truly great man? What was his poetry like?
4. The poet in this story is supposed to have been Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. His work was great, and his life was very beautiful and fine. It is said that his countenance was one of the most beautiful in the world. And so Ernest was sure that the man who could write such noble poems must be *the man*. But Longfellow had once told a friend that his greatest ambition was to be called, "The Poet of America." Now, you see, this was just a bit selfish, or self-seeking, rather. And so Hawthorne, his old college mate, gently tells him that he failed to be the true image because he had just one little selfish thought. With even *one* selfish thought, he could not

quite resemble the noble face on the mountain wall.

5. Describe the poet as he is pictured in the story. Does the man described as the poet resemble Longfellow?

6. Why did the poet wish to visit Ernest? Describe the meeting. What did Ernest mean when he said to the poet, "Methinks I never saw the Great Stone Face look so hospitably at a stranger"?

PART V (Conclusion)

Read carefully the following meanings of words before finishing the story:

doom: the disappointing result of one's life-plans and life-work, the result not being the one expected, yet one that could not be escaped.

niche (nĭch): a hollowed-out space in a wall.

harmonized: agreed with; were of the same nature.

reverentially: with deep respect and reverence.

venerable: deserving to be greatly respected and esteemed; usually applied to old persons.

sage: a wise man.

benevolence: well wishing; kindly desire to be of service to others.

The poet sat down on the bench beside him, and he and Ernest talked together. Often had the poet conversed with the wittiest and the wisest, but never before with a man like Ernest, whose thoughts and feelings gushed up with such a natural freedom, and who made great truths so familiar by his simple utterance of them. Angels, as had been so often said, seemed to have wrought with him at his labor in the fields; angels seemed to have sat with him by the fireside; and, dwelling with angels as friend with friends,

he had drunk in their ideas, and clothed them with the sweet and lowly charm of household words. So thought the poet. And Ernest, on the other hand, was moved and agitated by the living images which the poet flung out of his mind, and which peopled all the air about the cottage-door with shapes of beauty.

As Ernest listened to the poet, he imagined that the Great Stone Face was bending forward to listen, too. He gazed earnestly into the poet's glowing eyes.

"Who are you, my strangely gifted guest?" he said.

The poet laid his finger on the volume that Ernest had been reading.

"You have read these poems," said he. "You know me, then, — for I wrote them."

Again, and still more earnestly than before, Ernest examined the poet's features; then turned towards the Great Stone Face; then back, with an uncertain look to his guest. But his countenance fell; he shook his head, and sighed.

"Wherefore are you sad?" inquired the poet.

"Because," replied Ernest, "all through life I have awaited the fulfillment of a prophecy; and, when I read these poems, I hoped that it might be fulfilled in you."

"You hoped," answered the poet, faintly smiling, "to find in me the likeness of the Great Stone Face. And you are disappointed, as formerly with Mr. Gathergold, and Old Blood-and-Thunder, and Old Stony Phiz. Yes, Ernest, it is my doom. You must add my

name to the illustrious three, and record another failure of your hopes. For — in shame and sadness do I speak it, Ernest — I am not worthy to be typified by yonder benign and majestic image."

"And why?" asked Ernest. He pointed to the volume. "Are not those thoughts divine?"

"You can hear in them the far-off echo of a heavenly song," replied the poet. "But my life, dear Ernest, has not corresponded with my thought. I have had grand dreams, but they have been only dreams, because I have lived — and that, too, by my own choice — among poor and mean realities. Sometimes even — shall I dare to say it? — I lack faith in the grandeur, the beauty, and the goodness, which my own works are said to have made more evident in nature and in human life. Why, then, pure seeker of the good and true, shouldst thou hope to find me, in yonder image of the divine?"

The poet spoke sadly, and his eyes were dim with tears. So, likewise, were those of Ernest.

At the hour of sunset, as had long been his frequent custom, Ernest was to speak to an assemblage of the neighboring inhabitants in the open air. He and the poet, arm in arm, still talking together as they went along, proceeded to the spot. It was a small nook among the hills, with a gray precipice behind, the stern front of which was relieved by the pleasant foliage of many creeping plants that made a tapestry for the naked rock, by hanging their festoons from all

its rugged angles. At a small elevation above the ground, set in a rich framework of verdure, there appeared a niche, spacious enough to admit a human figure, with freedom for such gestures as spontaneously accompany earnest thought and genuine emotion. Into this natural pulpit Ernest ascended, and threw a look of familiar kindness around upon his audience. They stood, or sat, or reclined upon the grass, as seemed good to each, with the departing sunshine falling slantingly over them, and mingling its subdued cheerfulness with the solemnity of a grove of ancient trees, beneath and amid the boughs of which the golden rays were constrained to pass. In another direction was seen the Great Stone Face, with the same cheer, combined with the same solemnity, in its benignant aspect.

Ernest began to speak, giving to the people of what was in his heart and mind. His words had power, because they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality and depth, because they harmonized with the life which he had always lived. It was not mere breath that this preacher uttered; they were the words of life, because a life of good deeds and holy love was melted into them. Pearls, pure and rich, had been dissolved into this precious draught. The poet, as he listened, felt that the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry than he had ever written. His eyes glistening with tears, he gazed reverentially at the venerable man, and said within himself that never was there an aspect so worthy of a

prophet and a sage as that mild, sweet, thoughtful countenance, with the glory of white hair diffused about it. At a distance, but distinctly to be seen, high up in the golden light of the setting sun, appeared the Great Stone Face, with hoary mists around it, like the white hairs around the brow of Ernest. Its look of grand beneficence seemed to embrace the world.

At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression so filled with benevolence, that the poet, by an irresistible impulse, threw his arms aloft, and shouted, —

"Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!"

Then all the people looked, and saw that what the deep-sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took the poet's arm, and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself would by and by appear, bearing a resemblance to the GREAT STONE FACE.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Why did Ernest "shake his head and sigh" when he looked at the poet?
2. How did the poet explain his own shortcomings? Why did he fail to become the true image? Read this part aloud in class again.
3. Wherein was the poet greater than any of the other men who were thought to resemble the Great Stone Face? "For as a man

thinketh in his heart, so is he."

4. What did the poet and Ernest do as the sun was setting? Describe the scene. Tell how Ernest spoke from the natural pulpit. What did the poet discover while Ernest was speaking? What did he say?
5. Was Ernest proud of himself when his likeness to the Great Stone Face was discovered? Why could he *not* be? What did he still hope as he walked home?
6. Try to tell how he had gradually become like the Great Stone Face.
7. Now why did Hawthorne call his hero "Ernest"?
8. Ernest in the story was undoubtedly Ralph Waldo Emerson, the great American philosopher. He lived near Boston in the famous little town of Concord, where his home may still be seen. Ernest in this story is a true picture of him. Hawthorne knew him intimately, just as he did Franklin Pierce and Longfellow. Hawthorne said of Emerson, "It is impossible to dwell in his vicinity without inhaling more or less the mountain atmosphere of his lofty thought."

About Ourselves

This story will be of little value to us, unless it makes us think about ourselves in relation to the Great Stone Face, just as Hawthorne meant that it should. He meant to awaken in each one of us this thought: — "Is what I desire selfish or unselfish? Am I keeping *my* eyes always on good things? What is *my* Great Stone Face"?

In the little poem called "The Bluebell," the poet says, —

> "The patient child whose watchful eye
> Strives after all things pure and high,
> Shall take their image by and by."

THE SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE

SIDNEY LANIER

Poets have found great life lessons in Nature. In this very remarkable poem, Sidney Lanier, one of America's greatest poets, gives us an example of *Duty*, — an example of duty done at all cost whatsoever.

The Chattahoochee River rises just outside the county line of Habersham County, Georgia, runs out of "the Hills of Habersham," down through "the Valleys of Hall" (County), and then on and down toward the Gulf of Mexico.

In its southern portion, the Chattahoochee flows through a fine, fertile plain, where its waters moisten the soil and help to make the fine crops grow that are produced on this plain.

In the poem, the river is speaking. Let us see what it says. It tells us how it flows —

> "Out of the hills of Habersham,
> Down the valleys of Hall,
> . . . . . .
> Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
> And flee from folly on every side."

Why is it hurrying? It has a *duty* to perform. Far, far down on the plain, the fields are suffering for water, and the river must hurry on to quench their thirst.

All human beings know that, when they have before them a great duty, temptations on all sides lure them to pleasures and away from the duty. It was just so with the Chattahoochee.

As the river hurries on, the ferns and the grass and the dewberry try to make it stop to play. And the reeds sigh, "*Abide! Abide!*" or, "Stay with us."

The hickory begs it to stop and rest in its shade. The lovely poplar throws her image (her shadow) on the water to induce the river to delay. And all the other trees plead with the hurrying river to stay, saying, —

> "Pass not, so cold, these manifold
> Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
> These glades in the valleys of Hall."

But the river knows its duty — it must hurry on to water the plain — and it passes by all of these delightful pleasures and temptations that will keep it from its duty.

Then the rocks try to stop the river. The semiprecious stones among its pebbles throw out their soft lights to make the river stop and look at them. But it hurries on; for it tells us, —

> "I am fain for to water the plain.
> Downward the voices of Duty call —
> Downward, to *toil* and be mixed with the main (the ocean),
> The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
> And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
> And the lordly main from beyond the plain
> Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
> Calls through the valleys of Hall."

There are few finer poems than this. If you try to see the lovely pictures the poem shows, and try hard to understand how the river resisted all its temptations in order that it might "water the plain," you cannot fail to enjoy this poem.

But above all, the poem must mean *you*. *You* are the river. The temptations of the river are also *your* temptations. When duty calls you, temptations cry to *you* also, "*Abide! Abide!*"

And if the " Song of the Chattahoochee " has made you hurry on to your duty, then you have really read the poem.

To know the meanings of the following words will help you:

Habersham (hăb'ĕr-shăm): a county in the hills of northern Georgia. It is named for Jacob Habersham, a distinguished patriot of the Revolution.

Hall: a county south of Habersham County. See the map of Georgia in your geography.

laving laurel: the laurel plant or bush " laving " or washing itself as it leans from the bank into the water.

manifold: many.

luminous jewel: a jewel that throws out light.

lure: anything placed in our way to attract or draw us to it.

I am fain: I am compelled by a feeling within me.

Now, with this explanation of the poem, read it silently and slowly, making believe that the river is a thing alive and able to think and to feel. See all the pictures, one by one. Do not hurry, but *take time*. To hasten over the pictures would destroy your pleasure in the poem just as it would if the operator of a moving picture machine should turn the machine so fast that you could not see the pictures.

Read over the poem silently several times. Then read it aloud. In reading it, imagine that you are the river and that you are actually telling your own story.

You should know something of the life-story of Sidney Lanier, the southern poet who wrote this wonderful poem. He was born in Macon, Georgia, on February 3, 1842. He was graduated at Oglethorpe College in his native state.

He served on the Confederate side in the War between the States, and while a prisoner of war, contracted consumption, of which he died at Lynn, North Carolina, in 1881, at the early age of thirty-nine years. His life was a brave struggle with this dread disease.

But, in spite of his illness and his early death, he accomplished much. He was a very fine musician. He wrote the Centennial Ode for the Exposition of 1876. He wrote many fine poems and a number of books of high value.

His poetry is too refined to be understood by those who cannot see delicate beauty in literature, yet with every year, Lanier's fame is growing, and he is now recognized as a very *great* poet.

Of his other poems, you should read "The Marshes of Glynn." And you will greatly enjoy his history-storybook called "The Boys' Froissart."

The Song of the Chattahoochee

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried, *Abide, abide,*
The willful water weeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said, *Stay,*

The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed, *Abide, abide,*
Here in the hills of Haversham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone
— Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet and amethyst —
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall

Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call —
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who wrote this poem? Tell the story of his life.
2. Describe the location and the course of the Chattahoochee River. Picture the country through which it flows.
3. Tell briefly, in your own words, the story of the poem? What is the main idea, or lesson, in it?
4. How is "Habersham" pronounced? Where is it and why was it so called?
5. What was the great duty the river had to perform?
6. What things tried to prevent it from performing this duty? Explain what each thing did to accomplish its purpose. If you wish, you may read certain lines to tell this.
7. What has the poem to do with *you?* Recall your own experiences of yesterday and think them over, trying to decide, —
   a. What duty you had to perform.
   b. What things tried to hold you back.
   c. Whether or not they succeeded.

Do the duty that lies nearest thee. Thy second duty will already have become clearer.

THOMAS CARLYLE

SCYTHE SONG

ANDREW LANG

Have you ever seen men mowing grass with old-fashioned scythes?

This poem is the *Song of the Scythe.* And the words "*Hush, ah, hush!*" sound exactly like the sound of the scythe as its sharp edge swishes across the stems of the grass and then is withdrawn. The first "*Hush,*" whispered with the sound prolonged, represents the long stroke of the scythe *into* the grass. The word "*ah*" is the sound as the scythe is *withdrawn.* The second "*hush*" is the second stroke into the grass, and so on. The words should be whispered, "*hush*" with the breath going out, and "*ah*" with the breath drawn in. Try to imitate the sound of the scythe as described.

You will see, after you have studied the poem, that the poet means much more than the cutting down of grass by the mower. As he watches the grass fall and die beneath the scythe of the mower, he thinks that old Father Time, with his scythe of death, cuts down in the same way all human beings, and that *his* scythe says to them, —

"Hush, and heed not, for all things pass."

SCYTHE SONG

Mowers, weary and brown, and blithe,
  What is the word methinks ye know,
Endless overword that the scythe
  Sings to the blades of the grass below?

Scythes that swing in the grass and clover,
Something, still, they say as they pass;
What is the word that, over and over,
Sings the scythe to the flowers and grass?

Hush, ah hush, the scythes are saying,
Hush, and heed not, and fall asleep;
Hush, they say to the grasses swaying,
Hush, they sing to the clover deep!
Hush — 'tis the lullaby Time is singing —
Hush, and heed not, for all things pass,
Hush, ah hush! and the scythes are swinging
Over the clover, over the grass!

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Describe a scythe. Tell how men mow with scythes.
2. What is the sound the scythe makes?
3. What does the scythe bring to the grass?
4. Then of what is the scythe the emblem? Have you ever seen a picture of "Old Father Time" with a scythe over his shoulder? Whom does *he* mow down? What does *his* scythe say to human beings as he mows them down? Then what does a scythe, cutting grass, make the poet think about Father Time and his scythe?

Is not to-day enough? Why do I peer
Into the darkness of the day to come?
Is not to-morrow even as yesterday?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

THOMAS GRAY

You are now about to read the most famous single poem in the English language, — "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." Its author was Thomas Gray, an English poet.

Thomas Gray was born in London in 1716, and died in Cambridge, England, in 1771. He received a fine education at Eton, the famous preparatory school for the University of Cambridge, and at the University itself, where he spent the usual college days and where, after three years of travel in Europe, he lived for thirty years in quiet study and in writing poems. He was one of the greatest scholars of his time.

Gray never married. He was a shy, retiring man, knowing few persons, and always suffering from ill health. He had a melancholy or sad disposition. He saw no joy in living, but always looked on the dark side of life. This habit is shown in his great poem, in which he talks of death and of the saddest things imaginable.

After the death of his father, his mother and his sisters moved to a small country village named Stoke, or Stoke Poges (pōj'ĭz), not far from Windsor Castle, one of the residences of the King of England. Here, in the churchyard of the village, Gray loved to sit or lie, and meditate upon the lives of the unknown farmers and villagers who were buried there. At other times, he would wander in the woods of Burnham near by, and lie "listlessly," or idly, under a great old tree, and "pore upon the brook that

babbled by." He had enough to live on without working, and so he had nothing to do but think and grieve and mope, a very sad and bad habit in general. But in Gray's case, this habit of looking sadly at everything gave the English-speaking world what is commonly admitted to be its greatest single poem.

The great poem was begun in the churchyard at Stoke Poges in 1742, when Gray was twenty-six years of age, but was not finished until 1750, after he had retired to Cambridge. He rewrote and corrected it many, many times, during a period of eight years, until it suited him.

All the poems that Gray wrote would not fill a book half as large as your reader, but the one great poem, the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," alone would be sufficient to make his name immortal. As the whole English-speaking world considers this the greatest poem in the language, do you not think it worthy of the study that will enable you to understand and appreciate it?

You will have to read slowly, and carefully, and thoughtfully, and you will have to think hard to understand the poem.

An elegy is a poem that tells of something sad, as of Death, for example. So this great poem tells chiefly of the unknown lives and the unremembered deaths of those who sleep beneath the gravestones in the "country churchyard" of the village of Stoke Poges. The great people of the parish were buried under the church itself, while the poorer people were buried under the sod of the churchyard outside.

The poem may be divided into eight fairly well-defined parts, including the "epitaph," as follows:

The First Part

Stanzas 1 to 3, inclusive

A description of evening as the poet sits alone in the churchyard among the graves.

Stanza 1.

a. The curfew tolls.

b. He hears the lowing cattle coming home.

c. The tired plowman plods his weary way home.

d. The world is left to darkness and to the poet.

Stanza 2.

a. The light fades.

b. All grows still.

c. The drone of a beetle is heard.

d. The drowsy sound of sheep-bells comes from afar.

Stanza 3.

a. An old owl in an ivy-mantled tower near by hoots a complaint that some one approaching disturbs her right to rule over the place.

Now with this explanation in mind, read over very slowly the first three stanzas, seeing the poet in the old churchyard among the graves, and one by one, seeing the pictures and hearing the sounds that he tells you of. Do not hurry over the three stanzas. Shut your eyes at each line, and see the picture, and hear the hoot of the old owl from the tower. As it took Gray eight years to write the poem, it is hardly probable that you can read it in a few minutes, and understand it.

The Second Part

Stanzas 4 to 8, inclusive

All has now grown quiet. The curfew bell, which is a signal for everybody to go indoors, has left the world to darkness and to the poet. And now, with no sounds to disturb him, his mind turns to the dead beneath the mounds in the churchyard.

Who were these people that lie buried here? No one knows anything about them. They are forgotten. Once they lived.

The crowing of the cock, the swallow's twittering, or an echoing horn, long ago, called them from sleep in their lowly beds to their daily toil. The housewife got dinner for them, and the children ran to meet them when they returned from their work. Joyfully they drove their teams afield and plowed the stubborn sod (glebe). They cut down the sturdy English oaks. But now they are dead, and no one knows anything about them. What was it worth for them to live and work and sorrow, if no one remembers them? This is what the poet thinks in stanzas 4 to 7.

Yet he knows that these now unknown dead were useful, and he warns the "ambitious" not to make fun of them, and the grand and mighty not to hear,—

"with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor."

for they did their little part in the great world's life.

Read stanzas 4–8 for these thoughts.

The Third Part

Stanzas 9 to 11, inclusive

The poet now turns from the dead in the churchyard and from their lives, and thinks thus: "Death is a great leveler. He makes no difference between the unknown and the great. The poor and unknown, and the rich, the noble, the famous, and the great, all must die as these men died."

Stanza 9. — All those who proudly possess "the boast of heraldry" (the titles and honors that knights and nobles had represented on the shields that they carried at tournaments, and that the heralds called out to the crowds), "the pomp of power" (the splendor of kings and of the great), and all that beauty and wealth ever brought of praise and flattery, alike await the call of death, just as did these lowly men who sleep here.

Stanzas 10 and 11. — Nor should the proud say that these lowly dead were unknown because of want of ability to do great

things, and because they had no great funerals or great monuments. All such things in the end are of no real value. Neither the urn that holds the ashes of a king, nor a statue of him that looks as if it were alive, can call back breath to one once dead.

Read stanzas 9, 10, and 11 for these thoughts.

The Fourth Part

Stanzas 12 to 15, inclusive

Now the poet begins to wonder whether, if they had had opportunity, some of these unknown dead might not have done great things.

Stanza 12. — Maybe under one of these mounds lies a heart that might have made a great conqueror or a great poet, — a heart full of heavenly fire.

Stanza 13. — But they had no opportunity to get the knowledge to enable them to be what they might have become. They were poor and their poverty "froze the genial current of the soul."

Stanza 14. — Many a beautiful gem lies hidden at the bottom of the ocean. Many a lovely flower is never seen by the eye of man. And so possibly, a great soul that lies hidden here was never known by any man to be what he really was.

Stanza 15. — Possibly there may lie here some man who, if he had had opportunity, might, like John Hampden or Oliver Cromwell, have resisted a tyrant king, put him to death, and made a nation free, as Hampden and Cromwell did. Or possibly some Milton, who could not put into verse his thoughts and feelings, rests *here*.

Read stanzas 12–15 for these thoughts.

The Fifth Part

Stanzas 16 to 19, inclusive

In these stanzas, the poet gives the reasons why the dead in the country churchyard failed to do what they might have done.

Stanzas 16 and 17. — Their lot (of poverty) forbade them to attain any heights. But it also prevented them from "wading through slaughter to a throne," and doing cruel acts of power ("shut the gates of mercy on mankind").

Stanza 18. — Their lot forbade them to live in the higher spheres of society where they would have had to be hypocrites, "the struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide;" or to become so brazen that they could not blush with shame; or, as poets, to seek money by dedicating their work to some nobleman with the hope of a money reward, as was the custom of the poets of the time. (Gray despised the poets who did this. He was too proud to do so.)

Stanza 19. — They died unknown because they lived far from the excited crowd ("madding crowd") of seekers for fame or wealth. They just lived their simple lives and died and were forgotten.

Read stanzas 16–19 for these thoughts.

The Sixth Part

Stanzas 20 to 23, inclusive

In these stanzas, the poet says that, despite the lowly lives of the dead in the churchyard, each one of them wished to be loved and to be remembered, and that they were loved and remembered, as the tombstones, the names, and the Bible texts on the stones, indicate. And that, at death, each one of us, no matter how lowly, wants to be loved and to have some beloved hand close our dying eyes.

Stanza 20. — Even these poor lowly bones should have some crude monument to protect them from the insult of being trampled upon, and also to beg all who pass to give the unknown occupant of the grave a tender thought.

Stanza 21. — Some uneducated country poet has supplied the want of fame and fine sentiment (elegy) by some poor verses on the

stone, or some Scripture text that will teach the friends and neighbors of the dead man to die bravely. (A "rustic moralist" is an uneducated countryman, who is able to think about right living and dying.)

Stanza 22. — Each one of us who worries about the dumb forgetfulness that comes after death, wants to live on and not to die.

Stanza 23. — Each dying person hungers for love. The "voice of nature" (the hunger to be loved) cries even from the grave.

Read stanzas 20–23 for these thoughts.

The Seventh Part

Stanzas 24 to 29, inclusive

In these stanzas, the poet, who, we may say, has been talking to himself, now compares his own life with those of the dead in the churchyard, and tells how he lives and spends his time. He imagines that, after he is dead and buried, some old man, in reply to questions about him, will tell of the poet's habits of life, and that the old man will then direct the questioner to the tomb of the poet, where the poet's epitaph, or inscription on his gravestone, may be read.

Gray thus writes his own epitaph. You will see from what the old man says of him and from the epitaph, how lonely, sad, and melancholy Gray was.

Stanzas 24–29. — The poet thinks of the unhonored dead, and tells their story in his poem. If in the future, after the poet is dead, some person who also thinks of the unknown dead with the same sympathy, should ask the poet's fate, some old man will tell him what is told in stanzas 25–29.

The Epitaph

Remember that Gray was only twenty-six years of age when he wrote this epitaph for himself. The epitaph also tells much of his nature and way of living. It says he is —

"A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown."

It says that he was melancholy; that he was generous ("large was his bounty"); that he was sincere; that he gained from heaven all he wished, a friend. And that is all that need be said of him, for his merits and his frailties repose in —

"The bosom of his Father and his God."

Read silently and slowly stanzas 24–32, to get these thoughts.

Now read the whole poem, mastering the pictures and the thoughts which have been explained for you.

Then, again put yourself in the little churchyard at Stoke Poges, by the side of the young poet, as he thinks his thoughts, and *say* them (that is, read the poem aloud) as you think he would have spoken them as he talked to himself.

The following meanings of words will help you to understand the poem:

curfew: meaning "cover the fire." In olden times, the law required the church bell to be tolled at nightfall to warn the people to go indoors and stay there. Many modern cities now have a curfew to keep the children off the streets after certain hours.

parting: here means departing.

knell: the sound of a bell tolled on account of a death. Here, for the death of the day.

ancient solitary reign: the right of the owl to be undisturbed in her tower.

narrow cell: the grave.

incense-breathing morn: the morning, with its sweet, fresh odors.

lowly bed: the humble bed in which the occupant of the grave slept when alive.

glebe (glēb): tough sod.

jocund (jŏk′ŭnd): joyously.

ambition: here, meaning persons ambitious for fame or power.

grandeur: here, the great, the grand people, the nobles.

annals: records, the life-story of any one.

long-drawn aisle (īl): the long aisle of a church

fretted vault: the great, ornamental, arched room in a cathedral or church.
storied urn: an urn is a vase to contain the ashes of the dead. A "storied urn" would be an urn on which is engraved the record of the dead.
animated bust: a marble image that looks as if it were alive.
provoke: here, call back the silent dust to life.
pregnant with celestial fire: filled with sublime ardor and power.
ecstasy (ĕk'stȧ-sĭ): the highest form of joy.
living lyre: the power of a poet to write great songs or poems.
penury: very great poverty.
circumscribed: held in; made unable to grow.
ingenuous shame: the state of being easily able to feel shame; not hardened or shameless.
madding crowd: the crowd that excitedly seeks for place, power, or wealth.
wayward fancies: strange or unusual thoughts.
woeful-wan: sad and pale.
dirges: funeral songs or music.
bounty: desire to give generously.
recompense: a reward.
frailties: weaknesses, faults.

Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard

1

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

2

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

3

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

4

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

5

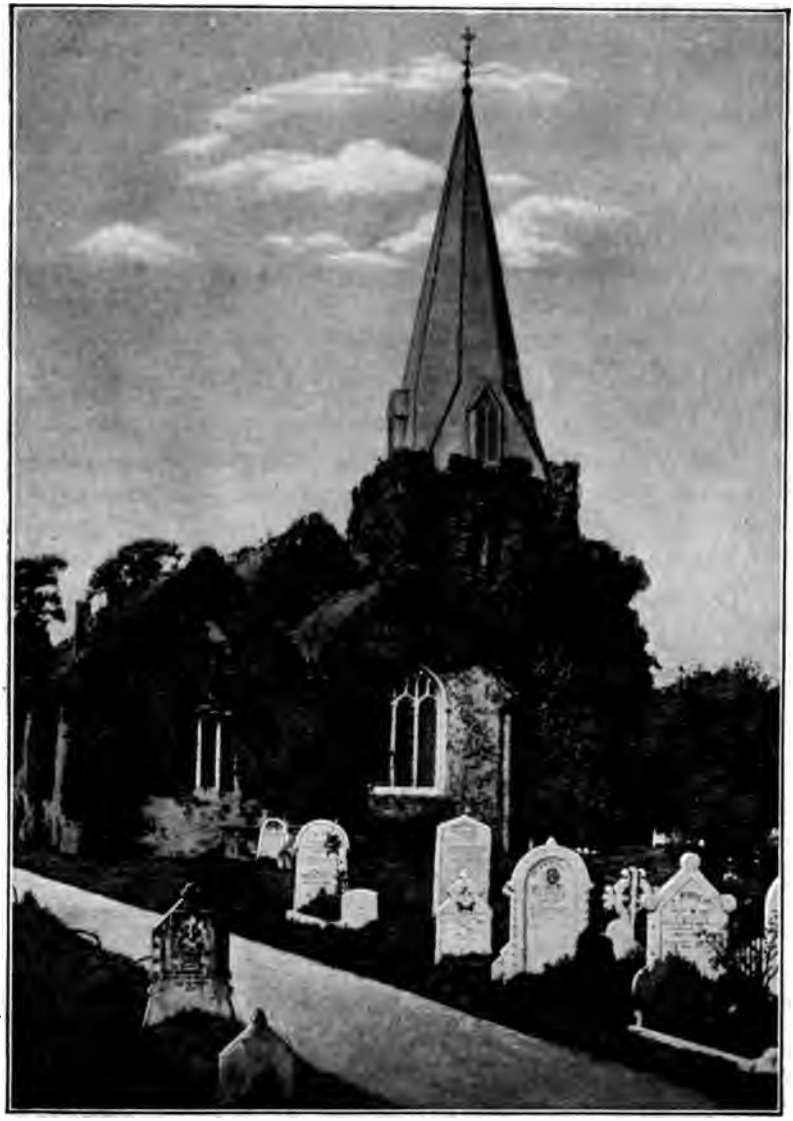
The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

6

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share.

7

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!



STOKE POGES CHURCH AND CHURCHYARD

8

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

9

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

10

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

11

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?

12

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

13

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

14

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

15

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

16

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

17

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

18

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide;
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame;
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

19

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

20

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial, still erected nigh,
With uncouth rimes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

21

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

22

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

23

On some fond breast the parting soul relies;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires:
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries;
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

24

For thee who, mindful of the unhonored Dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

25

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say:
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

26

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

27

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

28

"One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he:

29

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn:"

THE EPITAPH

30

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

31

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear;
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

32

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,—
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell the story of the life of Thomas Gray.
2. Tell what you know of Stoke Poges, the churchyard, and its surroundings.
3. At what time of day does the poem begin? How do you know? What is a curfew? What does "the knell of parting day" mean?
4. Tell, in your own language, what is described in the first three stanzas. Then read them aloud.
5. To what do the poet's thoughts turn in stanza 4? What are his thoughts about the occupants of the graves in stanzas 4–7? How does he defend the dead in stanza 8? What does "Ambition" in stanza 8 mean? What does "Grandeur" mean? What are "the short and simple annals of the poor"?
6. What is the chief thought in the third part of the poem, stanzas 9–11? What is "the boast of heraldry"? "The pomp of power"?
7. Why, in stanzas 9–11, does Gray think power, beauty and fame useless?
8. In stanzas 12–15, what excuses does Gray give for the dead in the churchyard not having attained greatness?

   John Hampden was an English patriot who refused to pay an unjust tax levied by the King, and thus helped to bring on the Puritan Revolution of 1641–49 in England.

   Oliver Cromwell was the general who won this revolution against the King.

   John Milton helped in the same revolution. He is England's greatest poet after Shakespeare. He wrote "Paradise Lost."
9. What is the chief thought in stanzas 20–23? What three things does each dying person most want?

10. In stanzas 24–29, what does the poet write about? What is a "hoary-headed swain"? What does the "hoary-headed swain" tell about Gray's habits in these stanzas?
11. What does Gray tell of himself in the "Epitaph," stanzas 30–32?
12. Have you been able to understand this poem? Have you enjoyed studying it?

Explain the following:

"The knell of parting day." Stanza 1.
"All the air a solemn stillness holds." Stanza 2. What is the subject of "holds"?
"Her ancient, solitary reign." Stanza 3.
"Where heaves the turf." Stanza 4.
"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn." Stanza 5.
"The cock's shrill clarion." Stanza 5.
"The echoing horn." Stanza 5.
"Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke." Stanza 7.
"How jocund did they drive their team a-field." Stanza 7.
"Destiny obscure." Stanza 8.
"The boast of heraldry." Stanza 9.
"The pomp of power." Stanza 9.
"Await alike the inevitable hour." Stanza 9.
"The long-drawn aisle and fretted vault." Stanza 10.
"The pealing anthem." Stanza 10.
"Storied urn." Stanza 11.
"Animated bust." Stanza 11.
"Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire." Stanza 12.
"Waked to ecstasy the living lyre." Stanza 12.
"Chill Penury repressed their noble rage." Stanza 13.
"Froze the genial current of the soul." Stanza 13.
Explain the four things that "their lot forbade" told of in Stanza 16.
"To wade through slaughter." Stanza 17.
"Shut the gates of mercy on mankind." Stanza 17.
Interpret stanza 18.

"The madding crowd's ignoble strife." Stanza 19.
"The cool, sequestered vale of life." Stanza 19.
"The noiseless tenor of their way." Stanza 19.
"Uncouth rhymes." Stanza 20.
"Shapeless sculpture decked." Stanza 20.
"The unlettered Muse." Stanza 21.
"Rustic moralist." Stanza 21.
"To dumb Forgetfulness a prey." Stanza 22.
"E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires." Stanza 23.
"Some kindred spirit." Stanza 24.
"At the peep of dawn." Stanza 25.
"Pore upon the brook." Stanza 26.
"Hard by yon wood." Stanza 27.
"With dirges due in sad array." Stanza 29.
"Upon the lap of Earth." Stanza 30.
"A youth to fortune and to fame unknown." Stanza 30.
"Large was his bounty." Stanza 31.
"Or draw his frailties from their dread abode." Stanza 32.
"In trembling hope repose." Stanza 32.

And some, their very names forgot,
Not even a stone to mark the spot,
Yet sleep in peace; it matters not.

PHŒBE CARY

Yet Love will dream and Faith will trust
(Since He who knows our need is just)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Being all fashioned of the self-same dust,
Let us be merciful as well as just.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

To understand fully this wonderful story, you should know something of Aaron Burr and his so-called "Conspiracy."

Aaron Burr was born in Newark, New Jersey, on February 6, 1756, of very distinguished ancestors on both sides of his family. He was gifted with a remarkable brain and also with most remarkable and winning manners. In the American Revolution, he served his country with great ability and loyalty. At one time he was an officer on the personal staff of General Washington.

In 1779, he resigned from the army on account of ill health, studied law, and practiced his profession successfully in New York City. After holding high office in New York state, he became United States senator and later Vice President under President Thomas Jefferson.

He was the political rival of Alexander Hamilton, who was Secretary of the Treasury in Washington's administration. The rivalry between the two grew so bitter that Burr challenged Hamilton to a duel, which took place at Weehawken, New Jersey, on July 11, 1804. Hamilton did not believe in dueling, and so fired into the air. But Burr shot Hamilton, whose death occurred on the following day.

The public everywhere condemned Burr, and he lost his popularity.

About this time (1805), he is said to have formed a conspiracy to make a new nation, consisting of the Louisiana Territory and Mexico, and to be its emperor. That he had some such plan in mind there is little doubt, as much evidence to this effect was brought out at the trials of army officers accused of aiding him.

Burr was tried for treason at Richmond, Virginia, in 1807, but was acquitted. He lived abroad until the last years of his life, when he returned to America. He died in 1836 on Staten Island, New York.

This story of poor Philip Nolan, "The Man Without a Country," was written by Edward Everett Hale, a distinguished patriot, clergyman, and author of New England. Edward Everett Hale was a nephew of Edward Everett, the famous orator, and a grand-nephew of Nathan Hale, the martyr-spy of the Revolution. You can easily see why he loved his country. He was born in Boston in 1822, and died in his native city in 1909, after a long life of splendid service to humanity.

The story of Philip Nolan, "The Man Without a Country," was written to help human beings to realize what a glorious thing it is to have a country, to love it, and to regard it above everything else on earth. If, after you have read the story, you find yourself fighting hard to keep back the tears and to choke down the sob in your throat, you will know that you have a country, that you love it, and that you are an *American.*

The story is told so simply and so beautifully that you will need no further help in reading it than the meanings of a few words. Read them over carefully before reading the story. Here they are:

swagger: a strutting manner, with the body swaying insolently to right and left.

Jefferson: Thomas Jefferson was president at the time of the story.

etiquette (ĕt'-ĭ-kĕt): manner of treatment of Nolan while on board a U. S. warship.

precautions: arrangements made in advance for anything which may occur. Here, the arrangements made to keep Nolan from ever again hearing of the United States.

cavalierly: in a gay, haughty, "don't-care" manner.

indignity: insulting treatment.

indulgences: favors.
cruise (krōōz): a voyage of a warship, from its beginning to its end.
unrestrained intercourse: perfect freedom of conversation and companionship.
jollification: a merrymaking.
stateroom: a small sleeping room in a ship.

The Man Without a Country

Part I

Philip Nolan was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion of the West," as the Western Division of our army was then called. When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805, he met this gay, dashing, bright young fellow, at some dinner-party, I think. Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage in his flatboat, and, in short, fascinated him. For the next year barrack life was very tame to poor Nolan. He occasionally took advantage of the permission the great man had given him to write to him. Long, high-worded, stilted letters the poor boy wrote and rewrote and copied. But never a line did he have in reply from the gay deceiver.

Again Burr came down the river, not as an attorney seeking a place for his office, but as a disguised conqueror. It was a great day — his arrival — to poor Nolan. Burr had not been at the fort an hour before he sent for him. That evening he asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff, to show him a canebrake or a cottonwood tree, as he said, — really to seduce him

from his loyalty to the United States. And by the time the sail was over, Nolan was enlisted body and soul in Burr's scheme. From that time, though he did not yet know it, he lived as A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

What Burr meant to do, I know no more than you, dear reader. It is none of our business just now. What concerns us is that the Government determined to bring to trial the others who were concerned with Burr in his alleged conspiracy. One after another of the colonels and majors were tried, and to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom there was evidence enough, — that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed any order to march anywhither with any one who would follow him, had the order only been signed, "By command of His Exc. A. Burr." Nolan was tried at Fort Adams. He was proved guilty enough, as I say; yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that, when the president of the court asked him at the close, whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out, in a fit of frenzy, —

"D—n the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court. Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolution, and their lives, not to say their necks,

had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly cursed in his madness.

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, September 23, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half-century and more he was A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold, or had cried, "God save King George," Morgan would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say, —

"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court! The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added, — "Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to New Orleans in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there."

The marshal gave his orders, and the prisoner was taken out of court.

"Mr. Marshal," continued old Morgan, "see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell

at New Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The court is adjourned without day."

I have always supposed that Colonel Morgan himself took the proceedings of the court to Washington city, and explained them to Mr. Jefferson. Certain it is that the President approved them, — certain, that is, if I may believe the men who say they have seen his signature. Before the *Nautilus* got round from New Orleans to the Northern Atlantic coast with the prisoner on board, the sentence had been approved, and he was a man without a country.

The plan then adopted was substantially the same which was necessarily followed ever after. But the commander to whom he was intrusted, regulated the etiquette and the precautions of the affair, and according to his scheme they were carried out, I suppose, till Nolan died.

When I was second officer of the *Intrepid*, some thirty years after, I saw the original paper of instructions. I have been sorry ever since that I did not copy the whole of it. It ran, however, much in this way: —

> Washington, with the date which must have been late in 1807.
>
> Sir: You will receive from Lieutenant Neale the person of Philip Nolan, late a Lieutenant in the United States Army.

"This person on his trial by court-martial expressed with an oath the wish that he might 'never hear of the United States again.'

"The Court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled.

"For the present, the execution of the order is intrusted by the President to this department.

"You will take the prisoner on board your ship, and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape.

"You will provide him with such quarters, rations, and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank, if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his Government.

"The gentlemen on board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner.

"But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it; and you will especially caution all the officers under your command to take care that, in the various indulgences which may be granted, this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken.

"It is the intention of the Government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise you will receive orders which will give effect to this intention.

Resp'y yours,
W. Southard, for the
Sec'y of the Navy."

The rule adopted on board the ships on which I have met "the man without a country" was, I think,

transmitted from the beginning. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home or the prospect of return, of politics or letters, of peace or of war, — cut off more than half the talk men liked to have at sea. But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us, except to touch hats, and we finally sank into one system. He was not permitted to talk with the men, unless an officer was by. With officers he had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy, though he had favorites: I was one. Then the captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own stateroom, — he always had a stateroom, — which was where a sentinel, or somebody on the watch, could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank, he ate or drank alone. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain-Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. They called him "Plain-Buttons," because, while he always chose to wear a regulation army uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army button, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

PART II

the Cape: the Cape of Good Hope, the southern point of Africa.

"Lay of the Last Minstrel": Sir Walter Scott's long poem of that name.

braggadocio (brăg-ȧ-dō'shĭ-ō): here meaning Nolan's manner of "I don't care."

farce: a proceeding that has no really serious meaning.

Windward Islands: a group of southern West India islands.

the intelligence: here any information about the United States.

godsend: a fortunate happening.

I remember, soon after I joined the navy, I was on shore with some of the older officers from our ship and from the *Brandywine*, which we had met at Alexandria. We had leave to make a party and go up to Cairo and the Pyramids. As we jogged along, some of the gentlemen fell to talking about Nolan, and some one told the system which was adopted from the first about his books and other reading. As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time at the best hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. This was a little cruel sometimes, when the back of what was cut out might be as innocent as could be. Right in

ad drank something, and then began, without a
at of what was coming, —

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said," —

ems impossible to us that anybody ever heard
the first time; but all these fellows did then,
or Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or
nically, —

"This is my own, my native land!"

n they all saw something was to pay; but he
ed to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale,
unged on, —

"Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well,"

this time the men were all beside themselves,
g there was any way to make him turn over
ages; but he had not quite presence of mind
at; he gagged a little, colored crimson, and stag-
on, —

"For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim, —
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self," —

the midst of one of Napoleon's battles, poor Nolan would find a great hole, because on the back of the page of that paper there had been an advertisement of a packet for New York, or a scrap from the President's message. Phillips, who was of the party, as soon as the allusion to reading was made, told a story of something which happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage; and it is the only thing I ever knew of that voyage.

They had touched at the Cape, and had done the civil thing with the English Admiral and the fleet, and then, leaving for a long cruise up the Indian Ocean, Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which, in those days, as indeed in these, was quite a windfall. Among them was the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen. I think it could not have been published long. Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that. So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on the deck smoking and reading aloud. People do not do such things so often now; but when I was young we got rid of a great deal of time so. Well, so it happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others; and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and Border chivalry, and was ten thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a min-

ute and drank something, and then began, without a thought of what was coming, —

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said," —

It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically, —

"This is my own, my native land!"

Then they all saw something was to pay; but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on, —

"Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well,"

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, colored crimson, and staggered on, —

"For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim, —
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self," —

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his stateroom, and said Phillips, "We did not see him again for two months. And I had to make up some beggarly story to that English surgeon why I did not return his Walter Scott to him."

That story shows about the time when Nolan's braggadocio must have broken down. At first, they said, he took a very high tone, considered his imprisonment a mere farce, affected to enjoy the voyage, and all that; but Phillips said that after he came out of his stateroom he never was the same man again. He never read aloud again, unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare, or something else he was sure of. But it was not that merely. He never entered in with the other young men exactly as a companion again. He was always shy afterwards, when I knew him, — very seldom spoke, unless he was spoken to, except to a very few friends. He lighted up occasionally, but generally he had the nervous, tired look of a heart-wounded man. When our ship was coming home she met the *Warren* at the Windward Islands, outward bound, and poor Nolan was sent on board of her to try his second cruise. He looked very blank when he was told to get ready to join her. He had known enough of the signs of the sky to know that till that moment he was going "home." But this was a distinct evidence of something he had not thought of, perhaps, — that there was no going home for him, even to a prison. And this was the first of

some twenty such transfers, which brought him sooner or later into half our best vessels, but which kept him all his life at least some hundred miles from the country he had hoped he might never hear of again.

It may have been on that second cruise, — it was once when he was up the Mediterranean, — that Mrs. Graff, the celebrated Southern beauty of those days, danced with him. They had been lying a long time in the Bay of Naples, and the officers were very intimate in the English fleet, and our men thought they must give a great ball on board the ship. How they ever did it on board the *Warren* I am sure I do not know. They wanted to use Nolan's stateroom for something, and they hated to do it without asking him to the ball; so the captain said they might ask him, if they would be responsible that he did not talk with the wrong people, "who would give him the intelligence." So the dance went on, the finest party that had ever been known, I dare say; for I never heard of a man-of-war ball that was not. For ladies they had the family of the American consul, one or two travelers who had adventured so far, and a nice bevy of English girls and matrons.

Well, different officers relieved each other in standing and talking with Nolan in a friendly way, so as to be sure that nobody else spoke to him. The dancing went on with spirit, and after a while even the fellows who took this honorary guard of Nolan ceased to fear any violation of their orders in regard to him.

As the dancing went on, Nolan and our fellows all got at ease, — so much so, that it seemed quite natural for him to bow to that splendid Mrs. Graff, and say, —

"I hope you have not forgotten me, Miss Rutledge. Shall I have the honor of dancing?"

He did it so quickly that Shubrick, who was by him, could not hinder him. She laughed and said, —

"I am not Miss Rutledge any longer, Mr. Nolan; but I will dance all the same," — just nodded to Shubrick, as if to say he must leave Mr. Nolan to her, and led him off to the place where the dance was forming.

Nolan thought he had got his chance. He had known her at Philadelphia, and at other places had met her, and this was a godsend. He began with her travels, and Europe, and Vesuvius, and the French; and then, when they had worked down, and had that long talking-time at the bottom of the set, he said boldly, — a little pale, she said, as she told me the story years after, —

"And what do you hear from home, Mrs. Graff?"

And that splendid creature looked through him.

"Home!! Mr. Nolan!!! I thought you were the man who never wanted to hear of home again!" — and she walked directly up the deck to her husband, and left poor Nolan, alone, as he always was. — He did not dance again.

PART III

frigate-duels: brave fights between American and British warships in the War of 1812.

cockpit: a room below water-line in a warship, for the care of the wounded.

dispatches: here, written messages sent by the chief officer after a battle.

handcuffs, ankle-cuffs: locked irons on the wrists and ankles of a prisoner.

Kroomen: African negroes.

Cape Palmas: a river in Liberia, on the west coast of Africa. Also a cape at the mouth of the river.

pickaninnies: negro babies or little negro children.

stern sheets: the back end of a boat.

A happier story than either of these I have told is of the War. That came along soon after. I have heard this affair told in three or four ways, — and, indeed, it may have happened more than once. But which ship it was on I cannot tell. However, in one, at least, of the great frigate-duels with the English, it happened that a round shot from the enemy entered one of our ports square, and took right down the officer of the gun himself, and almost every man of the gun's crew. As the men who were not killed picked themselves up, and as they and the surgeon's people were carrying off the bodies, there appeared Nolan, in his shirtsleeves, with the rammer in his hand, and, just as if he had been the officer, told them off with authority, — who should go to the cockpit with the wounded men, who should stay with him, — perfectly cheery, and with that way which makes men feel

sure all is right and is going to be right. And he finished loading the gun with his own hands, aimed it, and bade the men fire. And there he stayed, captain of that gun, keeping those fellows in spirits, till the enemy surrendered, — sitting on the carriage while the gun was cooling, though he was exposed all the time, — showing them easier ways to handle heavy shot, — making the raw hands laugh at their own blunders, — and when the gun cooled again, getting it loaded and fired twice as often as any other gun on the ship. The captain walked forward by way of encouraging the men, and Nolan touched his hat and said, —

"I am showing them how we do this in the artillery, sir."

And this is the part of the story where all the legends agree; that the Commodore said, —

"I see you are, and I thank you, sir; and I shall never forget this day, sir, and you never shall, sir."

And after the whole thing was over, he said, —

"Where is Mr. Nolan? Ask Mr. Nolan to come here."

And when Nolan came, the captain said, —

"Mr. Nolan, we are all very grateful to you to-day; you are one of us to-day; you will be named in the dispatches."

And then the old man took off his own sword of ceremony, and gave it to Nolan, and made him put it on. The man told me this who saw it. Nolan cried like a baby, and well he might. He had not worn a

sword since that infernal day at Fort Adams. But always afterwards, on occasions of ceremony, he wore that quaint old French sword of the Commodore's.

The captain did mention him in the dispatches. It was always said he asked that he might be pardoned. He wrote a special letter to the Secretary of War. But nothing ever came of it.

All that was near fifty years ago. If Nolan was thirty then, he must have been near eighty when he died. He looked sixty when he was forty. But he never seemed to me to change a hair afterwards. As I imagine his life, from what I have seen and heard of it, he must have been in every sea, and yet almost never on land. He must have known, in a formal way, more officers in our service than any man living knows.

The lonely, weary days year after year must have been deadly. He spent them methodically in reading, making notebooks, scrapbooks, and in studying the birds and fishes, and even the habits of the cockroach, the house fly, and the mosquito. Till he grew very old, he went aloft a great deal. He always kept up his exercise; and I never heard that he was ill. If any other man was ill, he was the kindest nurse in the world; and he knew more than half the surgeons do. Then if anybody was sick or died, or if the captain wanted him to on any other occasion, he was always ready to read prayers. I have said that he read beautifully.

My own acquaintance with Philip Nolan began six

or eight years after the War with England, on my first voyage after I was appointed a midshipman. From the time I joined, I believe I thought Nolan was a sort of lay chaplain, — a chaplain with a blue coat. I never asked about him. Everything in the ship was strange to me. I knew it was green to ask questions, and I suppose I thought there was a "Plain-Buttons" on every ship. We had him to dine in our mess once a week, and the caution was given that on that day nothing was to be said about home. I first came to understand anything about *the man without a country* one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and, after a few minutes, he sent back his boat to ask that some one might be sent him who could speak Portuguese. We were all looking over the rail when the message came, and we all wished we could interpret, when the captain asked who spoke Portuguese. But none of the officers did; and just as the captain was sending forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret, if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go. When we got there, it was such a scene as you seldom see, and never want to. Nastiness beyond account, and chaos run loose in the midst of the nastiness. There were not a great many of the negroes; but by way of making what there were under-

stand that they were free, Vaughan had had their handcuffs and ankle-cuffs knocked off, and, for convenience sake, was putting them upon the rascals of the schooner's crew. The negroes were, most of them, out of the hold, and swarming all round the dirty deck, with a central throng surrounding Vaughan and addressing him in every dialect.

As we came on deck, Vaughan looked down from a hogshead, on which he had mounted in desperation, and said, —

"For God's love, is there anybody who can make these wretches understand something?"

Nolan said he could speak Portuguese, and one or two fine-looking Kroomen were dragged out, who, as it had been found already, had worked for the Portuguese on the coast at Fernando Po.

"Tell them they are free," said Vaughan; "and tell them that these rascals are to be hanged as soon as we can get rope enough."

Nolan "put that into Spanish," — that is, he explained it in such Portuguese as the Kroomen could understand, and they in turn to such of the negroes as could understand them. Then there was such a yell of delight, clinching of fists, leaping and dancing, kissing of Nolan's feet, and a general rush made to the hogshead by way of spontaneous worship of Vaughan.

"Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was

practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was; that is, they would be eternally separated from home there. And their interpreters, as we could understand, instantly said, "Ah, non Palmas," and began to propose infinite other expedients in most voluble language. Vaughan was rather disappointed at this result of his liberality, and asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead, as he hushed the men down, and said: —

"He says, 'Not Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women.' He says he has an old father and mother, who will die if they do not see him. And this one says he left his people all sick, and paddled down to Fernando to beg the white doctor to come and help them, and that these devils caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since then. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months, while he has been locked up in a slave pen."

Vaughan always said he grew gray himself while Nolan struggled through this interpretation. Even the negroes themselves stopped howling, as they saw Nolan's agony and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get words, he said —

"Tell them, yes, yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon, if they will. If I sail

the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home!"

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And then they all fell to kissing him again, and wanted to rub his nose with theirs.

But he could not stand it long; and getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern sheets and the men gave way, he said to me: — "Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in his mercy to take you that instant home to His own heaven. Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy; write and send, and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it, when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with,

behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother if those devils there had got hold of her to-day!"

I was frightened to death by his calm, hard passion; but I blundered out that I would, by all that was holy, and that I had never thought of doing anything else. He hardly seemed to hear me; but he did, almost in a whisper, say, — "O, if anybody had said so to me when I was of your age!"

I think it was this half-confidence of his, which I never abused, for I never told this story till now, which afterward made us great friends. He was very kind to me. Often he sat up, or even got up, at night to walk the deck with me, when it was my watch. He explained to me a great deal of my mathematics, and I owe to him my taste for mathematics. He lent me books, and helped me about my reading. He never alluded so directly to his story again; but from one and another officer I have learned, in thirty years, what I am telling. When we parted from him in St. Thomas harbor, at the end of our cruise, I was more sorry than I can tell. I was very glad to meet him again in 1830; and later in life, when I thought I had some influence in Washington, I moved heaven and earth to have him discharged. But it was like getting a ghost out of prison. They pretended there was no such man, and never was such a man. They

will say so at the Department now! Perhaps they do not know.

So poor Philip Nolan had his wish fulfilled.

PART IV

triced up (trīst): pulled up; raised; fastened up.

Old Abe: a name lovingly given to Abraham Lincoln in Civil War times.

General Benjamin Lincoln: a brave and able American General in the Revolution.

Order of Cincinnati (sĭn-sĭ-năt'ĭ): a society formed by General Washington at the close of the Revolution. Its membership consists of the oldest sons of officers of the American Army of the Revolution, with the eldest son always succeeding to membership.

Poor fellow, he repented of his folly, and then, like a man, submitted to the fate he had asked for. He never intentionally added to the difficulty or delicacy of the charge of those who had him in hold.

After that cruise I never saw Nolan again. I wrote to him at least twice a year, for in that voyage we became even confidentially intimate; but he never wrote to me. The other men tell me that in those fifteen years he aged very fast, as well he might indeed, but that he was still the same gentle, uncomplaining, silent sufferer that he ever was, bearing as best he could his self-appointed punishment, — rather less social, perhaps, with new men whom he did not know, but more anxious, apparently, than ever to serve and befriend and teach the boys, some of whom fairly seemed

to worship him. And now it seems the dear old fellow is dead. He has found a home at last, and a country.

Since writing this, — I would print it as a warning to the young of to-day of what it is to throw away a country, — I have received from Danforth, who is on board the *Levant*, a letter which gives an account of Nolan's last hours. It removes all my doubts about telling this story.

Here is the letter: —

"*Levant*, 2°2′S. @ 131°W.

"Dear Fred, — I try to find heart and life to tell you that it is all over with dear old Nolan. I have been with him on this voyage more than I ever was and I can understand wholly now the way in which you used to speak of the dear old fellow. I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea the end was so near. The doctor has been watching him very carefully, and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well, and had not left his stateroom, — a thing I never remember before. He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there, — the first time the doctor had been in the stateroom, — and he said he should like to see me. Oh, dear! do you remember the mysteries we boys used to invent about his room in the old *Intrepid* days? Well, I went in, and there, to be sure, the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance round, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in.

The Stars and Stripes were triced up above and around a picture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak and his foot just clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed. The dear old boy saw my glance, and said, with a sad smile, 'Here, you see, I have a country!' And then he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had not seen before a great map of the United States, as he had drawn it from memory, and which he had there to look upon as he lay. Quaint, queer old names were on it, in large letters: 'Indiana Territory,' 'Mississippi Territory,' and 'Louisiana Territory,' as I suppose our fathers learned such things: but the old fellow had patched in Texas, too; he had carried his western boundary all the way to the Pacific, but on that shore he had defined nothing.

"'O Danforth,' he said, 'I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now? — Stop! stop! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America, — God bless her! — a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away: I thank God for that. I know by that, that there has never been any successful Burr. O Danforth, Danforth,' he sighed out, 'how like a wretched night's

dream a boy's idea of personal fame or of separate sovereignty seems, when one looks back on it after such a life as mine! But tell me, — tell me something, — tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!'

"Ingham, I swear to you that I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before. Danger or no danger, delicacy or no delicacy, who was I, that I should have been acting the tyrant all this time over this dear, sainted old man, who had years ago expiated, in his whole manhood's life, the madness of a boy's treason? 'Mr. Nolan,' said I, 'I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?'

"Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his white face! and he pressed my hand and said, 'God bless you! Tell me their names,' and he pointed to the stars on the flag. 'The last I know is Ohio. My father lived in Kentucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi, — that was where Fort Adams is, — they make twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones, I hope?'

"Well, that was not a bad text, and I told him the names, in as good order as I could, and he bade me take down his beautiful map and draw them in as I best could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas, told me how his brother died there; he had marked a gold cross near where he supposed his brother's grave was; and he had guessed at Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw California and

Oregon. Then he went back — heavens, how far! — to ask whether Burr ever tried again, — and he ground his teeth with the only passion he showed. But in a moment that was over, and he said, 'God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him.' Then he settled down more quietly, and very happily, to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

"How I wished it had been somebody who knew something! But I did as well as I could. I told him of the English war. I told him about Fulton and the steamboat beginning. I told him all I could think of about the Mississippi, and New Orleans, and Texas, and his own old Kentucky.

"I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not now know what I told him, — of immigration, and the means of it, — of steamboats, and railroads, and telegraphs, — of inventions, and books, and literature, — of the colleges and West Point and the Naval School, — but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You see it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years!

"I remember he asked all of a sudden, who was president now; and when I told him, he asked if Old Abe was General Benjamin Lincoln's son. He said he met old General Lincoln, when he was quite a boy himself, at some Indian treaty. I said no, that Old Abe was a Kentuckian like himself, but I could not

tell him of what family; he had worked up from the ranks. 'Good for him!' cried Nolan; 'I am glad of that.' Ingham, I told him everything I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country and its prosperity.

"And he drank it in, and enjoyed it as I cannot tell you. He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he just wet his lips, and told me not to go away. Then he asked me to bring the Presbyterian 'Book of Public Prayer,' which lay there, and said, with a smile, that it would open at the right place, and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page; and I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me, 'For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank Thee, that notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy holy laws, Thou hast continued to us Thy marvelous kindness,' — and so to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned to the end of the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me: 'Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority.' 'Danforth,' said he, 'I have repeated those prayers night and morning, it is now fifty-five years.' And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him and kissed me; and he said, 'Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone.' And I went away.

"But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he

was tired and would sleep. I knew he was happy, and I wanted him to be alone.

"But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his father's badge of the Order of Cincinnati.

"We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at the place where he had marked the text: —

"'They desire a country, even a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city.'

"On this slip of paper he had written: —

"Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it: —

In Memory of

PHILIP NOLAN,

Lieutenant of the Army of the United States. He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell what you know of the author of this story.
2. Tell what you know of Aaron Burr and his "Conspiracy." Read about it in your United States history.
3. Tell how Philip Nolan became involved in the "Conspiracy."

4. How did he become a "Man Without a Country"? Tell the story of his trial.
5. On what date, until the day of his death, did he last hear the name, "The United States"?
6. What punishment was given him for his remark at the trial?
7. How did he look upon the punishment at first?
8. At what time did his punishment first appear to him to be serious?
9. Read aloud his official sentence of punishment.
10. How was he treated by the officers of the ships?
11. Tell the story of his reading, "Breathes there the man with soul so dead." Give the last lines which Nolan did not read.
12. Why do you think these lines affected him so deeply?
13. Tell how a lady brought home to him the terrible fact that he was a "Man Without a Country."
14. Why did his brave part in the naval battle make him happy for a time? Why did it make him appreciate the awfulness of his punishment?
15. Why did the hunger of the poor slaves for their homes and children hurt him so exceedingly?
16. Read aloud Danforth's letter.
17. How had poor Nolan, in his deadly hours of ignorance as a "Man Without a Country," tried to construct for himself the growth of his lost country?
18. How long was Nolan a "Man Without a Country"? How did he come to know at last the grandeur of the land he had cast away?
19. What is the Order of Cincinnati? Why did his badge of this order make his youthful act so disgraceful?
20. What had he written to be put on his gravestone?
21. What has this story made *you* think about *yourself* and *your* love for your country?

LOVE OF COUNTRY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

In reading this fine short poem, which is taken from the sixth canto of Sir Walter Scott's long poem, "The Lay (song) of the Last Minstrel," try to see: a great hall in Newark Castle in Scotland, hundreds of years ago; weapons and tapestries, or pictures woven in cloth, hanging from the walls; many lords and warriors and beautiful ladies listening to an old Scottish harper.

He has been singing to them songs of love and heroic fighting. His listeners applaud his singing and his playing. A harper was a poet as well as a musician. He made up most of his songs as he sang them.

Now at that time the people of Scotland were brave but very poor, while the people of England were very rich. The lords and ladies saw that the harper was old and poor, but that his singing and playing were very wonderful. They knew that if he should go to England and play and sing for the rich lords and ladies there, he would soon become rich from their gifts. So they ask him why he does not go to England.

Now picture the old harper, as he answers them with this song. His hair is long and very white. He picks a few chords on his harp, then, looking far away and composing his song and music as he sings and plays, he begins to sing, —

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my *own*, my *native* land!"

Read on silently the rest of his song, trying hard to imagine the scene, — the listening lords and ladies, the old harper's voice and

playing, and at the same time try to *think what he is telling them in the song.*

Then, after you have done so and have heard his song, look around you. Think of your own great and beautiful land. Think of "Old Glory." Then *say* the song for *yourself.*

It will be well to learn the meaning of the following words and phrases before trying to read the old harper's song:

foreign strand: some other land or country than his own.

no minstrel raptures swell: no minstrel harper will ever compose or sing a heroic song about any man who does not love his country.

pelf: riches; money.

forfeit fair renown: lose the fame he otherwise might have.

doubly dying: give up, not only his life, but also his valued right as a lover of his country.

concentered: centered on one thing, thinking and caring only for himself.

As you read the song, try to *tell* it to your classmates. You can never do this well until you fully *understand* it. One reads well aloud first, because he fully *understands* what he is reading, and secondly, because he really tries to *tell* it to others in the words of the story or poem.

Love of Country

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
  This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
  From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;

High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim, —
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who wrote this poem? From what larger poem is it taken?
2. Who is supposed to sing this song?
3. What was a harper? How did he get his songs and music?
4. How did the aged harper come to sing this song? Can you imagine the scene, — the hall, the lords, the ladies, the old harper, and some one asking why he did not go to England? Then can you see and hear the old man as he answered with this song?
5. Tell, in your own language, the thought in the first seven lines, page 438.
6. What is meant by line 8?
7. By lines 1–8, page 439? Explain fully.
8. What lines did Philip Nolan, "The Man Without a Country," read aloud? Give the lines that he could not bring himself to read. Why could he not read them?
9. Why could not the old harper go to England to live?
10. How should you like to live always in some other country than America?

AN OLD ATHENIAN OATH

FROM GREEK HISTORY

The following is the oath once taken by the citizens of Athens, an old Greek city. It is worth our study. Do you think that a nation whose citizens *lived* such an oath every day could be conquered? The oath contains the spirit that all American boys and girls must acquire, if America is to grow greater and stronger and happier.

An Old Athenian Oath

We will never bring disgrace to this, our city, by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our suffering comrades in the ranks; we will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city, both alone and with many; we will revere and obey the city's law, and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those above us who are prone to annul and set them at naught; we will strive unceasingly to quicken the public's sense of civic duty; that thus, in all these ways, we will transmit this city not only not less, but greater, better, and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us.

Study carefully the meaning of this oath. Then commit it to memory.

MY TRIUMPH

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

This poem, called by Mr. Whittier "My Triumph," is not so well known as many of his other poems, but it would not be, we think, an error of judgment to call it his greatest poem. This poem contains a mighty message. Its sweet hopefulness could have been found only in a most beautiful soul; and it is told in very lovely lines.

What does Whittier mean by "My Triumph"? We shall have to know something of his life to know this.

It was written in his later years, when his life was almost over. "The autumn-time" had come to him, and, in thinking over his failure to bring about certain great reforms for which he had toiled, the question came to him, "Have I succeeded?" He knew that many of these reforms had not come to pass, and that they would not come to pass during his lifetime.

And yet he had a triumph.

He knew that, in the long years of the future, those seeds of better and nobler living which had been planted in the hearts of men would develop and become customs among all people. And so, he finds his triumph, the triumph of all he had fought for, in knowing that, after he should be dead, all the good things he had dreamed of and worked for should come to pass. *This* is his "*Triumph.*"

In the first and second stanzas, written in the autumn, he sees that, like himself, the flowers are about to die. Yet the very death of the flowers in the autumn is the promise of a new life in

the spring. In the third and fourth stanzas, he draws the lesson from this.

From the fifth to the eleventh stanza, inclusive, he answers his friends who have expressed fears for his future fame. There are no nobler words than these stanzas. They are so modest, so sincere, so hopeful!

Note especially that in the tenth and eleventh stanzas he replies to the friends who feared that others would reap the reward of honors from his work. Turn to the poem now, and read these two noble stanzas.

In the twelfth, he tells why he triumphs. The "coming singers" and the future "brave light-bringers" will complete his work. And so again he triumphs.

Through the remainder of the poem he tells what the nature of the triumph will be and how he shares in it.

Every stanza of this poem has in it a great big thought. Be sure you do not pass by any stanza until you have understood it.

It would be well to study carefully the meanings of the following words before studying the poem:

present gratitude insures the future's good: thankfulness for good things shown in Whittier's time proved man's desire for better things which he would achieve in years to come.

paths untrod: the years of life to come with what of joy and suffering they may bring.

I leave to you my name: I (Whittier) leave to you the care of my future fame.

idle praise: the praise of persons who do not understand or are insincere.

evil phrases: unjust criticism.

the thick curtain: the people's possible forgetfulness of Whittier in future years.

the unattained: the things which he planned to do, but did not succeed in accomplishing.

the page word-painted: the pages of a person's written life, in which his biographer praises or criticizes him.

banned (bănd): condemned.

sainted: shown to be good and noble.

written scroll (skrōl): a person's biography or written life history.

The colors of the soul: what one really is rather than what his biographer says he is.

My songs that found no tongue: songs in his heart that he never put into words.

any fact: anything actually done or accomplished.

My wish that failed of act: noble desires or wishes that he never carried out into acts.

Mine or another's day: this line means that it does not matter whether he or another reaps public honors from Whittier's good deeds. It is sufficient that the deed be done.

coming singers: future poets who, like Whittier, shall teach nobler living by their songs or poems.

light-bringers: men and women who shall bring to man better and nobler ideas of living.

Diviner but still human: man more like God, yet keeping the better parts of his human nature.

the Age of Gold: the nobler age of civilization to come, — far nobler than the Stone Age or the Iron Age.

An equal-handed labor: labor where there are no idle rich, but where every one feels ashamed not to do his part.

where beauty walks hand in hand with duty: life wherein a beautiful woman feels that she must not be content with admiration but must also be useful.

unreared steeples: church steeples in future ages, where the bells will ring out the joy of people who have learned to live better and more nobly than in Whittier's time.

parcel and part of all: this means that the poet's life and deeds are bound up with the lives and deeds of all the world and are a part of everything.

the festival: the joyous celebration to come in future ages when "Man shall live by reason, and not alone for gold." The knowledge that this is sure to come sometime is Whittier's "Triumph."

My Triumph

1

The autumn-time has come;
On woods that dream of bloom,
And over purpling vines,
The low sun fainter shines.

2

The aster-flower is failing,
The hazel's gold is paling;
Yet overhead more near
The eternal stars appear!

3

And present gratitude
Insures the future's good,
And for the things I see
I trust the things to be;

4

That in the paths untrod,
And the long days of God,
My feet shall still be led,
My heart be comforted.

5

O living friends who love me!
O dear ones gone above me!

Careless of other fame,
I leave to you my name.

6

Hide it from idle praises,
Save it from evil phrases:
Why, when dear lips that spake it
Are dumb, should strangers wake it?

7

Let the thick curtain fall;
I better know than all
How little I have gained,
How vast the unattained.

8

Not by the page word-painted
Let life be banned or sainted:
Deeper than written scroll
The colors of the soul.

9

Sweeter than any sung
My songs that found no tongue;
Nobler than any fact
My wish that failed of act.

10

Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong, —

Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of win.

11

What matter, I or they?
Mine or another's day,
So the right word be said
And life the sweeter made?

12

Hail to the coming singers!
Hail to the brave light-bringers!
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare.

13

The airs of heaven blow o'er me;
A glory shines before me
Of what mankind shall be, —
Pure, generous, brave, and free.

14

A dream of man and woman
Diviner but still human,
Solving the riddle old,
Shaping the Age of Gold!

15

The love of God and neighbor;
An equal-handed labor;

The richer life, where beauty
Walks hand in hand with duty.

16

Ring, bells, in unreared steeples,
The joy of unborn peoples!
Sound, trumpets far off blown,
Your triumph is my own!

17

Parcel and part of all,
I keep the festival,
Forereach the good to be,
And share the victory.

18

I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
And take, by faith, while living,
My freehold of thanksgiving.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. At what time of the year was this poem written? At what time of life was Whittier? What does the autumn suggest to him? Of what is autumn the promise?
2. In stanzas 1 and 2 show the promise of spring to come; also promises that good things are coming to mankind.
3. In what ways does stanza 3 promise good things to mankind in the future?
4. To whom does the poet

leave his future fame? (Stanza 5.) How does he ask his friends to protect his fame? (Stanza 6.)

5. Explain the meaning of Stanza 7. Stanza 8. Stanza 9.
6. What had the poet's friends feared as to his future honors? (See Introduction, paragraphs 1 and 2, near top of page 442.) Explain how he answers them in stanzas 10 and 11.
7. Who are to carry on Whittier's work? (Stanza 12.) Explain the stanza.
8. Explain how people are to grow better and nobler as told in stanzas 13, 14, and 15. Explain carefully what each statement means.
9. How do stanzas 13, 14, and 15 show Whittier's "Triumph"?
10. In stanzas 16 and 17, how does the poet, in his imagination, look forward to future ages, and celebrate his "triumph"?
11. Do you think that John Greenleaf Whittier was a good man? Why?

The longer on this earth we live
And weigh the various qualities of men,
The more we feel the high, stern-featured beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty,
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
But finding amplest recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

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